

A TRIAL OF STRENGTH

BOOK 18

Chapter 171 – Bob’s Revenge – Adam’s Ordeal

Unaware of the revenge Bob was plotting with the boys, Mark and Jason reappeared carrying a large table between them, which they placed end-on to the existing table so the boys were able to spread out the abundance of food, and seating was less crowded. Not that they minded being crowded together. Sexual vibrations still reverberated in the air and, through the surface laughter, the three men still exchanged suggestive glances, unable to detach completely from the extraordinary events of the morning.

The boys too picked up on the vibes and tingled with anticipation, privately fantasizing about what might come next. Jason cleared his throat and raised his glass. “Gentlemen, a toast to the twins and Jamie for treating us to this perfect meal. It sure beats my usual protein shake and tuna sandwich. The boys deserve a reward.”

“Oh, they’ll get their reward,” Bob grinned. As Bob and Mark raised their glasses, the boys gazed lustfully at Jason, exchanging mischievous glances with Bob. This was not lost on Mark who smiled at Bob, knowing that something was in the air – and he had a fair idea what it was.

But when the meal was over the exuberance and the energy seemed to diminish rather than heat up as the boys had expected. Jason stretched and yawned. “I don’t know about you guys but after all that action and now all this food, I could use a nap.”

“You read my mind, buddy,” said Mark. “You, Bob?”

“Sure,” Bob replied. “I’ll just give the boys a hand clearing all this away, then I’ll come and join you.”

Jason and Mark left the table and, still wearing just gym shorts, they lay down side by side on the lawn under the shade of a tree. And seconds later, as Bob and the boys passed them on the way to the kitchen, they were already asleep. In the kitchen Bob had a brief, intense conversation with Jamie and the twins. A short time later they came back out to the garden and gazed down at the two near-naked blonds. Asleep on their backs, their arms were stretched out on the ground above their heads and the mounds of their chests rose and fell with their steady breathing.

Bob shook his head and said, “Ah, they look so peaceful lying there. Seems a shame to wake them. Maybe we should put our plans on hold. What d’ya think, guys?”

"I dunno about that, sir," said Jamie. "What's that saying – all's fair in love and war? And this is a bit of each, isn't it, sir?"

At these astute words from Jamie Mark's eye flickered slightly and Bob could swear he saw a trace of a smile cross his lips. He was hearing everything! That did it. "OK, boys," Bob said quietly. "Let's do it." The twins were standing behind the men's heads and looked down at the upstretched arms and open palms resting on the ground. They quickly pulled off their T-shirts and, in perfect unison, dropped to their knees right on top of the men's palms, trapping their hands. They leaned forward and grabbed their forearms for good measure.

Abruptly aware that their arms were pinned to the ground the men looked up with a start and Jason, who really had been asleep, blurted out in shock, "What the fuck hey, what the fuck's going on?" He struggled to free his hands but they were clamped firmly to the ground. He and Mark looked up to see Bob and Jamie smiling down at them. "What the hell you doing, man?"

"Well," Bob said calmly, "in simple language, 'getting my own back'. See, I'm in charge now yeah, the guy you just double teamed big time. Let's see now you tied me up, forced me to watch you two muscle-worship each other, then made me cum in your mouths, and for a grand finale fucked my ass, one after the other. It was two against one, and I don't consider that very sporting of you guys. So I rustled up some recruits and evened up the odds. Jamie, your math is good. What do you make of it?"

"Well, sir, I was always taught that two against one is in the same ratio as four against two."

"Forget your damn ratios," Jason said, "and call your troops off. Just wait 'til we....." His voice trailed off as he saw Jamie pull off his T-shirt, and he and Bob dropped their shorts. "Holy shit," Jason moaned as he gazed up at the gorgeous man and beautiful boy towering naked over them. The bodybuilder and the surfer looked spectacular as they flexed their muscles and began casually stroking their cocks."

"See these, guys?" Bob smiled lasciviously. "We're getting them good and ready 'cause we're gonna shove them in your ass. And we can't leave the twins out so they're gonna shove their dicks in you too." He looked at the twins. "You boys good and hard back there?"

"Hard as a rock," said Kyle. "Ready for action, sir," grinned Kevin."

"So that's the plan, guys. We're gonna take it in turns, alternate, so each of you is gonna get ploughed by four different cocks. If that sounds too complicated for a simple cop and a fireman to work out, think of it this way. You're gonna get gang fucked, guys. The big stud cop and the big blond fireman are gonna get their asses gang fucked by the man you worked over and his three boys. You get the picture?"

"I think they do, sir," Kyle said. "Do you see what we see?"

Jamie's eyes opened wide. "Wow, look at that, sir. Like two tents at the circus." Side by side, two poles had risen under the gym shorts of the trapped men. Bob grinned. "Guess the prospect of getting gang fucked doesn't exactly turn these guys off. Come on, Jamie, let's see what we've got down here."

They dropped to their knees, Bob beside Mark and Jamie beside Jason. "Follow my lead, kiddo." Bob looked into Mark's eyes and saw in them a mix of affection and desire. Bob knew that Mark could easily escape from the twins' hold but he also knew he didn't want to. He leaned forward and licked the thin cotton of the shorts stretched over the tip of Mark's cock. Then he lowered his mouth and sucked in the whole cock, shorts and all. Jason gazed up at the blond surfer and moaned as Jamie did the same to him as Bob did for Mark.

For Bob and Jamie there was something uniquely erotic about the feel of the stiff cocks in their mouths under fabric. Their mouths clamped over the shape of the long rods but were denied the experience of flesh on flesh. The separation gave them only a faint taste and smell of the cocks – a tantalizing promise of the full sensation to come.

Mark and Jason too felt the same exquisite frustration as saliva soaked through their shorts and they felt the damp warmth of the mouths but they were denied contact with the membrane of the men's throats. Jason was moaning in the new sensation of having his cock teased this way. "Shit, Jamie, that feels so so fucking hot but I gotta feel the real thing. You're driving me wild, boy. Let me feel your mouth round my cock please."

Bob pulled back and smiled at Jamie. "Great to hear a hot-shot fireman beg, eh Jamie?" He grinned at Mark. "You feel the same, officer?"

"Fuck you, man. You know what I want." He was smiling at Bob, exhilarated by the idea of being worked over by the man he loved. "OK, Bob said to Jamie. Let's have mercy on them, uh? Let's see how long they can last I give it about a minute."

In unison Bob and Jamie pulled down the waistband of the shorts and two cocks sprang free, standing erect as poles. They bent down, man and boy, and closed their mouths over the pulsing cocks, taking them deep down into their throats. Mark and Jason moaned in ecstasy as they raised their heads and saw the gorgeous faces of the muscle-god and his young surfer side-kick rising and falling on their cocks. And in fact they lasted much less than a minute.

"Oh, shit, man," Jason groaned. That is so fucking hot I can't take much of this."

"Me neither," said Mark, gazing at Bob and feeling his throat muscles clench round his cock.

"Man, I'm real close real close I gotta" Jason groaned. But suddenly Bob pulled off Mark's cock and pulled Jamie's head off Jason's. They both howled in the frustration of denied release. They had been so close

Bob grinned down at them. “Can’t let you get off that easy, guys. See I’m running this show and I think a dose of frustration is good payback for the treatment you gave me. Besides, it’s about time the twins got their chance. Bob and Jamie got to their feet and stood beside the tormented men.

“OK, guys,” Bob said. “One thing Randy taught me is that physical restraint is all well and good, but there’s an even more effective way to bend a man to your will sexual restraint. He would untie me and tell me I was free to go, but by that time I lusted for him so bad that I didn’t move – I was totally in his power. So let’s give it a try. Kevin, Kyle, why don’t you release the guys?”

The twins stood up and the men’s hands were released. “OK, Mark, Jason you’re free to go. Unless you want more, that is. What d’ya say officer?” Mark groaned. “Son-of-a-bitch I want you, man, you know that.” Bob gave a satisfied smile and turned to Jason. “And you, stud you wanna get sucked and fucked by me and these guys?”

“Yes, sir,” was Jason’s simple reply, spellbound by the sight of the man looming over him.

“OK!” said Bob, knowing he now had total control and it felt great. He pulled the men’s gym shorts down their legs and tossed them aside. “OK, twins, there they are buck naked. It’s your turn. And I know from experience you are two of the best, most beautiful cocksuckers there are. So go for it, guys.”

The twins stood where Bob and Jamie had been and smiled down at Mark and Jason. “Shit, Mark,” Jason said, “I could shoot a load just looking at these two. OK, boys, suck our dicks now. We wanna cum real bad.”

The twins knelt down but instead of leaning forward as Jason had told them to do Kevin smiled at Jason and said calmly, “I’m sorry, sir, but right now we are taking orders only from Bob. And he told us to take our time.” Kyle added, “Oh, and by the way, sir, Bob also told us that if you touch your cock, even once, we’re to leave you and go back to the kitchen. ‘Leave you high and dry,’ is what he said, sir, if that makes sense.”

Mark grinned and turned to Jason. “Makes sense to me we’re sure feeling high but so far we’re dry as a boner. Better do what the boy says, buddy. You’re a son-of-a-bitch, Bob, you know that? And as for you, Jamie, when I get you home you’ll pay for this.”

“I hope so, sir,” smiled Jamie, having the time of his life.

The twins did Bob proud, taking their own good time and driving the men wild. First they indulged in their usual opening ritual, guaranteed to make a man crazy. They looked at each other, smiled their inscrutable twin smiles and kissed each other the long, loving fraternal kiss of two beautiful, identical boys. Jason had seen this before and that time it had made him cum. Now he groaned, “Holy shit, that looks” and his hand move instinctively to his crotch.

“U-uh!” Bob warned and Jason held back. “Fuck!” he moaned and the muscles of his incredible body flexed hard as he controlled himself. But then Mark and Jason saw relief in sight as the twins broke apart and again smiled down at them. At last they leaned forward and their mouths came close to the cocks close enough to lick off the oozing pre-cum and then swooped past until their mouths lowered onto the men’s washboard abs.

“No!” Mark yelled in a pitch of frustration, prepared to cum inside Kyle’s mouth, only to be denied once again. Side by side the twins began to lick the stomachs, running their tongues lovingly between the deep ridges of the rock-hard abs, feeling them ripple beneath them. The men had never been turned on like this before and, as they watched the gorgeous young twins making love to their abs, one touch of their cocks would have made them explode. But even this they were denied. Never had frustration felt so exquisite.

Making the sensation more intense, as the twins moved back and forth over them, the men’s rigid cocks rubbed up and down the cleft between the boys’ pecs. It was as if they were fucking the boys’ chests and the sensation drove them wild.

But Bob had trained the boys well. They sensed that the combination of their tongues licking the men’s abs, and their pecs rubbing against their cocks, was driving the men to the edge of orgasm. So they raised their heads, kissed each other again and looked up at Bob. Kevin said, “Sir, may we suck the gentlemen’s cocks now, sir?” Bob smiled. “I don’t see why not, but you know my rule the guys have to really want it. Why don’t you ask them?”

The twins looked down at the men who were writhing in anticipation. “Gentlemen,” they said in unison. “Would you like us two brothers to suck your cocks?” Jason took a deep breath about to yell at them, but by now he had learned compliance. Controlling himself he said, “Yes we would please boys.” Mark said softly, “That goes for me too, boys. Please.....”

The twins looked back at Bob for his approval and he grinned. “Not often you get two alpha stud muscle-gods begging for you to suck their dicks, eh? So go for it guys and stand by for blasting.”

He was right. Still taking their time the twins smiled at each other, then at Mark and Jason and finally bent forward and lowered their warm mouths over the pulsing cocks. The two muscular bodies jolted as the men saw the identical heads rising and falling above them, and felt the exquisite sensation of the warm membrane of the young mouths caressing their cocks.

All the pent-up lust and sexual frustration that Bob had so skillfully created, the juice straining in their balls, the blood gorging their cocks all of it now at last found release. Bob and Jamie watched in awe as the chiseled features tensed, the blond heads flew back and two howls pierced the air. “Aaagh!” The cocks exploded in the twins’ mouths, flooding them with the hot juice of two macho sex-gods, stream after stream that the boys gulped down voraciously.

When the deluge finally slowed the twins pulled off the cocks, leaned forward and pressed their mouths against the men's, letting the warm semen flow between them. Mark and Jason wrapped their hands round the twins heads as they drank nectar from their mouths.

Bob and Jamie gazed down in awe. Bob was exhilarated by the way he had taken control of the men, exerted his power, leading them along a jagged path of fantasy and frustration, to their ultimate euphoric climax.

He smiled at Jamie and said, "Hey, kiddo, I think we're pretty good at this, don't you?"

After that it was all plain sailing as Bob geared up for the fuck marathon. With Jamie and the twins beside him he smiled down at Mark and Jason, their breath still heaving, cum still oozing from the corners of their mouth.

"OK, guys, now what was it you said to me, Mark, when you had me spread-eagled on the ground? Went something like: '*When the forces of law and order join together and work a guy over, they don't let him off so easily*' Well, I guess I'll take a leaf out of your playbook now that the cop and the fireman are the ones lying naked on the ground. The boys and I are not finished with you either. Now for the fuck-fest I promised you."

He turned to the boys. "You know that feeling, guys, when you've just busted your load and you get fucked again right away? It hurts, right?" The three boys grinned and nodded, having all received that treatment from their masters the price they paid for being so seductively beautiful. "Right, and these big muscle-studs have just shot massive loads. So let's fuck!"

And so the fuck marathon began, with Bob as the ringmaster. The twins led the way, moving in perfect unison as usual as they dropped their shorts and fell to their knees. Kyle eased his cock inside Mark while Kevin took Jason. Bob had been right – there were a few seconds of pain but then the cop and the fireman surrendered themselves to the sensual enthusiasm of the young brothers. After pounding away with youthful exuberance, the twins seamlessly switched and the men had the other-worldly sensation of being fucked by a second boy identical to the first.

Sensing that everyone was close, and wanting to delay their orgasms Bob said, "OK, guys, we'll take over now. I want you to save it for later." The twins stood up and Bob and Jamie took their places. "Two down, two to go," Bob said. "You take the cop first, Jamie." Jamie looked down at his master and Mark grinned at him. "OK, boy, do it. Just remember that when I get you home I'm gonna plough your ass just as hard as you fuck me now."

His words had the opposite effect from what he was expecting. Spurred on by the prospect of a ferocious fuck by the cop later, Jamie grinned and rammed his cock forcefully into his master's ass, drilling it harder than he ever had before. Mark stared at him in disbelief at the strength and frenzy of his boy's pistoning rod. It was a powerful new sensation and he loved it.

Bob was similarly rough with Jason, hammering his ass as he said, "I want you to remember this, Jason. I want you to jack off a lot thinking of me fucking you." Through his ragged breaths Jason grunted, "I already do, man. But from now on I'll be thinking of this." His muscular body was jolted with the impact of Bob's hips slamming against his ass.

But again, as Bob sensed an imminent climax he suddenly pulled out and said, "OK, that's enough Jamie. Time for the big finish." Jamie reluctantly pulled out of Mark who grinned up at him and said, "Later, kiddo."

They traded places and Bob knew that it was time to bring things to a head. He gazed into the cop's blue-gray eyes and said softly, "You knew this was gonna happen, Mark. I've been longing to push my dick into your ass."

"And I've been aching for it, big guy. What took you so long? I love you, Bob. Fuck my ass, man." And so Bob eased forward, pressed the head of his cock through the light blond fuzz round Mark's hole and slid his cock deep inside his ass. At his side Jamie did the same for Jason. The fireman gazed up at the tanned young surfer with the beautiful face and tousled blond hair. He always envied Mark, having this gorgeous young buck as his boy, and now he moaned, "Oh yeah, do it boy" as he felt the cock glide gently into his ass.

After all the heat and passion, and near-orgasms, these were now love fucks – no games, no teasing, just eyes filled with love and affection and a gentle massaging of warm moist asses. Mark's eyes were moist with tears as he looked up at the beautiful man rising and falling above him. "Man, I love you inside me," Mark breathed. "I can't get enough of you, buddy. I'm in love with you, man."

Beside him Jason was basking in the unaccustomed sensation of being fucked by the young surfer, his lithe, youthful body honed to perfection by hours spent in the waves. The dual fucks became rhythmic, Bob and Jamie rising and falling in unison over the blond muscle-gods beneath them. The twins stood over them, stroking their cocks gently, mesmerized by the fantasy of their master fucking the ass of the stunning cop and their friend Jamie topping the gorgeous fireman.

It was Jamie who made the final call. Seeing the longing in Jason's eyes the boy asked simply, "Would you like me to cum inside you, sir?"

"Yes yes" Jason looked up at Jamie and Bob. "Please, guys I'm so fucking close."

Bob took control. He looked up at the twins stroking their cocks and said, "Get ready, guys." He smiled down at Mark. "And I know you're ready, stud. You wanna feel my juice inside you?"

"Oh, man," Mark groaned, his muscles flexing in lustful anticipation. "Please, man...."

“OK. At last I’m gonna let you two touch your cocks.” He raised his voice. “This is it, men. Make it good!”

There was a final burst of frenzy as Mark and Jason at long last wrapped their hands round their cocks and pumped hard, the twins matched them stroke for stroke, and Bob and Jamie reared back, holding the man’s legs high in the air, their hips moving faster and faster, drilling the asses with increasing force. The climax came quickly as the pent-up lust that had been building through multiple ass fucks finally erupted. Bob stared wildly down at Mark and yelled, “I’m cumming, man I’m cumming inside you!”

That was the signal and the whole placed rang with the jubilant shouts of six triumphant men. As the cop and the fireman felt hot juice pouring deep inside them they pumped their cocks to a shattering climax and they exploded in ribbons of juice that splashed over their muscular chests, their faces and into their tousled blond hair.

The sight was overwhelming for the twins. They exchanged knowing smiles and pointed their cocks downward. There was a pause, and then suddenly the four men beneath them felt warm juice raining down on them. Their world was awash in semen, pouring into asses, flowing over heaving, muscular bodies, into faces, as three men and three boys poured out their desire for each other. But at last they were drained dry and they all collapsed in a heap of writhing limbs and passionate embraces, lubricated by the musky taste of warm semen.

Mark smiled at Bob. “Man, when you take control you sure know how to put on a show.”

The rest of the afternoon was mellow in contrast to the sexual euphoria whose vibrations still hovered in the air. Bob and Mark lazed in the shade, talking in soft voices about everything and nothing, just happy to be together. The twins brought out a snack and sat with Jason and Jamie at the table, listening spellbound to the many anecdotes of his life as a fireman.

As the afternoon wound down Bob said to Jason, “You’re coming back for dinner with us, of course, buddy. And I want no more of this mooning around the house on your own. If ever you need company there’s a house full of men and boys who’ll welcome you with open arms. That right guys?” Bob said to the twins who licked their lips in an exaggerated display of lust.

When they got home Mark pulled Jamie into their apartment and carried out his threat to work Jamie’s ass as ferociously as Jamie had his. And upstairs Bob waited for Randy, remembering his earlier promise: “When I get finished with work I’m gonna be covered in dirt and grease and sweating like a pig. So when I come in the first thing I’m gonna need is your ass.”

And suddenly there he was, bursting through the door in his ragged, sweat-stained tank, mud-covered jeans and boots. His steel-blue eyes penetrated Bob’s like lasers. “OK, man,” he growled, “now you’ve finished play-acting with your buddies, get ready for the real thing. I

don't care how many times you got fucked. Nobody fucks like me. He ripped open his jeans and pulled out his cock, already hard as steel.

As Bob gazed at the dark, savage gypsy, images of every other man faded from his mind. In a trance he stripped off his T-shirt and shorts and stood naked before his lover, running his hands over the thin, ragged tank, feeling the hard slabs of his pecs underneath. "On the bed," Randy growled. "I'm gonna fuck your ass, man."

Bob obeyed. He knew this was going to be a savage fuck, the kind that set Randy apart from all other men, the kind Bob loved. Randy had to reassert his dominance, and there was only one way to do that. He rammed his steel rod into Bob's ass, fell forward and pinned his wrists to the bed above his head. He gazed down at his lover with such intensity that Bob was hypnotized by the blue eyes. "Please, sir," he moaned. "Please, I need your cock in my ass."

And he got it a long, savage jackhammering by the rugged gypsy, sending Bob spinning into that special world where only they existed. It went on and on until Bob howled, "I'm gonna shoot please, sir, cum inside my ass." He felt Randy's sweat dripping on him as the massive body shuddered, the huge cock pulsed and erupted at last deep inside him. Bob screamed, "I love you, sir," and he blasted a stream of cum that splashed on Randy's sweat-soaked tank.

They were both panting hard, staring at each other, and slowly Randy's wild-eyed gaze softened into a smile. "Whatever you did today, buddy, you're home now, with me. Never forget you're my man and I'm the boss."

Bob grinned. "How in the world could I ever forget that?"

So the break from the house remodeling was over and the next day Randy assembled his crew Zack and Darius, Pablo and Ben, Adam and Nate and work resumed. Randy pushed them hard and it wasn't long before the construction was in its final stages. Even though the men and boys concentrated on their labors, no one could fail to notice the frequent glances that passed between Adam and Zack. Instinctively, though, they made no comment as they all assumed it was a private matter just between the two men.

Everyone except Nate, that is. Nate was devoted to Adam. He idolized everything about him – his macho strength and beauty, his undisputed masculinity, his confidence, his kindness – he was the quintessential man. But just as he *loved* everything, Nate wanted to *know* everything about his master. He was not only Adam's boy, they were mates, and Nate wanted to be as close to Adam as possible, to share everything. So on a break when they sat under a tree sipping water Nate broached the subject with his usual Aussie directness.

"Sir, I would like to know all about you and Zack."

Adam was taken by surprise. “Shit, you don’t mince words, do you mate? Wow, me and Zack that’s a complicated story.”

“Oh I know most of the stuff,” Nate said, “the stuff that happened last time when the leather-stud tied you up and worked you over – and you came back for more. Darius told me all about that.”

Ah, yes,” Adam smiled. “Darius, of course. No secrets in this house.” He gazed at Nate’s wide questioning eyes and, after some reflection, said, “You’re right, mate, you deserve an explanation so I’ll do my best.

“I’ve told you before how I used to hang out at the leather bars in Sydney. I looked pretty hot in leather and a lot of the guys wanted me.” Nate’s cock stiffened – he could well imagine the scene. “So I fucked a lot of guys – tied them up and worked them over, whipping most of them, but always careful to respect their limits. Some of the guys were younger, like you, some the same age as me and some older. But I was always the top guy, the big leather master – there was never any question about that.

“But you know, in the back of my mind I often wondered what those guys felt like when they submitted to me, bound and completely at my mercy. I know they all got off on it like gangbusters. When I’d finished working them over and they were still tied up, I stood before them in full leather, holding the whip. Then, while I whipped their chests, I ordered them to cum. And every one of them busted his load right away. It was if they worshipped me as a leather god. And I wondered if I would ever meet another leather master who’d be so hot, so charismatic, that I would want to submit to him like that.

And then I met Zack. I knew right away he was the guy – that I’d met my match. See, Nate, every guy has inside him a deep desire to play the opposite role once in a while. Bob calls it the yin and yang of a man, where an alpha male, a master, submits to a man as macho as he is. That’s why I let Zack do what he did last time” he stared hard at Nate “and why I’m gonna do it again.” There was a long silence, then Adam said. “OK, Nate, that’s the best explanation I can give how does it make you feel?”

Nate smiled slightly and, in reply, cupped his hand round the shape of his huge boner in his shorts. Then he looked directly into Adam’s eyes. “Can I watch, sir?”

Adam jerked back in disbelief. “*Watch!?* You wanna watch you master get tied up by a black leather-god, whipped, fucked, humiliated until he submits and begs the guy to let him cum? ‘Cause that’s what it is, mate and you wanna see all that? No way! You wouldn’t last five minutes before you tried to fight Zack off and rescue me.”

“That wouldn’t happen, sir. He could tie me up too. I just want to watch. Zack wouldn’t hurt me, I know he wouldn’t. And Darius would be there with his camera he always is and he’s my buddy.”

Adam stared at Nate and, not for the first time, was blown away with admiration for him. “God, I love you, kid. I’m proud you’re my boy and you’ll get what you want.

It all went down the next day. The crew was winding down, looking forward to a cold beer after a grueling day. Zack was, as usual, stripped down to his black jeans and boots and his ebony muscles gleamed with sweat. He looked magnificent. As he unbuckled his tool-belt he fixed Adam with a piercing gaze. “It’s time, man.” Adam nodded and walked with him to the gate, with Nate and Darius following. Zack had been intrigued by the idea of having master and boy tied up at his mercy, and of course the whole thing fed Darius’s insatiable hunger for fantasy.

As they followed the men Darius said quietly to Nate, “You sure you’re OK with this, dude?” Nate nodded enthusiastically. “Don’t worry, dude,” Darius said, “I’ll be there. I’ll make sure you don’t get hurt.” He held up his camera. “Just make sure I get plenty of good footage.”

The boys always took care of each other.

Across the street in the garden of Zack’s house, everything was in place and Darius had the wildest impression that he was about to film a porn movie. Adam was standing barefoot between two trees, stripped to the waist in beltless blue jeans. His muscular body was spread-eagled, his arms stretched up and out, wrists tied to the trees, his legs spread wide, ankles tied to the same trees. Facing him, about fifteen feet away, was his boy Nate, similarly tied to two trees, but only by the wrists, not feet.

Nate was butt naked and his cock stood out stiff as a pole before him, staring at Adam who looked like a pornographic icon, a bound muscle god stripped down to just blue jeans. His handsome face turned up toward his bound wrists and he pulled against the ropes, testing their strength. He was bound tight. His arms flexed and the muscles in his body rippled as he twisted in bondage. His torso was stretched upward so tight that the white waistband of his undershorts showed above the waist of his jeans, right at his tan line.

Suddenly Adam’s face froze as he saw Zack coming out of the house. He was wearing tight leather pants with a thick belt, and heavy black boots. Hanging open over his chest was a studded black leather vest, exposing the mounds of his muscular chest. Round his neck hung a leather whip with many braids of rawhide – a cat o’ nine tails – and as he strode toward Adam he was pulling on black leather gloves.

He stood before the bound Aussie stud and stroked his gloved fingers against his nipples. “Oh, yeah perfect. You know, sometimes boys just don’t do it for me. Nothing I like better than having a big, gorgeous alpha stud at my mercy. Oh yeah, I’m gonna enjoy working you over, man. Suddenly he squeezed Adam’s nipples hard in the leather gloves and the Aussie’s

handsome face contorted in pain, though he refused to give the leatherman the satisfaction of hearing him moan.

But there was a whimper behind Zack and he turned as if in surprise to see the naked boy tied to the trees. “Well, well,” he said, “what do we have here? Yeah, you’re a hot young stud, a real looker. You’re gonna watch your master suffer but maybe I’ll start with you.” He pulled the whip from his own neck and draped it round Nate’s. Slowly he pulled it off and as Nate felt the leather braids slide round his neck he panicked. This wasn’t supposed to happen.

“NO!” The scream came from Adam as he pulled frantically at his restraints. “No! We had a deal. Not the boy. Whip me, man. Whip me, not him.”

Zack pretended not to hear him. He raised the whip and let it fall lightly across Nate’s chest, making him whimper. Nate looked frantically at Adam who was struggling mightily, but helpless to rescue his boy. Then Nate caught Darius’s eye and Darius smiled and winked at him. Suddenly Nate’s fear subsided. Darius knew Zack, knew his methods Darius knew everything and had said he would not let Nate get hurt.

And Darius was right. As Adam pleaded with Zack, the leatherman finally turned around and said, “Hey, stud, it’s either him or you who gets it. But I sure do like to hear a top-man beg.”

“OK, then, I’m begging you, leave the boy alone. Whip me, man. Whip my body hard, I can take it.” Zack appeared unmoved. “Please, I beg you. Whip me, sir.”

“Ah,” Zack grinned, “the magic word. OK stud, you asked for it.” He raised the whip and lashed it across Adam’s chest, again and again, not with full force but firmly enough to make red stripes crisscross his chest. Zack stopped and said, “What d’ya say, man? Let’s hear it.”

With tears brimming in his eyes he said, “Thank you, sir.”

“Aaah,” Zack growled, “this is a toy,” and he threw the whip aside in disgust. “Now this is more worthy of a big guy like you. From the ground he picked up a coiled bullwhip, unfurled it and cracked it on the ground. “Try this on for size, stud.” He wielded the long braided whip high in the air, and coiled it round Adam’s torso. It wound round his back and onto his chest, the tip flicking against his nipple. “Aaagh!” This time Adam couldn’t just grit his teeth and he let out a shout that echoed round the hills.

“Yeah, that’s more like it.” Zack came close to Adam and pushed the whip handle under his chin, raising his head and forcing him to look into his eyes. “Now I know a stud like you has whipped many men and made them bust their load. So let’s see here.....” He ripped open Adam’s jeans, tore open his shorts and watched the rigid cock spring out. “Oh yeah, man, you’re almost there Just look at that fucking rod. Man, a good whipping sure turns you on. Shit, I could whip an orgasm out of you in seconds. But.... maybe something new this time.”

He turned round and walked toward Nate. “Holy shit, kid, you must like watching your master get lashed. Look at this.” He ran his gloved hand over Nate’s cock that was hard as iron. As Nate had watched Adam endure the whipping, had watched him suffer and heard him scream, his master had never looked more magnificent. His sculpted features ran with tears, his beautiful body writhed in bondage as his muscles flexed hard to withstand the pain.”

Zack smiled. “I know, kid, he looks spectacular doesn’t he? And this time it’s his boy who’s gonna save him. See I can make him cum easy, but I’m not so sure about you. So, I’m gonna whip that gorgeous naked body of his, and his ass, and I won’t stop until you both shoot your load. It’s up to you, boy.”Nate gasped, feeling the burden falling on him.

Zack walked back to Adam, untied his feet, pulled down his jeans and shorts and flung them aside. Stripped naked, his feet untied, Adam had more room to move but still tugged hopelessly at his bound wrists. Zack walked behind him and began whipping his muscular back and ass, grinning as he saw the lash bounce off the white globes of his ass. He applied only minimal strength, knowing that a few light lashes would be enough.

Nate watched in awe as his beautiful master, stripped naked, twisted in bondage. He heard the crack of the whip across his ass, then his back, saw it coil round his chest. It was pornographically erotic and Nate’s cock shuddered.

Suddenly Zack stopped and walked round to face Adam. He shrugged off his vest and stood stripped to the waist. He flexed his muscles and cracked the whip on the ground like a lion tamer – except that Adam was the man he was taming. “OK, stud,” Zack said, “look at me. This is it. You can’t hold back, man. You’re finished.” He curled the whip round his chest, back and ass and shouted, “Let me hear you submit, man let me see you cum.”

Adam was driven wild by the feel of the lash on his body and the sight of the stunning black leather-god whipping him to submission. In his euphoria he reached up, grabbed the ropes binding his wrists and pulled himself high, so he swung in the air, feet off the ground. The naked Aussie writhed, muscles flexed, legs kicking wildly, his spectacular body thrashing frantically as the whip curled around it.

“OK,” he yelled, “I submit, sir, I can’t take any more you win, I submit. Hanging high in the ropes his body shuddered and a long ribbon of cum blasted from his cock, arced high in the air and splashed at Zack’s feet, a defeated man’s tribute to the leather master.. At the same time they heard a scream from behind and they looked up to see Nate’s naked body shake as his cock pumped semen in a stream that spurted forward and fell on the ground with his master’s.

Adam and Nate gazed at each other and a flicker of a smile crossed their faces. They had never felt closer to each other since the day they met.

“I gotta fuck!” Hearing Adam surrender to him and then watching master and boy shoot their load as he had ordered, Zack was in supreme control. He needed to fuck, but he was still in the mood to taunt his captive. He walked over to Nate and cupped his cheeks in his hands. “Oh yeah, now that is a sweet young ass.”

“No!” Again the anguished cry from his bound master. “Keep your hands off him, man. Fuck *my* ass.”

Zack chuckled. “Shit, man, you can do better than that. I still wanna fuck your boy’s ass but I’ll take yours if I hear how much you want it.”

“Damn you, man,” Adam growled, but he knew he had to bend to Zack’s will. “I do want it man. I want it real bad. I wanna feel that huge black rod in my hole. I’m begging you, sir. Please fuck my ass.”

“OK, you convinced me, stud.” Zack yanked down Adam’s jeans and shorts and pulled them off, then stood back and admired his naked captive. “Beautiful,” he breathed. “Fucking gorgeous.” He walked round behind him, reached round to his chest and squeezed his nipples hard with his leather-gloved hands. Adam winced with pain and flexed his pecs to absorb the pain. Then Zack raised his hands to Adam’s face and said, “Make them wet, big guy.”

Adam spat in the gloves, again and again with as much saliva as he could muster. He knew that the wetter the gloves the easier it would be on his ass. Zack moved his hands back round to Adam’s ass and pushed two wet leather-clad fingers into his hole, massaging it, preparing it for the much tougher challenge of his huge tool. He stroked his own cock with the wet gloves, then pressed the head of his cock against Adam’s sphincter.

“Here it comes, man.” Adam’s body tensed, he inhaled sharply and then “aaagh” he yelled as the iron rod rammed inside him. Quickly Zack pulled back, plunged in again and the fuck began. Nate watched in awe, instinctively pulling at his own restraints as he was shocked by the obvious pain Adam was suffering, but despite himself felt his cock get hard again as he watched the gorgeous Aussie get hammered by the black leatherman.

“OK,” Zack said, “I know how much that hurts, man, so I’ll stop as soon as you bust another load. But you just shot a huge load so you may need help with that. Darius, untie the boy.”

Quickly Darius obeyed him, whispering in Nate’s ear as he freed him, “You doing OK, dude?” Nate nodded and his shining eyes gave Darius his answer. Darius went back to his camera. This he mustn’t miss.

“Right, boy,” Zack said. “It’s up to you now. You gotta turn your master on so much he busts another load. Then I’ll cum in his ass and it’s all over. Let’s see how much you love this guy.”

At last Nate had a chance to help Adam, and he knew exactly how to turn him on. While Zack pounded Adam's ass Nate fell on his stomach and crawled toward his master. When he was almost there he reached toward him, grabbed his ankle and dragged himself forward until his face was on his feet. He licked Adam's feet hungrily, then moved higher, wrapping his arms round his leg and pressed his cheek against Adam's thigh in an act of pure worship.

Despite the pain from the huge cock drilling his ass Adam looked down at his beautiful boy and his cock got stiff. Seeing this Nate pulled himself higher, his face level with his cock. He looked up and said quietly, "I love you, sir. More now than ever before. Please cum for me, sir. Let me drink your juice." He clamped his mouth over Adam's cock and began to suck it as never before, knowing that he could provide the means for Adam's release. He squeezed his throat round the long shaft, pulled all the way back, then rammed his face forward again.

After his massive orgasm so recently, Adam thought he had no juice left, but as he felt the black cock driving into his ass, and his boy's warm mouth wrapped round his cock, he hurtled into a world of pure lust, where sexual desire overwhelmed all else. The naked muscle-god pulled hard against his ropes, his body tensed, shuddered, and in his wild delirium yelled to Zack, "Thank you, sir!" Then to Nate, "I love you, boy aaagh!" His cock exploded in Nate's mouth just as he felt the exquisite pain of the black shaft plunging deep inside him and hot juice pouring from it deep into his gut.

Without touching himself Nate too blasted another load onto the ground at his master's feet. It seemed like all three men gushed semen for a long time, until finally Zack pulled his cock out of Adam's ass. Pressing against his back he reached up and untied his wrists. As he did so, he whispered in Adam's ear. "You are one fucking spectacular man, Adam. Working you over makes me feel ten feet tall. You're so fucking gorgeous a hell of a guy. Thanks, buddy."

Released, Adam fell to his knees into Nate's arms and they lay on the ground wrapped in a tight embrace of total exhaustion. Zack smiled down at them and said quietly to Darius, "We'll leave them there, kiddo, they need time alone. Did you get all that on camera, boy?"

"You bet, sir. The best ever." He got one last shot of Adam and Nate, their limbs entwined, then lowered his camera. "And that's a wrap."

The next day work resumed on the remodeling with no mention of Zack's encounter with Adam and Nate, though everyone knew every last detail of it thanks to Darius and his highly erotic video. Randy's every effort now was to keep the men focused on the work at hand, and by the end of the day the house was looking great, the work nearly completed. So he called a halt and the crew left – all except for Pablo and Ben.

They stayed behind working on a nagging electrical problem they had been trying to fix. Their annoyance and frustration was raising the tension between them that had been building for

several days. A complex wall-socket in the kitchen was causing the problem. Ben had been trying to activate it on his own, but when Pablo inspected it he said irritably, “Shit, that’s no damn good, boy. You can’t wire it like that. It’ll short-circuit in no time and could cause a fire.”

The criticism stung, and Ben’s mounting resentment of Pablo’s position as his boss boiled over and he lost his temper. “Oh yeah? If you’re so fucking smart, why don’t you fix it yourself, asshole? I quit for the day.”

“You’ll quit when I tell you to quit, boy. I’m still your boss, remember?”

“Oh yeah? Well I’m Randy’s brother, you’re only adopted, so when I say I quit I quit.”

He turned and walked through the door but Pablo followed him and grabbed him. The inevitable fight followed. Instantly they were rolling over the grass outside the house, trading punches and obscenities. The sparks were flying and the fight was so intense that they were oblivious of anything else even the actual sparks coming from the wall socket in the kitchen. Pablo had been right. Ben’s wiring was dangerous, and they had neglected to turn off the current. The socket was glowing hot and smoke started to rise from it.

Next door the rest of the guys were kicking back after the day’s work. Jason and Randy were chatting over cold beers, when suddenly Jason glanced at the house next door and shouted, “Holy shit smoke! There’s a fire!”

As they bolted for the gate Randy growled, “Those fucking boys of mine. I should have known.”

#

Chapter 172 – Ben Submits to His New Master – & to His Brother

Wrestling frantically on the ground the boys were panting hard, taking heavy breaths of air and smoke. In their frenzy they suddenly became aware that smoke was pouring from the kitchen window. The fight was abandoned as they leapt to their feet. Looking around desperately they saw a garden hose lying close by, grabbed it and dragged it into the kitchen. The fire from the wall socket was really taking hold now, with sparks still flying and flames licking up the wall.

Together they pointed the hose at the source of the fire and were about to turn it on when it was suddenly wrenched from their hands. “No!” Jason yelled. “No water on an electrical fire.” His professional eye had summed up the situation in an instant and he took charge. He saw a couple of buckets of sand in a corner, left over from the construction work. “Quick, Randy,” he said. “And Pablo, turn off the current – now!” Jason and Randy grabbed the buckets and heaved the contents at the fire’s source, smothering the flames. Pablo ran to the junction box

and pulled the master switch, knocking out the electricity. Thanks to Jason's quick thinking the emergency was swiftly brought under control.

Wisps of smoke still curled from the socket that Jason inspected and declared safe. He turned to the boys, standing in shock, and said, "Never use tap water on an electrical fire guys. The minerals in water conduct electricity and you could be electrocuted." He grinned at them. "At least you've learned one lesson from this little crisis, guys."

Randy was not nearly so forgiving. "Yeah, and that's not the only lesson they'll learn." His face was thunderous as his gaze travelled over the damage to the wall and ceiling and finally lighted on the shaken boys. "OK, what's the story?" he growled.

"It was all my fault, sir," Pablo said. "We fucked up the wiring and forgot to turn off the current."

"But how the hell did the fire take such a hold? What the fuck were you doing all that time?"

There was an uneasy silence as Pablo and Ben glanced at each other. Then Pablo took a deep breath and said, "We were fighting, sir – outside in the garden."

"Jesus fucking Christ," Randy yelled and paced the room, running his hand through his hair in frustration. "You could have burned the fucking place down all the work that's gone into it you fucking assholes, I should" He tailed off as Bob and Zack came into the room. Randy stood fuming, clenching and unclenching his fists, while Jason explained briefly what had happened. Bob threw a cautionary look at Randy, and Zack took a close look at the damage, running his hand over the wall.

"Hmm, no structural damage looks like you caught it just in time, Jason. Needs a couple new drywall panels, new baseboard, new wiring and electrical outlet, and a fresh paint job on the wall, ceiling and window frame. Hey Randy, you lend me Pablo and Ben and we can fix it pretty fast should set us back a day at the most."

Distracted with anger Randy said, "What? Oh yeah, sure, buddy, thanks. And the asshole boys will work without pay." He took a step towards them but Bob put a restraining hand on his arm. "Pablo," Bob said, "go to your room and stay there until Randy sends for you. Same goes for you Ben go wait in your basement room."

As the boys fled the room Randy looked sharply at Bob, but let himself be led back to their house and upstairs to their room, where he paced and fumed. "Stupid little shit-for-brains fuckers. I trusted them to work together I made it clear, 'no fighting', and they flat out disobeyed me. I blame Pablo he was supposed to be in charge he was Ben's boss and he fucked up. I'll whip their fucking asses for this. Where's Pablo, in his room? I'll fucking beat the crap out of the boy."

He took a few steps toward the door but Bob blocked his way. “Randy, cool it for a minute. You’re angry right now and not thinking straight. Maybe you should” but he realized he had gone too far as Randy’s eyes blazed.

“Are you telling me how to raise my boys, asshole? Out of my way!” In his rage he grabbed Bob and flung him savagely aside. Bob lurched backward, crashed over a table and fell, hitting his head on a corner of the table as he collapsed to the floor.

In an instant sanity flooded back to Randy and he stared in horror at Bob groaning on the ground. He fell to his knees, scooped Bob into his lap and cradled his head that was bleeding from a cut on his forehead. “Oh, man I didn’t mean oh shit, buddy, not you of all men. I’m sorry, buddy. Here” He ripped off his tank top and dabbed at the wound.

Bob managed a grin, “That shirt is so damn filthy it’ll infect the wound and likely finish me off. Now calm down, man, and get the first-aid kit from the cupboard.”

In less than a minute Randy was tenderly dabbing antiseptic on the wound, which was not much more than a graze despite all the blood. “Feel OK?” Randy said anxiously. “Shit, man, why do you put up with me? I can be such a royal pain in the ass.”

Bob grinned. “The pain you cause in my ass I can take I love it. The head – not so much.”

“I don’t know why you stick around with a dumb son-of-a-bitch like me?” Randy groaned. Then, in a sudden panic, “You won’t leave me, will you, man?”

“Oh shut up, Randy. Here, stick that tape across the wound and help me up.” On his feet he regained his balance and said, “OK, first a drink. And then, when you’ve thought it over, you can call the boys in.”

“What the hell would I do without you, man? Will you ... will you stay here when I talk to them?”

“Wouldn’t miss it for the world,” Bob grinned.

Pablo was miserable as hell and he unloaded on Darius. “I’m such a fucking loser, Darius. I’m trying to be the big boss, showing Ben the ropes and there we are brawling in the garden while the house is burning down. I get so fucking angry sometimes. Guess I’m just not cut out to be a master.”

“Sure you are dude you’re just learning how to do it. You’re just like Randy – his anger has got him into a whole mess of trouble lots of times.” He chuckled. “And I’ve got most of it on camera to prove it. Good job he’s got Bob to keep him in check. Maybe, instead of copying

Randy all the time, you should watch how Bob does it instead.” He grinned at Pablo’s mournful face. “Ah, don’t sweat it, dude. Once Randy’s punished you it’ll be over, you’ll see.”

Another boy thinking about his impending punishment was Ben. Fortunately he wasn’t alone in his basement room Eddie was with him. Of course, details of the incident had spread round the boys like wildfire (thanks largely to Darius, the town crier) and Eddie immediately ran down to give Ben support. Eddie was the junior boy in the house but, as houseboy, he had learned to take care of the men in many ways. He admired Ben, with his wild gypsy looks, and knew how tough it could be for a new boy in the group, a newcomer himself not so long ago.

Also, he was afraid Ben might panic and run away, so now he sat with him and lent an ear to his troubles. “I fucked up big time, Eddie. I messed up the wiring and Pablo was trying to teach me the right way but I flared up – I guess I take after Randy with my anger. I mouthed off to Pablo, said I was Randy’s brother and he was only adopted. Shit, I’d have taken a swing at any guy who said something like that to me. But why did Pablo take the blame? Told Randy it was all his fault when he knew it was mine.”

Eddie smiled. He had learned a thing or two by now. “Masters always take the responsibility for their boys,” he said. “That’s the way it is in this house. I’ve seen Randy do it for Pablo. Darius even told me that Randy once took a whipping for Pablo when Pablo had done something real bad to one of the guys. If I were you, I’d fess up to Randy, but he’ll probably consider you both guilty anyway. One thing’s for sure. Randy knows how to punish a guy.”

With that dubious reassurance ringing in his ears Ben heard a knock on the door and Jamie came in. “Hey, dude, Bob asked me to come get you. Randy wants you and Pablo up in his room. Wouldn’t keep him waiting if I were you.” He hugged Ben and murmured, “Good luck, dude.”

The vibe in Randy and Bob’s bedroom took on the air of a minor inquisition. Randy stood legs astride, arms folded across his chest, staring stone faced at Pablo and Ben who stood with their heads bowed and their hands clasped behind their backs. Bob sat at a distance, careful to be in Randy’s eye-line just in case.

“Right,” said Randy. “Talk. And I want the truth.” They raised their heads and Pablo went first. He had more experience of a Randy inquisition than Ben did. “Like I said, sir, it was all my fault. We were having trouble with the wiring. We should have just switched off the current and left it ‘til tomorrow. Ben started to leave but I followed him and tried to stop him and and we had a fight. We didn’t notice the fire until just before Jason ran in and stopped us from using the hose. I was in charge so it’s my fault. Punish me, sir, not Ben.”

“That’s not true, sir,” Ben blurted out. “I’m the one to blame. I fucked up the wiring and when Pablo corrected me I got pissed off and said I was quitting. I badmouthed him, saying I was

your brother but he was only adopted.” He gulped as he saw Randy’s fist clench. “He told me not to leave but I did. So I caused the fight sir.”

Randy stared hard at them both. Despite his anger he couldn’t help feeling a twinge of admiration for the boys’ insistence on taking the blame for each other. He glanced over at Bob, then back at the boys. “OK, it’s obvious you both share the blame. Ben, I put Pablo in charge and what you said to him was disgusting. I’ll say this once and for all ... Pablo is my adopted son – I chose him to be my boy and when I put him in charge, he’s in charge. You behaved stupidly – could have burned the house down and injured each other. You have to be punished.

He turned to Pablo. As for you, boy, you failed as a boss. You could have handled the situation differently. Just because someone disobeys you, you don’t beat the shit out of him. Where the fuck did you learn that?”

Pablo’s eyes had a glint of defiance. “With all due respect, sir from you. Many times I’ve seen you slug a man on the crew who disobeyed and badmouthed you.” He blushed as he realized he had been too outspoken. He was Randy’s boy alright.

Unsure how to respond to this obvious truth Randy glanced at Bob who raised his eyebrows in a smile that said, ‘you walked right into that one, buddy’. Feeling the conversation slipping away from him Randy clenched his fists and said, “OK, I’ve had enough of this. Tomorrow you two will work with Zack without pay to repair the damage to the house. We’ll have to manage without the three of you at work.” The boys braced themselves for the punishment decision.

“I won’t tolerate this bullshit behavior from you or anyone undermines discipline in all the boys. Go downstairs, strip naked and stand in the middle of the lawn so everyone can see your disgrace. Don’t say a word to anyone.”

The boys knew better than to say anything except a humble, “Thank you, sir,” and left the room. Randy was breathing heavily as he looked over at Bob. As Pablo had said, Randy had disciplined many men, sometimes with his fists. He was the boss, after all. But Bob knew that punishing his boys was different – real tough for him. He came up and touched Randy’s arm.

“So?” Randy asked, with part defiance, part fear of Bob’s verdict.

Bob spoke gently and carefully. “Well done, buddy. But it does sound as if Ben was mostly to blame and started the whole thing. So don’t you think you’re being a bit hard on Pablo?”

Bob saw Randy tense as he growled, “I know what I’m doing, man. A long time ago I punished Pablo and Darius the same way when they were still getting to know each other. This’ll be the making of them. And it’ll do what I’ve been aiming for all along help my boy Pablo to become a master. You’ll see.”

Dinner was at the long table in the garden as usual, and consisted of a large group at Randy's urging. Of course all the guys in the house were there, along with Jason who was something of a hero having extinguished the fire with lightning speed and prevented the boys from electrocuting themselves by using water on the fire. Hassan had come down from his house and was sitting next to his boy Eddie, who was always nervous at tense events like this. And Bob had urged Steve and Lloyd to join them.

Such a large group was usually a cause for boisterous chatter and laughter but not this time. They all knew the details of the accident and knew that Randy was about to punish the boys. There was always a ritualistic aspect to Randy's retribution, and it was the public humiliation as much as physical pain that was the hardest to endure. But in the case of Pablo and Ben, the worst aspect was that they had angered Randy, let him down – the man they both idolized.

Even before everyone assembled for dinner Randy had already set the stage for the event. The two boys were standing naked under a tree branch that jutted over the lawn not far from the dinner table. They were standing face to face, chest to chest, their arms stretched straight up wrists roped together and tied to the branch above them. They were tied so tight they could barely move and were forced to gaze into each other's eyes.

Before the twins served dinner Randy strode out of the house, shirtless in jeans and boots. He faced the men at the table and came straight to the point. "Gentlemen, you all know what this is about. These two men have betrayed the high standards we set in this house. They have behaved recklessly and could have burned down the house next door. Worse, they could have caused injury to the men who responded to the emergency and, by using a garden hose on the fire, could have electrocuted themselves." His voice faltered over those words.

"Tomorrow they will work to repair the damage to the house, but first they have to be punished. I take full responsibility for them as they are both my boys – one my brother and the other my adopted son – so their punishment falls to me. I don't want to hear any objections or pleas for leniency from anyone. This is my business and I'll do it my way. That's all I have to say."

He picked up off the ground a length of rope that he circled round their waists and tied it tight, so their waists, stomachs and crotches were pressed tightly together. They were immobilized, joined together almost as one, so both would feel each other's pain. Randy stood to the side of them and pulled his belt from his jeans. His voice was grim as he said, "Six lashes each."

With no hesitation Randy raised his arm and lashed the belt across the white globes of Pablo's gorgeous ass. Ben stared into Pablo's eyes and, though his body jolted against him, Pablo clenched his jaw and endured the pain without expression. His eyes bored into Ben's only inches away as there was a loud crack and the belt fell across Ben's ass.

Ben was determined to be as stoic as Pablo, so he too gritted his teeth and made no sound, though pain seared his ass and tears sprang to his eyes. He saw a faint smile of support and

encouragement on Pablo's face, and from then on he gazed into his steady eyes to gain strength throughout the punishment. The belt curled again round Pablo's ass, then Ben's but neither of them flinched. They took courage from each other, from the intensity in their eyes, making the pain possible to bear. It was a trial of strength that they would endure together.

But as the belt bounced off the cheeks of their asses a third time, marking them with red welts, the effect on the onlookers was harrowing. They could all imagine the pain and humiliation the boys were feeling and everyone wanted it to be over. Tears ran down Eddie's cheeks and Hassan put his arm round him and pulled him close.

After the fourth lash of the belt Steve made a move to stand up and protest, but Bob put a restraining hand on his arm and whispered, "Sshh – Randy knows what he's doing." In fact Bob was the only one who was not horrified. He knew Randy well – had undergone similar treatment from him in the past, and one thing he was sure of was that Randy knew a man's limits. He would inflict pain on the boys, but no more than they could bear.

So came the fifth lash, then a pause, and then the final blow harder than all the rest. Pablo was tough and endured the pain, but he could see that Ben was at his absolute limit. His body jerked under the lash, tears ran down his cheeks and he opened his mouth to scream. Instantly Pablo closed his mouth over Ben's, stifling any sound and pushing his tongue inside his mouth.

Surprised by the tenderness of Pablo's kiss Ben's pain diminished and he kissed Pablo back until their mouths were grinding together hungrily. Ben had endured his first real punishment from Randy with the support of Pablo, the intensity of his eyes and now the warmth of his unexpected kiss. Ben knew he had been saved by Pablo's strength and concern for him.

And Ben was shocked to realize that his own cock, pressed against Pablo's stomach, was hard as a rock."

"Hey, Kyle, Kevin, where's dinner? I'm starved."

Randy never ceased to amaze. After whipping his boys' asses he took a couple of deep breaths, then turned and shouted for dinner. Traumatic as it had been for those watching, for Randy it was all over. He took his place at the head of the table and took a slug of beer that the twins brought him.

Bob was sitting on his right, and he pushed at him a clean white T-shirt he had brought with him for just this purpose. "Put this on, Randy," he said quietly. "You're at the dinner table." Randy's eyes flared for a second then settled into a grin. "Fuck you, man," he said and pulled the shirt on. Randy was obviously feeling pleased with himself.

But the same could not be said for anyone else and it was Mark who spoke up for them all. "Aren't you gonna to cut them down, man?"

"Not yet," Randy said firmly. "They still got stuff to work out between them."

All the onlookers had been awestruck by the way the punishment had ended, with the two boys kissing fervently, united in their shared pain and humiliation where Pablo had helped Ben through the ordeal. But now, following Randy's lead (as always) dinner got under way and the conversation gradually became more animated. But all the boys glanced frequently over to their two bounds friends, longing to run over and release and comfort them.

Pablo and Ben were now resting their chins on each other's shoulders while they recovered from the stinging pain in their asses. After a while, as their breathing and heartbeats subsided Pablo heard Ben's voice over his shoulder. "Is it over?"

"Oh yeah. Once Randy's punished a boy that's it – he puts it behind him."

The guys at the table didn't hear Ben's words all except Randy and Bob who were sitting closest to them. Randy raised his eyebrows at Bob and they strained their ears to hear what came next. Unaware that anyone else could overhear them, Ben pulled his head back and stared into Pablo's eyes, only inches from his.

"How come you took the blame, dude? You knew it was all my fault I behaved like an asshole but you didn't tell Randy."

"Ben," Pablo said gently, "I was your boss – Randy put me in charge of you. And if a boy fucks up, the boss takes responsibility, it's that simple. Randy's done it for me many times took a whipping for me once that I should have had. Watching that was the worst punishment I ever had."

"So that's why you took the blame?"

"Well, that and I wanted to spare you the punishment. See, kid, you're new to this game. Randy's whipped me before, I'm used to it and know I can take it, but I knew it would be tough on you so I thought if I got punished I could save you the pain." He looked ruefully up at the ropes and grinned. "See how that turned out."

"I used to get punished by Randy when I was little and misbehaved," Ben said.

"Yeah, but Randy sees you as a man now and I knew he would dish out a man's punishment. I didn't want to see you suffer that. But Randy knew the truth. He always does. When he punishes his boy it's to teach him something it's because he loves him."

Ben grinned. "He must love you a whole lot, then."

“Enough to adopt me,” Pablo said.

Ben winced. “Oh, man, I’m sorry I said that stupid thing about adoption and all. I was angry.”

“Yeah,” Pablo grinned, “we both share that anger thing of Randy’s Gotta get a handle on that, dude. You should have a session with Doctor Steve.”

“I already did,” Ben smiled,” but it didn’t have much to do with anger management.”

Pablo grinned back at Ben. “You know kid – you’re alright. You’re like I was when I first came here. I like you, boy. That’s why I tried to shield you from the whip. I tried to protect you.”

“Thank you, sir.” The ‘sir’ surprised them both, but Ben was seeing Pablo in a whole different light. As he gazed into Pablo’s eyes he saw much more than the tough, aggressive young stud he already knew. He saw kindness, affection, generosity. With his strength and encouragement Pablo had helped Ben through the ordeal. Here was a boy – a man really – who had learned a lot and could teach him a lot – take him under his wing, look after him. Ben admired Pablo and wanted to be his friend. No – more than that he wanted much more than that.

Pablo saw a change in Ben’s expression. “What?” Pablo said.

“Sir, I want you to teach me all the stuff you know. I want to be like you.” He took a deep breath. “Sir, I want to be your boy.”

It took Pablo a moment to grasp what Ben had said. His boy! He knew how much guts it had taken for Ben to say the word, and Pablo’s eyes grew moist as he stared at him. Then, impulsively, he pressed his lips against Ben’s. His tongue parted them and forced his mouth open in a kiss, tentative at first but building to a passionate embrace. In the shared pain of punishment, the physical intimacy of being tied together, and the revelation of mutual affection, the whole dynamic of their relationship had suddenly changed. It had become rock solid.

Rock solid too were their cocks, rising up between them like poles, pressed hard against each other’s stomachs, flesh squeezed against flesh, still roped tightly together. Finally Pablo pulled back from the kiss and held Ben’s eyes sternly. “You wanna be my boy? OK, boy, then first things first. You gotta cum for me make your master shoot his load.” They pressed their bodies even tighter together, cock rubbing against cock, writhing as much as they could despite the rope round their waists and the ropes pulling their arms up taut.

They stared into each other’s eyes, two naked, muscular boys grinding their chests, their stomachs and their cocks together with mounting lust. “Here it comes, boy,” Pablo said. “This is how it’s gonna be with us.” They stared at each other, lost in each other’s eyes, as they writhed together with mounting frenzy. Their bodies shuddered, their cocks pulsed and Ben

shouted, "Thank you, sir!" They both howled – "Aaagh!" – and their cocks erupted, shooting twin spurts of hot juice between their stomachs and chest and up to their necks.

They came again and again until they were soaked in their own juice, their cum-slicked bodies sliding against each other. Their heartbeats pounded against each other and their heads fell forward onto each other's shoulder in physical and emotional exhaustion.

For a moment there was dead silence. Conversation had already died when the spectators had become aware that something extraordinary was taking place. They had watched the boys' growing intimacy, watched them smile, then kiss hungrily, then writhe against each other in an obvious display of sexual desire. It was a stunningly erotic sight. Their stretched muscles strained against the ropes, their young bodies gleamed and the white globes of their asses, striped with red belt marks, flexed as they pushed against each other. Then the climax, the screams and then the silence.

The boys especially had watched their buddies with growing intensity, willing them to endure the punishment, and now it was the boys who broke the silence. Darius, Jamie, Nate, Eddie and the twins all stood up, as one, and broke into cheers and applause. The men were startled to see this spontaneous outpouring of support from their boys. Darius looked down at Randy with an eager, questioning expression and Randy nodded. "OK, kid."

The boys ran over to Pablo and Ben and quickly untied the ropes round their waists and wrists. They collapsed into waiting arms, hugged in warm embraces, with noisy congratulations. Darius's eyes shone as he smiled at Pablo. "That was totally awesome, dude what you did for Ben and all. I love the hell out of you, dude."

Finally Pablo and Ben broke free of the effusive crowd and walked over to Randy. They were not aware that Randy and Bob had heard everything they had said to each other so they were surprised by Randy's first words to Ben. "You got something to ask me, kid?"

"I do, sir," Ben said boldly. He cleared his throat. "I would like to become Pablo's boy, sir."

Randy grinned at him. "Oh you would, would you? And how does Pablo feel about that? You think you're ready for that responsibility, boy? Think you can handle being a master?"

"Absolutely, sir. I know I can, sir, for sure. But we need your approval, sir."

Randy glanced at Bob with a look of gloating triumph. Bob smiled and said under his breath, "son-of-a-bitch."

“OK,” Randy said. “I think you *are* ready, Pablo, and I would never let anyone else but you take on my little brother as his boy. But you have to prove to all the guys herethat you’re man enough. There’s one ritual that always happens here whenever a man takes on a boy.”

“Yes, sir?”

“The master fucks his boy. But by the looks of that jism all over you, you’ve both just busted a load. So, Ben, make your new master hard again.” Ben’s eyes sparkled as he fell to his knees at Pablo’s feet. Pablo looked down at his eager gypsy face and said, “You OK with this, boy?” Ben’s reply wasan emphatic “Yes, sir!” He rested his hands on Pablo’s hips, leaned forward and scooped his semi-hard cock into his mouth.

Bob and the rest of the men regained their seats at the table and watched avidly, while Randy stood beside his boys, legs astride, arms folded over his chest, master of them both. Ben worked hard on Pablo’s cock, squeezed his throat muscles as he pulled his mouth all the way back to the head, then plunged it down hard and buried his face in Pablo’s wiry pubic hair, wet with sweat and cum.

It didn’t take much of that before Pablo was good and hard. He grabbed Ben’s hair and pulled his face off his cock. Ben gazed upward, his mouth drooling with spit, and heard Pablo’s order. “On you back, boy.” Ben obeyed instantly and Pablo knelt between his legs on the grass. He looked straight into the boy’s eyes and said, “Now I know you’ve only ever done this once, with Bob, so I’ll ask you again. Are you sure you want this, boy?”

“I’m sure, sir. Please let me feel your dick in my ass.”

“Good answer,” Pablo said, with a sudden mischievous smile. He was still a young dude himself, after all. He licked his hand and pushed two wet fingers into Ben’s ass, loosening him up. He spat on his cock, pushed Ben’s legs up and eased forward. He pushed his hard, wet rod against Ben’s ass and eased it inside, hearing the gasp and seeing the jolt of pain cross Ben’s face. Slowly he pushed it deep inside, then paused, letting Ben get used to it until the pain morphed into pure pleasure. “OK now, kid? You ready?”

“Yes thank you, sir. I’m ready.” And so the fuck began slow, gentle at first, building to an insistent rhythm of hard rod sliding easily in and out of the young, inexperienced ass. “That feel good?” Pablo asked with a smile.

“Feels awesome, sir. I want to be a good boy for you. Will you fuck me often?”

“Oh you’ll be good, I’ll make sure of that. And yeah, I’ll fuck you a whole lot. But right now, let’s put on a show for these guys. Here we go.....” Suddenly Pablo increased the pace and his cock became a piston driving into the hot young ass. Pablo fell forward and pinned Ben’s wrists to the ground above his head. They gazed wildly into each other’s eyes as the pounding continued. “OK, kid,” Pablo shouted, “let the guys hear what you are. Tell them!”

"I'm your boy sir." "And what do you want?" "I want you to fuck my ass, sir. I want to feel you cum in my ass, sir. Please, sir, I'm so close. Please cum in my ass."

"Try stopping me," Pablo grinned. "OK, kid, here it comes. Shoot for me, boy now!"

"Aaaagh!" The screams rang round the garden as Pablo's body bucked, they shuddered and Ben shot a ribbon of white cream that splashed against his master's chest. He raised his hips to get the full impact of Pablo's cock as it drove deep one last time and erupted in Ben's ass, anointing the new boy with the juice of his master.

The entire group rose from the table and erupted in cheers and applause in a standing ovation, not only for the boys but also for Randy who had once again proved himself the consummate master. Randy towered over his two boys, glowing with pride and the immense satisfaction of knowing that his plan had worked. The outcome was exactly what he had wanted since his boys first met.

He grinned over at Bob who shook his head and gazed in awe at the man he loved. As before, the only words he could muster were, "Son-of-a-bitch."

Dinner resumed, with Pablo and Ben taking their places on either side of Randy, easing themselves down gently on their sore, red-striped asses. In the ensuing clamor of voices Pablo turned to Darius, seated on his other side, and said quietly, "You OK with all of this, dude, Ben being my boy and all? I don't want it to make any difference to us."

"Dude," Darius beamed, "it sure will make a difference. When I fuck that sweet ass of yours from now on I'll not only be fucking the cutest boy on the planet but a master too, with his own boy. That is gonna be so damned hot. I am so stoked, dude. Having a boy-master as my lover is gonna be such a blast."

When dinner broke up the guys all thanked Bob and Randy for another spectacular show and paired off with their respective boys, all so sexually charged and nursing huge boners they couldn't wait to hit the sack. Pablo and Darius asked Ben to sleep with them and he excitedly agreed. But before that Randy told Ben to wait in the basement as he wanted a word with him.

Pablo dropped into Bob and Randy's room and Randy beamed at him. "I'm real proud of you, boy. You handled Ben just right. You helped him through the punishment, impressed him afterwards to the point where he couldn't wait to become your boy. And when you fucked him you eased into it gently, rather than jackhammering him right away"

"..... as some macho stud King-of-the-Gypsies would have done," Bob said, smiling at Randy.

“Asshole,” Randy grinned. “Anyway, Pablo, when I’ve had a chat with Ben I’ll send him up to you and Darius. Take good care of him, kiddo. He’s real precious to me, as you are too.”

Pablo’s eyes were moist as he said, “Thank you, sir. I’ll try to teach Ben everything you’ve taught me, and you know I’ll protect him as fiercely as you would.” He hugged Randy tight, then turned to Bob and hugged him too. “You’re an awesome young man,” Bob said. “I love you, Pablo.” Then Pablo was gone, to report back to Darius, as required – always.

With a long, satisfied sigh Randy turned to Bob and grinned, “Now try telling me I don’t know how to handle my guys, asshole. Shit, watching them bang away sure made me horny.”

“Me too,” Bob said. “But while I was watching their gentle fuck I couldn’t help thinking about that macho stud who jackhammers his way into a guy’s ass. Now that really made me horny.”

The king of the gypsies gave Bob a lecherous smile. “Oh you’re gonna get itlater dude.”

In the basement bedroom Ben heard a tap on the door. Randy came in and sat with him on the bed. “I just came down to check on you, little brother, make sure you’re OK with everything. Here, stand up a minute and turn around.” Ben stood with his back to Randy, who pulled down his shorts and looked closely at his ass, still striped with red whip marks. Randy leaned forward and ran his tongue over the white globes, licking the stripes. “That feel OK now?”

“Not painful anymore, sir. In fact,” he grinned, “I’m not feeling any pain at all right now”

Randy pulled his shorts back up, pulled Ben down beside him again and threw his arm over his shoulder. “Yeah, all in all a pretty good day for us as things worked out, wouldn’t you say? You know, when I first saw you and Pablo together on the construction site after you’d stopped fighting, that is I knew right away what I wanted. I knew you would need a lot of support and guidance but I get so busy I was afraid of neglecting you.

“Pablo has turned into a great guy – he’s tough, bright and loyal. I love him like a son, and I know he loves me,” he grinned, “not always as a father, either. But I’m crazy about you too, kiddo, and I wouldn’t entrust you to anyone less than Pablo. And you know, if you run into problems, you or he, or both of you, can always come to me. So, you feeling OK about all this?”

“Oh yeah, sir. I think I’m a bit in love with Pablo, but maybe I’ll think of him as my third-oldest brother, after you and Steve.” A silence followed and Randy saw a cloud pass over Ben’s face.

“But...” Randy said. “There’s a ‘but’ in there somewhere.”

“Well sir,” Ben stammered uneasily. “It’s just that well. what you said about Pablo not always loving you as a father I mean you fuck him all the time, sir, and you fuck Bob, of

course. You even fucked our brother Steve, and you've fucked every man in this house, sir, except"

Randy sprang to his feet. "What! You saying you want me to fuck you, boy? Me?! But you're my baby brother!"

"Not such a baby any more sir – I'm nineteen and I know what I want. And on the subject of babies, it's not as if we'd be making any if you fucked me." He grinned impishly.

Randy sat down again unsure whether to groan or laugh. Ben stood up and faced him. Slowly, seductively, he pulled off his T-shirt, unbuttoned his shorts and let them drop. He stood there naked, his cock standing straight out hard as a rock.

"Holy shit," Randy said. "Kid, I remember seeing you when you were two-days old and now look at you a big, beautiful young buck. Shit, boy, I've got a fucking boner in my jeans just looking at you." He stared at him intently, trying to see him not as his brother but instead as just a beautiful young man who, in any other circumstances, he wouldn't hesitate to fuck.

"I must be going crazy," Randy said in a daze. "Get on the bed." Randy stood up and Ben lay on his back on the bed, splaying out his arms and legs in a youthful attempt at seduction. He watched as his magnificent brother pulled off his T-shirt, kicked off his boots and pulled off his jeans. Ben gazed at the naked muscle-god with the long thick rod, hard as steel, and began to stroke his own stiff cock.

Ben said softly. "You are the most beautiful brother a boy ever had, sir. I've always thought so. Even as a young boy I used to think of you naked like that and every night before I went to sleep I jerked off thinking about you most of the time about you fucking my ass. Please fuck me now, sir. Please please"

Randy was bewitched by the boy's beauty and his obvious craving to feel his cock in his ass. He knelt between his legs, grasped his ankles and pushed them high in the air. He pushed the head of his cock against the moist hole and, gazing into Ben's blue eyes, so like his own, he eased his cock inside his ass, pushing it deeper and deeper until it came to rest against the inner sphincter. "Please, sir....." Ben whispered. Randy pushed again and felt the head of his cock slide over the inner sphincter, into the heat of the deepest chamber of his ass.

"I'm inside you, Ben," Randy said in disbelief. "I'm deep inside your beautiful ass." Ben stared up at his brother's rugged, stubbled face and his spectacular body, felt his cock buried deep inside him. Suddenly he saw Randy's eyes open wide, saw tears flowing down his cheeks as his cock pulsed inside him and he felt hot liquid pouring into the depths of his ass.

His brother was cumming inside him. The brother he had always worshipped, adored, desired, was cumming inside him. Ben felt his body catch fire. All he could see was Randy, Randy, looming over him, cumming inside him and "aaagh!" A huge plume of white juice blasted

from his cock, followed by another and another, arcing high in the air and splashing onto his brother's face. Ben was sobbing as his cock took on a life of its own and kept shooting like a fountain, with stream after stream of semen soaking both of the brothers.

"No No," Ben sobbed. I wanted to feel"

"Sshh," Randy smiled. "That was only the start, boy. Now we've done that I'm really gonna fuck your ass. Here" Gently he pulled back, then eased his still-hard cock back inside Ben's soft velvet ass. He watched Ben relax, his breathing less ragged, and all Randy's misgivings disappeared. He wanted to fuck this boy, wanted to make him feel good to love him. And so he did, for a long time, while they continued to gaze at each other, two gypsy faces, man and boy, two near-identical pairs of blue eyes piercing each other as they felt the warmth of fraternal love and physical ecstasy.

Finally Randy said softly, "Kiddo, I could go on fucking that ass all day, but you're making me so fucking hot, I gotta cum again. You with me?"

"I'm real close again, sir. I can cum whenever you tell me to."

"OK," Randy grinned. "How about right now?"

"Sounds good to me, sir," and his impish grin reappeared. Randy pulled all the way out, then drove his cock in hard, a hint of the savage Randy, and that pushed Ben over the edge. He stared at his brother and said, "Thank you, sir. I love you, sir Aaah." And with a deep sigh he shot a stream of juice over his own body as he felt Randy blast another load inside him.

As their cocks drained there was a silence as neither knew what to say or do next. Then Randy's face crinkled into a smile, broader and broader until he began to laugh. It was infectious and Ben laughed with him, until the room rang with their uncontrolled joy at being together. Randy fell forward and closed his mouth over Ben's, kissing him tenderly.

Finally he pulled back and let his cock slide at last out of Ben's ass. "Sir," Ben said anxiously. "Sir, you'll do that again to me soon, will you sir? I'm mean, you'll still fuck me, sir. It wasn't just a one-off kind of thing."

"Kiddo," Randy smiled, "nothing that beautiful could be a one-off. Sure I'll fuck you again whenever you want it. But right now I'm sure Pablo and Darius are wondering what's keeping you so long. You better go and tell them exactly what kept you and as Darius would say, 'exaggerations accepted'."

"No need to exaggerate, sir," Ben grinned. "How could I ever improve on that?"

Not long later Randy, showered and relaxed, was lying naked next to Bob in bed. “You know, buddy, if it’s OK with you I think I’ll take Pablo and Ben for a trip up to the beach at Guadalupe next week – spend a couple of nights in Zack’s shack in the dunes, just the three of us. Be good for them to get away after all this.”

Then his expression changed and he looked hard at Bob. “So buddy, what I did with Ben you OK with that? You don’t think it’s too weird?”

Bob smiled. “Randy, you know my philosophy guys should always try to make each other happy – doesn’t matter how, just as long as they cause no harm. And judging by the glow round you when you came in I’d say you and your kid brother made each other happier than clams at high tide. And as Ben so wisely said, you weren’t exactly making babies.”

Randy ran his hand over Bob’s chest. “Course, you know what makes me happiest of all, man.”

“Shit, Randy, don’t you ever quit? You’re insatiable a fuck machine.”

“Never heard you complain, buddy. Come here....”

Right around that time another couple was making plans. Eddie was spending the night – again – with Hassan up at his small house in the hills. As they nestled together after sex the Marine said, “You know, kid, I’ve gotta go up to Vandenberg Air Force base for a meeting next week. It’s real close to the Guadalupe Dunes so I thought maybe we could take a couple days off, spend them at Mark and Jamie’s shack on the beach. What d’ya say?”

“Could we, sir?” Eddie’s eyes gleamed. “That would be awesome, sir. Just the two of us in the dunes. I can open up the shack while you’re in your meeting get it good and ready for us,” he said with a mischievous smile.

Now, the two shacks were a couple of miles apart in the remote dunes. They were the last ancient relics of a whole community of shacks in the Guadalupe dunes, lived in by bohemian artists and writers in the 1930s, ‘40s and ‘50s – the Dunites as they called themselves. But now the two surviving shacks sat lonely and silent in windswept solitude most of the time.

But not next week. One would be host to the gorgeous Marine Hassan and his boy Eddie. The other would be brought to noisy life by Randy, his boy Pablo and young brother Ben. It was almost inevitable they would all meet up at some point a volatile mix of two dominant masters and three oversexed boys. The possibilities were endless

#

Chapter 173 – Randy, Hassan & Their Boys in The Dunes

The next morning the men's thoughts were firmly on work, not play. Randy had decreed that Pablo and Ben, as the last part of their punishment, would work unpaid under Zack's supervision to repair the damage they had caused on the remodeled house. But as it turned out, little supervision was required from Zack, beyond lending a hand with lifting the drywall panels and securing them in place.

He watched in surprised satisfaction as the boys worked perfectly together, with no hint of the simmering rivalry of the day before. On the contrary, they had slipped easily into their new roles of master and boy, with Pablo giving patient instructions and Ben willingly obeying them. The source of the previous day's fire drama, the electrical wall socket, was easily fixed.

"Yeah, dude, now you've got it," Pablo said to Ben with obvious pride. "That wiring is good and safe for the life of the house. You're getting real expert at this, Ben."

"Thank you, sir," Ben said in the glow of Pablo's praise."

"Hey, Ben," Pablo said quietly. "You can drop the 'sir' when it's just us together. 'Dude' will do just fine."

Later that day Zack reported to Randy. "It was amazing – like night and day. After all that fighting the day before, this time they worked beautifully together. Pablo was definitely in charge and Ben seemed to welcome that. Those kids really like each other. Actually more than like there was a lot of sexual energy floating around, assuming that's OK with you."

"Sure, Randy grinned. "There should always be sexual vibes between a master and boy. You should know you and that young buck of yours, Darius. Hey, there's always sexual tension between me and my boys."

"Hell, man, there's always sex oozing from you wherever you go – even down to Ben's bedroom so I hear."

"Yeah, Randy grinned, "word gets around." He had no regrets about having fucked his young brother, which Ben had begged for. "Anyway, the damage to the house is all fixed up and tomorrow should see the remodeling finished. Then Adam and Nate can finally move in."

Randy was dead on schedule. Adam and Nate were up in Bob's office with Jamie, who had made up the lease for Adam to sign. He signed with a flourish and Bob handed him the keys. "OK, Adam, the house is yours and Nate's. Couldn't happen to a nicer couple of guys. He shook Adam's hand to seal the deal and Nate hugged Jamie. "I'm so excited, dude," Nate said.

“Yeah, Jamie grinned, “well maybe you and Adam should go and christen the house.”

“Oh, we’ve already done that,” Adam laughed. “Several times – on the bare bedroom floor. Be nice to do it on a bed, though.”

The next day was moving day – a flourish of noisy, chaotic activity where all the boys helped Adam and Nate move in all their stuff. They helped Ben too, who took over Nate’s old room – a room of his own for the first time in his life. He loved being next door to Pablo and Darius’s apartment, where he ended up spending a lot of his time. Randy looked in to check on him. “You’re pretty well set up here, kiddo. Nice big bed too, just for you.”

Ben grinned roguishly. “Well, I was hoping you’d visit me and my bed often, sir. You know....”

“I know alright, kid, and you can count on it.” Then he went to make sure everything was OK in the house next door. Adam shook Randy’s hand warmly. “Thanks a million, Randy, you’ve done a brilliant job on this place. It’s perfect for us. Drop in and visit as often as you like.”

“Yeah,” Randy grinned, “well from what I hear that could be quite an experience, after what Zack the leather master did to you. Sounded real hot. About time I saw a piece of that action.”

Adam grinned. “Any time, stud. After all, you’re the boss.”

The house was soon christened in another way too as Darius had a knack of coming up with shorthand names. He had always called Adam and Nate ‘The Aussies’, so the house was thereafter and forever known by all as “The Aussie House.”

And so the house, both houses, settled down and took a breather. Time for a break. Eddie had already left for Hassan’s house where they set out for Vandenberg and the Guadalupe Dunes as planned. And preparations were in full swing for Randy’s trip to the dunes with Pablo and Ben. And Pablo’s dog Billy, of course.

Randy’s only concern was leaving Bob behind, but he had several big meetings at his company. “Anyway,” Bob said, “don’t shed any tears for us, we’ll be just fine. I’ve been wanting to spend more time with the twins so I’ll ask them if they want to sleep with me while you’re gone.”

Randy laughed. “...if they want to sleep with you?! You kill me, man. Anyone would pay good money to sleep with you especially those twins of yours. I suppose Jason is coming over, too, and with Mark and Jamie it should be quite a party. Just remember, buddy, the minute I get back, you’re all mine. And I’ll be wanting your ass something fierce.”

“Aye, aye, sir,” Bob grinned, and they held each other in a long goodbye.

Half an hour later Randy's truck was speeding along the Ventura freeway – fully loaded, with a man, two boys, a dog, plus a rowboat and all their gear in the back. The mood in the cab was one of satisfaction – of completeness somehow, now that the hierarchy had been firmly established. That was evident even in the seating plan, which before had stoked the rivalry between the boys who both felt their place was next to Randy. Now Pablo was next to Randy and Ben next to him and Ben was fine with that pecking order. The only discontent came from Billy in the back seat who kept pressing his wet muzzle against Pablo's neck for attention.

A few miles ahead of them on the same freeway was Hassan's jeep, where the mood was quieter but no less contented. Eddie had finally settled into his role of Hassan's boy, having lost the constant fear that he would wake up and find it had all been a dream. It was a dream for him but one based on absolute certainty as he sat beside Hassan with a happy smile on his face. At home Hassan not only made love to him all the time, but talked to him often about his education and future too, as he was doing now.

"Actually, sir," Eddie said, "right now I'm the happiest I've ever been in my life. I can't imagine a future that could get better than this."

Hassan laughed. "So if it ain't broke don't fix it, eh? OK, kid, no more lessons for a while, then."

"Well, I am gonna get swimming lessons from Pablo and Ben if we all get together up there."

"Oh, we'll be getting together – you can count on that."

When they arrived at Mark and Jamie's shack in the dunes, while Eddie unloaded their gear from the jeep, Hassan made a quick change into his Marines uniform for his meeting at Vandenberg.

It wasn't a high-level meeting – just his opposite numbers at the Air Force Base, so he wore his usual work clothes, olive-drab camouflage fatigues, combat boots and a khaki shirt over an olive tank top. He pulled on his soft peaked cap and put on mirror sunglasses. As always Eddie was blown away by how hot he looked – the tall, ruggedly handsome, muscular soldier. And, as always, Eddie felt his cock get stiff in his shorts.

"This shouldn't take long, kid," Hassan said "Vandenberg is only half an hour from here down Highway 1 and the meeting is really just a formality – touching base with the Air Force guys I liaise with regularly. So why don't you get the shack ready?" He grinned. "..... and that includes getting yourself ready just in case you get a visit from some big stud Marine."

Eddie smiled. Over time, he and Hassan had often got into the Darius habit of fantasy role-playing which drove their sex into a whole new pitch of excitement. The boy sensed that this was going to be one of those times. Hassan threw his arms round him in a tight hug and

instantly felt the shape of the stiff rod in his shorts. “Hmm” he said lowering his hand down his back, squeezing the cheeks of Eddie’s ass, then running it over the bulge in front. “Seems to me you’re already ready, boy.” He grinned. “Hold that thought, kiddo. Won’t be long.”

Watching the magnificent Marine stride out to his jeep Eddie would have cum in his jeans if he had so much as touched his cock. But he knew he had to save it, so he distracted himself by work. Eddie was not a houseboy for nothing.

He opened the windows of the shack to clear out the musty air, swept, cleaned and found fresh sheets for the bed. He unpacked their gear and put the food they had brought into the small fridge. Then he went outside, picked a few small branches from a scrubby tree and put them in a jug on the dresser. All he had to do now was wait. He lay on his back on the bed and closed his eyes, his hand resting lightly on the bulge in his shorts. Soon he was asleep, dreaming of that upcoming visit from “a big stud Marine.”

“What the fuck are you doing here, boy?” The deep, accented voice was part of Eddie’s dream. It had been a jumble of images of men in uniform, naked musclemen all fucking him and then the images had faded and in his dream he was alone waiting for someone.

“I said, what are you doing here, boy!” the voice insisted. It felt so real sounded real. Slowly he drifted back to consciousness and half opened his eyes to see a blurred image of a soldier standing inside the door, a tall, commanding figure in uniform, cap pulled low over his face, eyes hidden behind mirror glasses. It was a man he had been dreaming of was still dreaming of, maybe. The dream had been so hot he wanted to slip back into it. But the voice came again and it was real.

“When I ask a question, boy, I expect an answer. What’s your name, boy?” Drowsy and confused Eddie was still unsure if the man was real and, as the soldier stood backlit in the doorway, eyes masked by dark glasses, the boy had not yet fully grasped that it was Hassan. He heard himself say, “Eddie, sir. My name’s Eddie.”

“Oh yeah? You own this shack?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Prove it.”

Eddie blinked, his mind starting to clear. “Well, sir, I don’t own it exactly it belongs to...”

“So you lied to me! Bad move. Whenever a boy lies to a Marine he gets punished. I’ll make you talk get the truth out of you.” He came forward, reached down and ripped Eddie’s T-shirt off him. He yanked open his shorts, pulled them down his legs and tossed them aside.

He looked down at the naked boy on the bed, trembling in confusion. “Oh, yeah a real hot young buck. I’m gonna enjoy making you talk, boy. Turn over.”

Eddie obeyed and lay naked on his stomach. “Holy shit, that’s one hot young ass. Man, I’m really gonna get off working that over.” He leaned forward and slapped his hand across one of the white cheeks, then the other, several times. “Aaagh” Eddie yelled, and his stinging ass made his cock go rigid beneath him. The slaps jolted him out of his dream state. Now he knew where he was and who the Marine was, but his dream hadn’t really disappeared. It had simply morphed into an erotic fantasy where he was a naked boy at the mercy of an angry Marine.

He felt Hassan’s boot under his stomach and it flipped him back over onto his back. “Shit damn,” the soldier said, “look at that fucking boner. Seems you like getting that ass of yours slapped by a Marine. You get off on soldiers in uniform, boy?”

“Yes, sir,” Eddie said weakly. “Very much, sir.”

“Yeah, well we’ll see how much.” Slowly Hassan unbuttoned his shirt, revealing the tank underneath. He pulled the shirt from his waistband, shrugged it off and tossed it aside. He threw off his cap and his jet black hair fell over his forehead, his eyes still hidden behind his mirror glasses. “OK, boy,” he said, “show me how much this soldier turns you on. Make it good and I’ll go easier on you.”

The thing Eddie had learned about fantasy is the more real it seems the hotter it is. And this felt real! He gazed up at the spectacular Marine towering over him, tank top stretched over his bulging pecs. His broad, solid shoulders gleamed in the sun streaming through the window, and the wide V of his lats sloped down to his tight waist, cinched by the belt of his fatigues. His biceps bulged as he clenched his fists, and he stood legs astride, his heavy combat boots laced up over the bottom of his camouflage pants.

To Eddie it was like one of those impossibly erotic drawings of a soldier he had seen on a porn site and jerked off to. And here was Eddie lying naked on the bed at his mercy. He was now deep into his fantasy – like his dream returning of a helpless boy being worked over by a muscle-god Marine. His ass still stung from the soldier’s hands and he imagined what he would do to him next.

The thought was so hot he lost all control. Without thinking, his hand slid down to his own rigid cock, he curled his fingers round it, and suddenly “No no I can’t aaah!.....” A ribbon of cum shot from his cock, high in the air, and splashed down onto his chest and face and into his tousled hair. “Aaah!” Another jet of cum blasted from his cock, then another.”

Soaked in his own cum Eddie gazed up at Hassan, fearful of his reaction to his sudden orgasm. Hassan pulled off his glasses and his exotic, slanted eyes stared down at him like a laser. “You are one hot young stud, boy. You ever get your ass fucked?”

“No, sir!” Eddie said, his eyes open wide in the role of an innocent boy, knowing this would turn Hassan on even more. I’ve never felt another guy’s dick in my ass, sir.”

“Well you’re gonna feel it now, boy. Man, there’s nothing I like more than opening up a boy’s virgin ass. But It’s gonna make you shoot another load and I don’t want you touching that dick again. Let’s see here” He went to the head of the bed and his eyes gleamed. “Shit damn, will you look at that – ropes tied to the bedposts. You heavy into bondage, boy?”

“Those ropes belong to someone else, sir,” Eddie said bravely.

“I warned you about lying to me, boy. I’ve had about enough of your bullshit.” Quickly he tied the loose end of the ropes round Eddie’s wrists, stretching his arms up to the corners of the bed. Eddie felt a very real surge of panic and tugged at the ropes as Hassan gazed down at the lithe young body writhing helplessly on the bed. Eddie spoke up again. “This cabin is owned by a cop, and he’s just as strong and muscular as you, so you better let me go.”

Hassan laughed. “Ah, that old cop story – heard it a million times ‘my friend’s a cop and he’s gonna beat you up’. Huh, like a Marine would ever submit to a cop. OK, you’re making me mad, now kid. Let’s get down to business.”

He ripped open the fly buttons of his fatigues and yanked out a huge thick cock, roaring hard. “See this rod, boy? Take a good look, ‘cause I’m gonna shove it deep into that gorgeous virgin asshole of yours. Fuck you and your lies and your cop. You’re gonna get jack-hammered by a Marine, boy.”

Spread-eagled on the bed Eddie’s body thrashed in a hopeless attempt to get free as he stared up at the rugged soldier, his muscles flexing under the green tank top. The blend of fantasy and reality was perfect. Part of Eddie wanted to free his hand so he could touch his cock but another part of him felt real panic, as if he had never been fucked and now this massive Marine was going to open up his ass for the first time with his huge shaft.

Hassan knelt down and pulled Eddie forward to the edge of the bed. He pushed Eddie’s feet toward his butt so his legs were bent at the knees and his vulnerable asshole was on display, inches from the soldier’s cock. Hassan spat in the palm of his hand and lubricated his cock. Then he spat directly at Eddie’s ass and rested the head of his cock against the warm, moist hole. “Now, boy, one last time. Who owns this shack? Are you gonna tell me the truth?”

“No, sir,” Eddie said defiantly.

“That’s all I needed to hear, boy.” Hassan suddenly reached behind his own neck and pulled off his tank. “Aaaah,” Eddie moaned, gazing at the Marine’s sculpted naked torso. At the same time – “Aaagh!” – he felt a searing pain in his ass as Hassan’s hips lunged forward and he plunged his cock in the boy’s ass. It was all an erotic blur for Eddie, suddenly seeing the soldier stripped to the waist and instantly feeling the same soldier’s cock piercing his ass.

Hassan grabbed Eddie's ankles, pushed them high in the air and his cock became a piston driving into the boy's hole. The room was hot and sweat began to drip off the Marine's rugged face, flow down the cleft between his pecs, run over his washboard abs and pool at his waist, forming a damp patch that spread over his fatigue pants.

The initial shaft of pain disappeared and Eddie felt only excitement as he jolted back into his fantasy the naked young boy, roped to the bed, defiantly refusing to submit to the muscle-stud Marine who was torturing his virgin ass with his huge pole. He flashed on the first time Hassan had ever fucked him.... and this felt exactly the same.

His body writhed and thrashed, his wrists tugging at the ropes binding him as he struggled to get free. That part was real, as he was longing to touch, not his own cock, but the slabs of the soldier's chest heaving above him. And still the steel rod pistoned remorselessly in his ass. As Hassan became more and more turned on by the sight of the struggling boy beneath him, the pounding intensified.

"Fell that, boy? I'm gonna slam that ass until you talk. Look at me, boy, it's useless to resist me. I'm gonna ream that ass and tear it wide open."

Eddie gazed up at the exotic Asian/Arab features, at the slanted eyes boring into his and felt, tasted, the salty tang of man-sweat dripping onto his face. He felt like a young naked prisoner, bound and tortured by this shirtless, muscular Arab soldier, interrogating him, forcing him to speak. The iron shaft pounded deep inside him and Eddie felt the rough fabric of the uniform pants and the damp, wiry pubic hair slamming against his battered ass. But the boy gritted his teeth and stared defiantly back at the Marine.

"You fucking obstinate young buck," the soldier snarled. "OK, kid, you asked for it. You mess with the Marines boy, and you get this....." Suddenly Hassan pulled his cock all the way out, then in one savage movement slammed it back into the depths of the boy's ass. Then again, and again, like a jack-hammer drilling into him. The pain returned and Eddie yelled, "I can't take any more, sir. You've beaten me I submit. I'll talk, sir. The shack's not mine. The cop who owns it is called Mark – him and his boy Jamie. Please, sir, it's the truth. Please, I'm begging you let me cum, sir please.....cum inside my ass, sir."

"OK, kid, I believe you. I'll let you go if you bust a load big enough to reach my chest. I wanna feel young juice on my body. Now I'm gonna unload my jizz into your ass. Here it comes boy" The two massive orgasms were simultaneous, one streaming into the boy's ass and the other blasting from the boy's cock and splashing onto the Marine's bulging chest, mixing with the gleaming sweat. Cum streamed from their cocks until they were dry and their pounding heartbeats slowed.

Without pulling out of Eddie's ass Hassan leaned forward and expertly released Eddie's wrists. He grabbed them and pinned them to the bed. Their faces were now close and Eddie

watched as he saw a smile spread across the Marine's dark, chiseled features. "You are so fucking hot, kiddo. Man, that was one hell of a fantasy. You're terrific, you know that? The best boy a man like me could have."

"Thank you, sir," Eddie smiled. "I love you, sir."

"Oh yeah? Well you're gonna show me how much, 'cause now I'm gonna make love to you. No more brutal Marine torturing a naked boy. Now it's just Hassan and Eddie – making love."

Eddie sighed and relaxed as he felt Hassan's cock moving gently in and out of his ass. It went on for a long time. The room faded away and it was just two men in love, gazing into each other's eyes a man's huge cock massaging a boy's young, willing ass. Hassan smiled at his boy and said, "I wanna cum again, kid, and I know you can cum every few minutes. You ready? Here it comes."

This time there were no screams, just heavy sighs as once again cum streamed from their cocks. Hassan fell forward and kissed Eddie's forehead, his eyes, his cheeks and finally his mouth in a passionate display of a man's love for his boy.

"Swim," said Hassan, and a few minute later they were wearing swim trunks and splashing into the surf. Hassan swam out a few yards with strong, muscular strokes while Eddie did a floundering kind of dog-paddle in shallower water. Hassan swam up to him and laughed, "Hell, kiddo, we gotta do something about that thing you call swimming teach you how to improve on that splashing-around thing you do."

"I know, sir, but Pablo and Ben said they would give me swimming lessons while we're up here."

"Great," said Hassan. "So let's go find them." He jumped to his feet and pulled Eddie up beside him. They turned to face south and began jogging steadily through the shallow surf at water's edge. Hassan could have pounded forward with his usual powerful strides but he deliberately held back so that Eddie could keep up with him. They ran in silence, each enjoying the serenity of his own thoughts the memory of the erotic scene they had played out, and the sheer joy of being together, shoulder to shoulder.

The view before them seemed limitless, an infinite expanse of beach disappearing on the far horizon in a blue-gray mist of surf and blowing sand. Then in the distance they saw two or three dots, growing larger and more distinct until they took on the shape of men. It was Randy, and his boys, with the same idea as Hassan and Eddie – running to meet them.

They had seen each other only yesterday but the reunion was as effusive as if they had been separated for months. Pablo and Ben threw their arms round Eddie in a boisterous three-way

hug. Randy and Hassan shook hands and pulled each other forward in a half hug. "Good to see you, stud," Randy said. "Been a long time since we spent any time together."

They pulled back and smiled at each other with an admiring gaze, two muscle-gods equal in beauty, both with perfect physiques and ruggedly etched dark features. "Looking good, stud," said Randy. "You too, man," Hassan grinned. "Better than ever." Neither would admit it, but they both felt their cocks stirring in their shorts.

"So, dude," Pablo grinned wickedly at Eddie, "what have you been up to since you got here?" Eddie blushed and looked at Hassan who grinned at him. "So go for it, kid. Don't you guys always follow Darius's rule and give each other a blow-by-blow description of everything that's happened to you? And another thing, guys," he said to Pablo and Ben. "Eddie here badly needs some swimming lessons."

"We'll get right on that, sir," said Pablo. "Come on dude, let's jog up to your place. You tell us your story and we'll return the favor by teaching you how to swim." They turned and ran north on the beach, Billy running beside them. The men gazed after them as they grew smaller and smaller in the distance. Randy smiled at Hassan. "You're crazy about him, aren't you man?"

Hassan's eyes were shining as he said. "Love him to bits. He's the best, and he just gave me some of the hottest sex ever that fantasy where a big stud Marine interrogates a young boy strips him naked, ties him to the bed and fucks his ass until he submits and begs the soldier to cum in his ass."

"Yeah," Randy said, lost in thought. "I get the picture." Now his cock was hard as a rod in his shorts. He needed to cool off. "Hey, big guy. How about a swim? Race you to that piece of driftwood out there."

The admiration and lust they felt for each other, and the innate rivalry that always existed between the two dominant men, now blended together in a macho contest of strength. They plunged into the waves and swam shoulder to shoulder with long powerful strokes, neither one ceding the lead in the race. Finally, gasping breathlessly they each slapped a hand on the driftwood log at the same time. They gazed at each other, laughing as water streamed from their dark, handsome faces.

When they had recovered their breath Hassan said, "OK, best of two. First man out of the water wins. The challenge was on again as they stroked powerfully toward the shore. Again they were evenly matched but Randy felt sand under his feet a fraction before Hassan and began to run through the waves toward the beach. Faced with defeat Hassan raced after him launched himself forward and just managed to grab Randy's shin under water, bringing him crashing down into the water with a huge splash.

Randy twisted onto his back in the shallow surf and yelled, "Foul!" But the soldier was on top of him in a second and would have pinned him to the sand, except that Randy managed to bend

his knee, press his foot against Hassan's stomach and heave the massive, near-naked body up and away from him. Hassan staggered backward in the water, his arms flailing, but he managed to keep his balance and stay on his feet. He turned and ran toward the beach, within yards of winning the race.

But Randy sprang to his feet, raced after him and lunged forward, wrapping his arms round his waist in a football tackle that brought them both crashing back into the surf, locked together. In seconds their thin swim trunks were ripped from them and carried away in the waves. Now the two naked bodybuilders rolled over and over in the shallow water, evenly matched, grunting and grappling for supremacy.

Both men were fighters – Hassan learning his hand-to-hand combat skills in Marine training, Randy a savage street fighter from his earliest years. They rolled over in the water, muscles straining and flexing, streaming with water, their faces and bodies smothered in wet sand. The beach was deserted, but any man seeing the pornographically erotic fight between the two big, swarthy muscle-gods locked in a macho trial of strength would have busted his load on the spot.

Finally Randy was lying face down and Hassan was straddling him from behind. He leaned forward, thrust his hands under Randy's armpits and up his chest, curling them up and round the back of his neck, locking his hands in a vicious full nelson. He leaned back and pulled Randy's face out of the water, bending him backward. "That's it, stud, you're finished. Let me hear you submit, man."

"Go fuck yourself, asshole."

"OK," Hassan grinned, "let's try a little water-boarding, uh?" He leaned forward until Randy's face was underwater. He held him there for a short while – way within the bounds of safety – then pulled his face back up. "OK, big guy, now let me hear your beg."

Sputtering and coughing, gasping for breath, Randy panted, "Go fuck yourself, shithead."

"Man, you're a tough one to break." And again Hassan forced Randy's face under the water. A pause, then again he pulled him back up, but this time Randy gasped, "OK, man, I'm finished, you win. I submit, man."

Hassan leaped to his feet, hooked a foot under Randy's stomach and flipped him over onto his back in the shallow water. The naked construction worker looked up at the triumphant Marine towering over him ... and his face broke into a grin as he said, "Shit, man, you are one tough mother-fucker."

Hassan dropped to his knees between Randy's legs and smiled down at him. "Yeah, but I'm not as strong as all that. You and I both know you could have powered out of that hold. We both know that if you submitted to me I would demand the spoils of victory, and that would be

your ass.” He fell forward, pinned Randy’s wrists and his face broke into a broad grin. “And the other thing we both know is that you wanted it. That’s why you submitted. Am I right?”

“Shit, man,” Randy said, “men like you and me, we’re always the dominant guy, always on top, always fucking ass. But once in a while we have a hankering for some big, macho stud to come along and do the same to us – like Adam with Zack. Man, you are so fucking gorgeous. And you’re dead right. I want you to fuck my ass, man.” He grinned. “You had to earn the right, though. And you did, big guy.”

Hassan straightened up on his knees, scooped up handfuls of water, and washed the sand off his cock. Then he reached down underwater and carefully cleaned the sand and grit from Randy’s asshole. “A combination of my cock and grit would be too much punishment,” Hassan grinned, “no matter how big of a mother-fucker you are.”

He pushed Randy’s legs in the air but his ass was still underwater. Hassan pressed his cock against his hole and said, “You’re a tough son-of-a-bitch, man, and I know you can take this.” He eased his hips forward and drove his long rod deep inside the ass of the all-powerful master, the leader of the tribe. Randy groaned, “Shit man, that feels good. He reached up and ran his hands over the slabs of Hassan’s chest, streaming with water. God, you are fucking spectacular, man.”

Hassan pumped slowly, enjoying every inch of Randy’s hot wet ass. “Oh, man,” he groaned. “You know, I love fucking my boy but once in a while it feels great to fuck the hot ass of a big stud master like you. Shit, look at you, man, the big, gorgeous boss, the king of the gypsies, getting his ass fucked by a Marine.”

And so, as the waves broke gently over them, the two muscle-gods made love at the water’s edge, losing all track of time. At some point Hassan leaned forward and rested his palms on Randy’s chest. The men squeezed each other’s nipples bringing them to the pitch of desire.

“I’m real close,” Hassan said softly. “So go for it, man,” Randy breathed. “I’m ready.” Hassan pulled back, then plunged his cock deep inside the big man’s ass, over the inner sphincter where it poured semen in an endless eruption. “Aaah,” Randy sighed. “Man, that feels good this good” and from just below the water a spout of white cream broke through the surface, shot high in the air, then splashed into the waves, to be carried out to sea.

They came endlessly, gazing at each other, but finally they were drained and Hassan fell forward and wrapped his arms round Randy. The two naked man lay exhausted in each other’s arms as the waves washed rhythmically back and forth over them. The sun blazed down on their glistening bodies and the breeze held its breath. The only sound was the gentle splashing of water and the envious cries of the seagulls wheeling overhead.

Two miles up the beach the swimming lesson was coming to an end. You're doing great, kiddo," Pablo enthused. "You'll be swimming like Ben and me in no time. But that's enough for now. Let's go inside for a beer."

"I'd like to stay and practice a bit more on my own, sir, if that's OK." Eddie called several of the boys sir, especially Pablo who was not only Randy's boy but was often his teacher in the gym and now in the ocean. Ben too simply because he was the boss's younger brother.

"OK, Eddie, as long as you take care and don't go out too far. Pablo and Ben walked back to the shack, leaving Eddie splashing in the shallow water. Indoors they had a few sips of beer, but the air was heavy with sexual tension and they both knew what they really wanted to do. Grinning at each other they dropped their swim trunks and fell onto the bed naked. They kissed and groped each other laughingly holding their dicks together to see whose was bigger.

"Hey," Ben said. "Don't you think we should include Eddie in this ... might be fun. Not fair to leave him on his own. He jumped up, ran to the door, and saw Billy barking frantically at the water's edge. Ben yelled back over his shoulder, "Eddie's gone can't see him anywhere. And Billy's going crazy."

Pablo shot to his feet and pulled a pair of Mark's binoculars from a hook on the wall. Holding them up to his eyes and adjusting the focus he yelled. "There he is no wonder you couldn't see him, he's way out there. Must have been pulled offshore by the current and got caught in the riptide. Looks like he's clinging to a piece of driftwood."

Ben's eyes opened wide. "Shit, dude, he still can't swim good if he lets go he'll" He didn't finish his thought as it was too awful to contemplate, and besides, Pablo had grabbed him and they started running down the beach. "What if we get caught in the rip current too, dude," Ben panted. "We won't be much use to him then."

"We'll have to risk it," gasped Pablo. "We don't have a choice." He shouted to Billy, "Good boy – stay!" The boys dove headlong into the waves and swam strongly out to sea, using all their strength, fueled by dread of what could happen to Eddie. They took strength from each other, silently urging each other on in a race to save their young friend. Finally as they rose on the crest of a wave they saw him clinging desperately to a log, his face a mask of terror.

Just as they approached Eddie lost his grip and slid under the water. Pablo dove down, grabbed him round the waist and pulled him to the surface. Ben helped them both to the log, with Eddie coughing up water in rasping breaths. They supported him and each grabbed an arm and draped it over the log. "It's OK, Eddie, we're here it's Ben and me, Pablo, and everything's gonna be OK. Hold onto the log, take deep breaths and leave everything to us."

Reassured by the calm voice Eddie tightened his grip on the log, still coughing but able to take deep fresh breaths. They were all aware that they were in the grip of a strong current and

Pablo took charge. “Right, everyone OK? Now listen guys, we’re in a rip tide, but I know what to do Mark taught me.

“A long time ago us boys were stranded in a rowboat, caught in the tide, and Mark saved us, towing the boat behind him. He told us that the riptide flows parallel with the beach so there’s no point trying to swim directly back to shore. The only thing to do is let the current carry you and to gradually swim diagonally until we can escape it. Now the two things that can do us in are panic and exhaustion. So Eddie, whatever happens, don’t panic. We won’t let you drown. Ben, you and me’ll take it in turns helping Eddie. We’ll spell each other so we don’t get tired. I’ll take the first shift. Eddie let go the log.”

“No, sir, I can’t I’ll go under... I...” “Eddie,” Pablo said firmly. “What did I tell you about panic? Now look at me, Eddie. I’m your friend and I love you, dude. I won’t let anything happen to you. Do you trust me?”

Eddie looked tearfully into Pablo’s steady eyes and murmured, “Yes, sir. What do I do next?”

“Nothing,” said Pablo. “Leave everything to me. He swam round behind Eddie, slid his arms under his armpits and across his chest. He nodded to Ben, then at Eddie’s hands. Gently Ben pried his hands off the log and Pablo instantly felt Eddie go tense. “Sshh,” he said in his ear. “Let yourself go limp, Eddie. You’re in my arms. Hey, most guys would pay good money to be in my arms.”

This flash of humor eased Eddie’s panic and he did as instructed, resting the back of his head on Pablo’s shoulder. “OK, great,” Pablo said. “And we’ve got Ben here looking out for us. Ben, push the log in front of you and swim alongside us. And that’s how the little group moved through the water Pablo on his back underneath Eddie, propelling himself with a breaststroke kick, while Ben swam next to them, pushing the log and kicking his legs. They let the tide carry them, but imperceptibly Pablo tried to maneuver them closer to the shore.

It was a long, tiring journey, and several times Ben had to reach over and adjust Eddie’s head so he didn’t take in water. When he sensed that Pablo was tiring Ben said softly, “My turn, sir,” using the term in deference to Pablo’s obvious leadership. “Right,” said Pablo. “OK, Eddie, slight adjustment here.” He relaxed his grip and Ben slid beside him. The transition didn’t all go smoothly and Eddie took in a gulp of water before Ben was beneath him holding him as Pablo had.

“OK, OK,” Ben said in his ear. “Cough it up, dude. It’s Ben now, I’ve got you. Hey, Randy taught me how to swim when I was a little kid and I learned good and fast. You know Randy – he didn’t let me get away with shit.” Despite his predicament Eddie smiled, and from then on he relaxed and gave himself up to Pablo and Ben.

As they rose and fell on the swell of the waves, Pablo secretly had a deep-down fear that they might not make it, that the trip would take too long and they would get too tired. But he didn’t

share his fears. As he pushed the log forward and glanced over at Ben all he said was, "Thank god you're here dude. We make a great team." They were so in tune that they sensed when the one holding Eddie was getting tired and they seamlessly traded places.

One time, Pablo instructed them all to take a rest and hold onto the log so he could look around and judge their progress. He was relieved to see that they had not drifted further out to sea. They were, in fact, closer to the shore than when they began, and he sensed that the current was weaker than before. His plan was working. He also heard barking in the distance and realized that Billy was running along the beach parallel to them, leaping in the air so he could catch glimpses of them.

Pablo shouted, "OK, guys, we're gonna make it, I guarantee." It took a while longer as the team of Pablo and Ben worked together, taking turns supporting and comforting Eddie, before they felt the current die away under them and they moved steadily toward the shore.

Randy had found a football in Zack's shack and he and Hassan were tossing it to each other on the beach. They had bonded more strongly than ever having engaged in a macho, good-natured contest between two alpha, dominant men, with one finally yielding his ass to the other. But as they laughed and taunted each other they suddenly heard barking in the distance and saw Billy running toward them in the shallow surf, leaping up and looking out to sea. Following his gaze Hassan said, "Jesus Christ, Randy Look!"

Still quite far out in the heavy swell they saw the small group. They had been carried two miles down the beach by the current and were now almost level with Randy's shack. On the point of exhaustion the boys had just felt the blessed sand under their feet and were stumbling through the water, Pablo and Ben supporting Eddie by the shoulders, half carrying, half dragging him. The men sprinted into the sea and were with them in seconds. Hassan caught Eddie as he started to fall and scooped him up, cradling his exhausted body across his outstretched arms.

"It's OK, sir," Pablo gasped breathlessly "Eddie's fine caught in rip current swallowed a lot of water but he's fine tired is all." Hassan managed a hasty "Thanks guys," but his focus was all on his boy as he carried him up the beach and into the shack. Randy and the boys followed and looked in on them, but it was clear they needed no help – just each other.

As Hassan bent over him Eddie was slightly delirious. "They saved me, sir," he stammered. "Pablo Ben they saved me." Hassan stroked his face, "Save your breath, kiddo, you're gonna be just fine." He couldn't tell if his cheeks were wet from sea water or tears. He would find out later that it was both.

Randy and his boys made a discreet exit, pausing just long enough to grab three beers. Minutes later they were sitting outside on the sand, propped against the wall of the shack, recovering their strength as they sipped on the beer. Billy, a hero, was nestled happily against

Pablo. Pablo and Ben explained in detail to Randy what had happened how Eddie had been carried out in the current and they had swum out to him in the rip tide.

“It was a risk we had to take, sir,” Pablo said. “Eddie was in real trouble. But I remembered what Mark had taught us boys – how to escape from a rip-tide – so Ben and me we took it in turns to hold Eddie from underneath. When one of us got too tired the other took over. It worked pretty good.”

“But it was all Pablo, sir” Ben interrupted. “He took charge and told us what to do.” Pablo protested, “But I couldn’t have done it without you, dude. We made a great team out there.”

“Of course Pablo took charge,” Randy said. “That’s what I’ve trained him to do. But he’s right – he needed you, Ben and you shared the burden and the risk. Like you said, kiddo, you two made a great team and saved Eddie’s life and I’ve never been prouder in my life. Proud you worked as a team and damn proud to have you as my boys.”

There was a long silence as the boys basked in the glow of their master’s praise and Randy savored the knowledge that they had behaved exactly as he would have wanted, had proved their strength and courage.

After a while Randy said, “Eddie will be fine he’s a tough young kid and he’ll recover in no time – physically at least.” He grinned at them both, “OK you two, you’ve proved how strong you are but a guy also has to anticipate how things are gonna turn out so he can plan for the future. For example, how do you think Eddie’s gonna be feeling about all this?”

They thought, and Pablo said, “Well, sir, my guess is he’s gonna feel real bad about it, ashamed of himself, even thought it was an accident – out of his control. Coulda happened to anyone.”

“Yeah,” Ben said, “he’s gonna be apologizing all over the place. He’ll probably wanna make amends, give us some kind of reward.”

“Good thought, Ben. But what has Eddie got to offer a guy that’s really special – something a guy would really want? Come on guys, you know the answer.”

Pablo smiled his crooked smile, looked at Ben and they said in unison, “His ass, sir?”

“Bingo!” But Hassan said that boy’s a real gusher – can shoot a fresh load every ten minutes, so you’re gonna have your work cut out. You’ll have Hassan and me to help out, but you think you can handle an ass that needs to get fucked as much as Eddie’s does?

I think so, sir,” Pablo grinned. “What d’ya say, Ben think we can?”

Well sure,” Ben smiled. “Especially if we work as a team. Seems we’re pretty good at that.”

Randy laughed. “Now this is something I gotta see.”

#

Chapter 174 – Pablo & Ben Double-Team Eddie; Mark & Jamie Split

As it turned out, the boys’ guesses were right on the money. Only half an hour later Eddie walked unaided out of the shack with Hassan. “Hey, dude,” Pablo said, “shouldn’t you be asleep by now?”

Eddie stood before them and took a deep breath. “That’s what Hassan said, sir, but I needed to say something to you guys. I want to thank you for saving my life, sirs. You risked your own lives and I feel stupid and ashamed that I put you in danger. You probably won’t want to know a wimp like me after all that but

“Hey, hey....” Pablo leapt to his feet. “Go easy on yourself, dude, it was an accident coulda happened to anyone. I’m just glad Billy alerted us and we were able to help. Here, come and sit with us.” He pulled Eddie down between him and Ben. Hassan handed him a beer, then Randy and Hassan went and sat together on the patio, within earshot of the boys’ conversation.

“Now listen, kiddo,” Pablo said, putting his arm round his shoulder. “You’re not the first guy to get caught in the rip-tide. Like I told you, a long time ago it happened to me, Darius and Jamie. We were fooling around in the rowboat and lost the oars. The boat was being carried away in the current and Mark swam out and towed us to safety – just like we did with you. So don’t beat yourself up about it, kid. It was a freak accident, right Ben?”

“Right, dude. But I gotta say, what was dumb, Eddie, was calling yourself a wimp and saying we wouldn’t want to know you. You did great out there, it took real courage, and Pablo and me’ll always be your buddies. Hey, we’ve gotta take care of Hassan’s boy don’t want that big Marine getting mad at us.” On the patio Randy grinned and raised his bottle to Hassan.

Eddie smiled for the first time and said, “Hassan would never be mad at you guys after what you did for me. He wants to give you some kind of reward – and so do I, but I can’t think of anything you’d want from me. I mean, I’m just the houseboy and you’re the boss’s son and his brother.”

“There you go again, kid, putting yourself down like that,” Pablo said. “Yeah,” Ben agreed, “It’s what Doctor Steve calls ‘low self-esteem’. He has ways of dealing with that” he grinned “.... and I speak from experience.”

Eddie actually laughed now. “Yeah I heard all about that.”

“Anyway, dude, we’re way ahead of you on that reward thing. There is something you can give us that we’d really go for.” Eddie looked up in surprise, “Really, sir?”

“Hey, guys,” said Randy, thinking the boys were getting a little ahead of themselves. “How about we all walk up the beach to Hassan and Eddie’s shack? We can all hang out there for the rest of the day and maybe you can even explain that reward stuff to Eddie. And after that we’ll take you all out for dinner in that little Mexican place in town.”

“Sounds like a plan, sir,” Pablo grinned. “You be up for that Eddie feeling strong enough?”

“Sure, sir,” Eddie smiled, feeling better about the whole incident now that the boys had talked to him and knew of a reward he could give them. His batteries recharged, he was up for more than just walking. Ben had snatched up the football that Randy had dropped earlier and the three boys spread out and tossed it to each other energetically as they moved up the beach.

“Ah, the resilience of youth,” said Hassan to Randy as they followed them. “Man, those boys of yours are something else. They said just the right things to Eddie. He was feeling real bad about himself and now look at him, tossing the same ball we were throwing when they” Hassan’s voice choked and tears came to his eyes. “Shit, man, I almost lost my boy. I should have been looking out for him, protecting him, but instead I”

Randy put his arm over his shoulder. “Hey, man, don’t start blaming yourself – going on a guilt trip. Just like Ben said – ‘low self esteem’. Maybe you need a session with Doctor Steve.”

Hassan smiled through his moist eyes. “Now you’re talking, buddy. I like the sound of that.”

The sun felt good, the company even better as the two men and three boys reached the shack, tossed the ball around some more, then went for a swim to cool off. Eddie was tentative about getting into the water but Randy believed in the old concept that if you fell off a horse you should get right back on again or you’d lose your nerve. Hassan hovered protectively over Eddie and continued the swimming lessons the boys had started.

Finally Randy said, “I could kill a cold one right now, guys. Let’s break out the beer.” They ran out of the water and flopped on the sand in front of the shack while Ben went inside and brought out five beers. They were all pretty much talked out so they lazed in companionable silence. Even silent, though, they sensed an uneasiness in Eddie, who couldn’t rid his mind of the stark images of his rescue by the boys. Randy glanced over at Pablo with a slight smile and a nod. Pablo took his cue.

He lay back on the sand, eyes closed against the sun and said casually, “Hey, Ben, think it’s about time for that reward thing?” Ben grinned, “No time like the present, dude. What d’ya say, Eddie?”

“Yes, sir,” Eddie said eagerly, happy to be jolted out of his morose thoughts. He jumped to his feet and stood almost at attention. “I’m ready, sir.”

Pablo and Ben stirred themselves, stretched and stood up slowly. “OK, kid,” said Pablo, “let’s go inside.” Eddie bounded onto the porch and into the shack, followed more slowly by the boys. As they went Pablo grinned at Randy and Hassan. “Team Pablo & Ben in action, sirs.”

Randy and Hassan moved off the beach and sat in the Adirondack chairs on the porch. Randy grinned. “You know what’s gonna happen in there, don’t you, buddy? Sure you’re OK with it?”

“Absolutely,” said Hassan. “Best thing for Eddie. It’ll purge that guilt he’s feeling.” He smiled. “Plus he’s gonna enjoy every minute of it.”

When the three boys faced each other in the shack Eddie said, “Sirs, I’ve looked around this place and still don’t see what I can offer you that you would want as a reward.”

Pablo laughed, “You’re wearing it, kiddo.”

“You mean these old swim trunks, sir.”

“Nah, those you’re gonna lose.” Pablo quickly pulled them down and they pooled round his feet. He smiled at the confused boy. “See, that’s it Eddie – you, naked – you’re the reward – or more specifically your ass is.” He stood close and ran his hand over the round cheeks. “This is what we claim as our prize.”

“Really?” Eddie’s eyes opened wide and he saw daylight. “Yes.... oh yes, sir. I can do that.”

“That’s what we figured,” Ben laughed. “OK, Eddie. On the bed – hands and knees – face the mirror.” Quickly Eddie obeyed. “Oh yeah,” Ben said, “will you look at that ass, dude? Now that is some reward! I’ll toss you for first crack at it.”

Eddie was trembling with eager anticipation. On hands and knees he looked up and into the mirror that Mark had long ago fixed to the wall at the head of the bed to watch himself fuck Jamie. As Pablo and Ben searched for a coin to see who got to fuck the boy first, Eddie began to feel like a piece of meat – a boy hired by these two young studs. And he loved the feeling. Ben tossed and Pablo said, “Tails!” Ben grinned, “Tails it is! Tails for you and heads for me. That hot piece of tail right there is yours, dude, so I get the head. You suck dick, Eddie?”

“Yes, sir it’s my specialty. I used to do it all the time when I worked in the bar.”

Pablo and Ben laughed as they dropped their swim trunks so now all three boys were naked. Pablo stood in front of the crouching Eddie, his cock hanging inches from his face. "OK, boy, get that thing hard. And you're gonna need it good and wet, too, for when it slides into your ass." Eagerly Eddie went to work on the long cock and it was soon hard as a rock and dripping wet. Pablo sighed, "Damn, you were right, kid you are one hot little cock-sucker.

Pablo went to the other end of the bed, knelt behind Eddie and pressed his dick against his ass. He reached forward, grabbed Eddie's hair and gently pulled his head up so Eddie had a perfect view in the mirror of Pablo behind him. "You see that, Eddie?" Pablo said. "That's one of the guys who saved your ass. And now he's gonna fuck your ass. What do you say to that, boy?"

"Yes please, sir," Eddie said with an impish look in his eye. Ben stood in front of him but was careful not to obscure Eddie's mirror view of Pablo. Eddie knew very well came next. He was about to get double fucked by the boss's son and brother – and it excited the hell out of him.

"OK, Eddie," Pablo grinned. "This is me taking my reward." He eased his hips forward and felt the head of his cock enter the soft, warm cavity of Eddie's ass. Eddie's gasp was stifled by the young gypsy boy's rod pushing into his mouth. For a moment he thought he would pass out as he was overwhelmed by the sensation of two cocks plugging his ass and his mouth. But then he went to work.

He had always looked up to these boys but now they were his heroes as they had risked their lives to save him. This was their reward they had asked for and he intended to make it good. Eddie was not only an expert cock-sucker; he had learned from Hassan's regular fucks how to please a man with his ass. As Pablo's cock became more and more insistent, as the tempo increased and the rod pistoned inside him, Eddie squeezed his ass muscles round it every time it pulled back up his chute. Pablo moaned in ecstasy as he felt the ass loosen up to welcome his cock plunging in, then close round it as he pulled back, as if Eddie were trying to squeeze the cum out of it.

Ben was wallowing in the same erotic experience, only for him it was Eddie's throat muscles that clamped round his cock. "Jesus, Eddie," Ben groaned, "you sure give spectacular head. Man that feels incredible." The mouth and throat relaxed to take in Ben's cock, long and thick like his big brother's, then tightened round it as it pulled back.

Eddie's hard work brought its reward – groans of ecstatic pleasure from the Pablo and Ben as they drove their shafts inside him. He felt both boys' wet, wiry pubic hair, Ben's pounding his face and Pablo's slamming against the cheeks of his ass.

Even with Ben's cock stuffed in his mouth Eddie was able to raise his eyes up to see the intense dark gypsy face, black hair flopping over his forehead, sweat starting to drip from him as he worked Eddie's mouth. And to his side, in the mirror, was the muscular young stud pounding his ass, his head thrown back as he groaned in ecstasy.

The sight of the two boys, his heroes, sweat running down their perfect bodies, and the feel of their rods working his ass and his face was more than Eddie could endure. His frantic moans were stifled by Ben's cock, his body started to buck, and suddenly he thrust his ass back to take the full length of Pablo's cock and he came. His cock exploded and soaked the sheets beneath him with pools of warm, white juice.

"Did you just bust a load, boy?" Pablo demanded. Eddie managed to nod his head slightly despite the cock filling his mouth.

"Did we tell you you could cum?" Wide-eyed, Eddie shook his head slightly from side to side."

"Well me and my buddy are real close what you gonna do about that? They say you're a regular young gusher – that you can cum again and again. So you're gonna have to shoot another load for us, is that clear, boy?" Eddie's eyes sparkled as he nodded again. Pablo grinned at Ben. "OK, buddy, let's see if he lives up to his reputation. Give it to him, dude."

Suddenly both fucks became intense and again Eddie had the feeling he would pass out. But by instinct and habit he kept working his mouth and ass to give his assailants maximum pleasure. With one final effort he squeezed his throat and ass muscles tight, trapping the cocks. And that did it. "Aaah," Ben gasped. "I'm gonna cum. You ready, dude?"

"Right there with you, Ben. OK, let's fill him up "Aaaagh!" The screams rang round the room and reverberated to the patio outside as both cocks pulsed, shuddered and poured streams of hot, bittier-sweet juice into Eddie's mouth and ass. As he gulped down the gypsy boy's cum and felt the boss's boy erupt in his ass Eddie didn't even have to try to shoot another load himself. It simply poured out of him, adding to the pools of semen already on the bed.

Outside Randy grinned at Hassan and they clinked beer bottles. "Sounds like your boy has worked his magic, buddy. Damn, I could use some of that myself."

But they waited to see what happened next, suspecting that Pablo and Ben hadn't finished claiming their reward or milking young Eddie. And they were right. Inside, the boys pulled Eddie up from his crouching position onto his knees and he gazed at them with pride in his own performance and adoration of the two beautiful boys who had just double fucked him.

"So how was the mouth, dude?" Pablo asked Ben. "Incredible," Ben beamed. "And the ass?"

"Spectacular," Pablo replied. "One of the best. I can see why he's Hassan's boy. You want a crack at it?"

"You bet. But I think Eddie should clean the bed up first, don't you, buddy? How you doing, kid? Think you can get some of that jism off the sheets?"

“Absolutely, sir,” said Eddie, his eyes shining. He leaned forward, once more on hands and knees, lowered his head and began slurping up his own cum from his two orgasms. While he did that Pablo went into the bathroom and washed off his cock. He called out over his shoulder, “Gotta have a nice clean rod before I shove it down your throat, Eddie.”

Soon Eddie was off the bed, standing in front of the boys, his dick already hard again and cum dribbling from his mouth. Pablo frowned. “Yeah, you’re good and ready, boy, that’s obvious. But me and Ben we just shot our loads. Think you can get us hard again?”

Eddie grinned. “Like I said, sir. It’s my specialty.”

He dropped to his knees and gave perfect head to each boy in turn. “Hey, hey, kiddo, that’s enough,” Ben said. “That mouth of yours is so fucking hot you’re gonna make me cum before I even put my dick in your ass. OK, boy, on the bed on your back this time.”

Eddie obeyed, feeling his back slide on the still-cum-slicked sheets. Ben lost no time. He knelt between Eddie’s legs, pushed them up high and eased his cock between the twin white globes, pushing it slowly into the inner depths of his ass. Eddie moaned with pure pleasure as he gazed up at the perfectly sculpted young body and the dusky gypsy face streaked with sweat.

As he surrendered to the exquisite feeling of Ben’s cock moving in his ass and the sexual intensity in his dark eyes Eddie drifted into an erotic trance where he knew only one response. To his surprise he felt his cock tremble and it shot a plume of cum that rose in the air and splashed onto Ben’s chest.

“Shit damn, boy, don’t you ever quit?” Pablo laughed “You got any left for me?”

“Definitely, sir,” Eddie said in a daze. Pablo climbed on the bed, knelt astride Eddie’s chest and pulled his head forward by the hair. “OK, kiddo. Now your mouth is gonna do for me what it did for my buddy here, while he fucks your sweet ass. And we’ll see if you can bust another load.” Eddie felt himself drifting into an erotic world where nothing existed except raw sex.

It was just as before, except that this time he had Ben in his ass and Pablo in his mouth. And the result was the same. He worked both cocks as before until he heard the boys’ breathing become ragged, and heard one of them yell, “Here it comes.....” And once again howls bounced off the walls and he felt cum streaming into his mouth and his ass. And once again, against all odds, his own cock erupted in a shower of juice that splashed over Pablo’s back.

Pablo pulled his dripping cock out of Eddie’s mouth and grinned down at him. “Damn, you’re good, Eddie. I’ve never seen anyone shoot that much that often.”

“Me neither,” said Ben, pulling out of his ass. He and Pablo knelt on the floor beside the bed and together kissed Eddie’s face and mouth. He was in heaven as they pulled back and smiled down at him. “Kiddo,” Pablo said, “that was one hell of a fucking reward.”

Suddenly a deep voice from the doorway said, “What the hell’s all the yelling in here. Hassan and me were trying to nap. Jesus this place stinks of cum you’re all covered in it.”

Pablo gave Randy his familiar crooked grin. “Yes, sir well see, sir, Ben and me were just getting our reward from Eddie. I think Eddie got his reward too – he came four times.” Hassan was hovering over his boy making sure he was OK. “I’m fine, sir,” Eddie smiled. “Really fine.” Hassan ruffled his hair.

Randy glanced at Hassan who grinned and nodded slightly. Randy turned to Eddie and said, “Yeah, well it seems you got good and fucked by the boss’s boy and the boss’s brother, so how do feel about getting it from the boss himself?” Still lying on the bed Eddie’s eyes sparkled. He looked questioningly at Hassan who nodded his approval.

“Yes please, sir,” Eddie said in wide-eyed anticipation. Already naked Randy stared down at the boy on the bed, smothered in cum. Randy held his semi-hard cock in his open hand, spat on it, and stroked it to a full erection. He dropped to his knees on the bed, pushed one of Eddie’s legs up and rested the ankle on his shoulder. With his free hand he stroked Eddie’s cum-slick hole and pushed two fingers inside.

“Yeah, all juiced up, just as I like it. Here it comes, kiddo.” Now that he was committed to it Eddie felt a slight moment of panic. He had always been a bit afraid of Randy and especially of his huge, thick cock and his legendary ferocious fucks. But he saw Hassan standing close by and knew he would intervene if things got too rough.

He needn’t have worried. Randy liked the boy a lot – his determination and simple honesty – and he wanted to make him feel good after his trauma in the waves. So he eased his rod slowly into Eddie’s cum-filled ass, loving the feeling of the warm juices his boys had poured in there. It was one of Randy’s gentlest fucks and Eddie sighed as he felt his ass plugged by the monster cock, felt it massaging his ass, slurping in the pool of cum. It went on and on, and at one point Randy threw both legs over his shoulders, leaned forward and ran his hands over the boy’s chest, gently squeezing his nipples.

Gazing up at the electric blue eyes, the rugged features and stubbled chin Eddie gasped as he felt the ecstatic pain in his nipples and his ass. Pretty soon Randy felt the boy trembling and knew he couldn’t last much longer. “So,” Randy smiled at him. “Four wasn’t it? You already shot four loads of jizz for my boys. Think you can go for number five?”

“Absolutely, sir,” said Eddie in a trance. Getting fucked by the big boss was a special experience, different from any others. He stared at the dark, brawny muscle-god and was drawn into the erotic fantasy that he, the junior boy in the tribe, was getting ploughed by the gypsy king. It was that thought, as much as the actual cock driving into his ass, that made fire

flare up from his balls and cock and spread though his whole body. His breathing became ragged and he said, "Sir, I think I'm I don't think I can hold it in, sir"

"OK, kiddo, you've deserved it. Here's how the boss always makes a guy blast his load. Here it comes" He pulled his cock right back so the head was only just inside. Then he paused, teasing the boy. "You sure you're ready, boy?" Eddie moaned in the exquisite frustration of denied release. "Please, sir. Do it, sir Please."

Randy smiled at him, waited a few more seconds, then suddenly plunged his huge shaft down the chute of his ass, slammed it against the back of his ass, and shot his load deep inside him. Eddie's body bucked, his eyes opened wide and he screamed. A ribbon of cum spurted from his cock with such force that it splashed against Randy's chest, his neck and even his face.

"Holy shit," Randy gasped, "you're a fucking cum machine, kiddo. You are one hot damn fuck." He grinned over at Hassan. "You're a lucky guy, buddy, having this young buck for your boy."

"I sure am," Hassan smiled at Eddie. "Now it's my turn. I'm gonna make love to him and make him cum again and again."

"Guess that's our cue guys," Randy said to his boys. "Come on, let's go jump in the ocean and wash off all this jism." They ran out of the shack leaving Hassan and Eddie alone. Hassan knelt beside the bed and Eddie looked up at him nervously. "Did I do OK, sir?"

"OK!? You were spectacular, kid. You gave the boys the best reward they could have wished for. I love you like crazy, Eddie. You call Pablo and Ben your heroes, but you know who my hero is? You, kiddo."

Eddie's eyes glowed. "Thank you, sir. Are you gonna fuck me now, sir?"

"Dumb question, Eddie. You know damn well I am."

And so they we're all set for a great weekend together, better than all the others oddly enough, because of the dramatic way it had begun. Later, as they trooped over the dunes into the small town for dinner, they all felt the glow of achievement. Pablo and Ben, having fearlessly rescued Eddie, had firmly established themselves as a real team, sharing the satisfaction of having saved their young friend who now looked up to them as heroes.

Randy had the intense pride of knowing now that his son and his brother were joined together in a bond of friendship and strength they had taken determined steps on the road to manhood. Eddie too had taken several steps off the lowest rung of the ladder. His feeling of shame had been supplanted by the pride he felt in having risen to the challenge of giving the boys, as Pablo

had said, “one hell of a fucking reward.” And Hassan, having experienced the anguish of almost losing his boy, found his love for him stronger than ever not only his boy – his hero!”

Two days later Hassan’s jeep followed Randy’s truck home, five bronzed bodies streaked with sand and dry semen, and five faces glowing with the pleasure of male companionship.

But as they finally reached the house their happiness bubble was about to burst. They found the place in anxious confusion. Jamie was missing.

Mark had just come home from work and, still in uniform, was pacing like a restless animal. Bob met the returning group and explained what was happening. Mark had let Jamie know that he would be a bit late home as he was dropping by to visit with Jason. But, as always, he expected Jamie to be at home waiting for him when he came in. He wasn’t. Nate said that Jamie had left that morning to go surfing, as he always did on Sunday, but there had been no word from him since, and now no sign of him.

Jamie was always home for Mark without fail, so obviously something was wrong and Mark was summoning all his professional skill to remain calm and resist panic. He was questioning a nervous Nate. “Usually, sir, I go surfing with Jamie,” Nate said, “but today I wanted to stay with Adam – we’re still getting the house straight, see.” Mark’s professional eye noticed him shift uncomfortably.

“That’s not all, Nate, is it? Tell me, boy”

“Well sir it’s nothing really, but Jamie wanted to go to a beach we don’t usually go to as I don’t like the surfing crowd there. A lot of them are stoners, sir, real full of themselves and well, I just don’t like their company. Jamie goes there ‘cause the surf is great – but I give it a miss.”

Mark felt his hackles rise and he turned to Adam. “Hey, buddy, is it OK with you if Nate shows me where this beach is in case anything’s happened to Jamie there?”

“Sure, man, if you think it’ll help. I know you’ll take good care of him for me.”

So it was settled. Mark and Nate jumped into his truck and they set off, with Bob’s reassurance that he would call Mark if they got any word, or if Jamie showed up. Mark drove fast but expertly, knowing that driving in a panic could be deadly. Anyway, his police uniform was insurance against getting stopped for speeding. It was half an hour before they reached the remote beach and bumped over the grass to where the surfers parked their cars.

Nate grabbed Mark’s arm. “It’s there, sir look Jamie’s truck, but no surfboard. He must be still out there. What the fuck’s he doing?” Mark was already out of the truck and striding over the sand and scrub toward the beach. Nate ran after him and before they got to the group of surfers he grabbed Mark’s arm. “Sir, I think it would be better if I met them alone. Seeing a uniformed cop would make them clam up. They know me. I can get the truth out of them.”

Mark saw the sense in this and hung back, just out of sight but within earshot. He was also within range of the heavy smell of grass wafting through the air. Nate sauntered casually up to the group and one of the guys shouted, "Hey, the Aussie. Long time no see, dude. You don't come with Jamie anymore. Come and join us, dude. We got some killer weed."

"Nah," Nate grinned casually. "I gotta get back. Actually I only came to see Jamie. You guys know where he is?" There was a lot of coarse laughter, like it was some crude in-joke. One of them sucked on a joint, held his breath and, as he exhaled said, "Round behind them rocks, dude. He's with Troy so I wouldn't disturb them if I was you." More guttural laughter.

"OK, thanks a lot, dude. I'll come and join you another time. Take it easy, guys."

He walked away as nonchalantly as possible and rejoined Mark who was already headed for the rocks the guy had indicated, out of sight of the main group. Actually they hardly needed directions. The smell of grass led them there like a beacon. They came between two of the rocks and, looked down on a secluded clearing of sand and they froze.

Jamie was there asleep on his side. Nestled behind him was the guy they called Troy, a tall, skanky-looking dirty blond, with a swimmer's body, older than the other guys. They were both naked, both asleep, but what rooted Mark and Nate to the spot was that Troy's dick was buried in Jamie's ass.

Mark took a deep breath to steady himself and keep control. He looked down at one of the surfboards, its surface spread with drug paraphernalia, razor blades, rolled-up dollar bills, a bong, a baggie full of grass, and lines of white powder spread out on the board. Silently Mark bent down, pressed his finger into the powder and rubbed it on the tip of his tongue.

He looked at Nate and said softly, "Meth crystal meth."

It took a moment for Nate to take this in. He stared at Mark in disbelief, then down at his best friend, passed out naked on the sand with this druggie's cock in his ass. Nate had tears in his eyes as he looked back at Mark and said, "Please, sir" He was scared what Mark would do, and his tearful face and pleading voice did have a restraining effect on him. Mark breathed deeply and went automatically into police officer mode.

"Get up!" he shouted and the two men slowly regained consciousness. Jamie opened his eyes and gazed blearily at Mark, but he was totally wasted, tweaking on meth and didn't really understand what was happening. All he saw was the cop towering over him and he grinned. "Oh hi, sir. Come and join us. Troy's got some great stuff. You wanna hit?" Feeling sick to his stomach Mark reached down, grabbed Jamie's wrist and pulled him roughly to his feet. Nate stepped in to support his friend who swayed against him.

Troy was pissed and said, "Who the fuck are you, man? Is this a raid?" Mark's only thought was for Jamie, and though he could have thrown the book at this skanky pothead all he wanted was him out of his sight. He yanked him to his feet, put his hand round his throat and his voice was ice-cold.

"Now listen up, asshole. You're lucky I'm not one of those cops who beats the shit out of pricks like you, 'cause I'm this close to doing just that right now. You're a fucking shithead loser, but I'm not gonna waste my time on a piece of crap like you. But here's what you're gonna do. You're gonna get the hell out of here right now and you never come back. You're finished with this group.

He pulled out his phone and took a picture of Troy. "I'll show this mug-shot to the local cops and tell them to keep an eye on this beach. And if I hear that you've so much as shown your pathetic face here just once I'll see to it that your ass is thrown in jail for a long, long time. It would be a pleasure to think what the guys inside would do to that sorry ass of yours every day and every night. You get it asshole?"

When Mark was in this mood he could be truly terrifying. He scooped up the drug paraphernalia and put it in an evidence bag he always carried. Scared witless, Troy picked up his surfboard and stumbled to his car. Mark strode round to the startled group. "One of you guys, go drive your buddy away from here. He has no business behind the wheel of a car, though personally I don't give a shit if he kills himself."

Startled by the sight of a uniformed cop the group instantly scattered, picking up their boards and scampering like scared rabbits to their cars. In seconds the place was deserted except for the cop and the two boys standing bereft in the evening breeze. Mark's mind was reeling but he kept his professional poise and forced himself to think clearly. He reached into the pocket of Jamie's shorts, pulled out his keys and held them out to Nate. "Nate, can you take Jamie's surfboard to his truck and drive the truck home?"

"Sure, sir. Will you I mean be OK with Jamie. I mean you won't....."

"Don't worry, Nate. I won't hurt him, if that's what you mean. Not yet, anyway. You're a good kid, Nate. You did great. Thanks for your help today."

Nate hauled the surfboard to Jamie's truck and took off. Mark wrapped Jamie's arm round his shoulder and half dragged him to his truck. He threw him into the passenger seat and slammed the door.

In the truck the full horror of the situation crashed in on Mark. As a cop he had seen what meth could do to a guy – ruin his life – and he had come to hate the drug, which was endemic in some communities. And to see his own boy, the boy he loved and trusted, tweaking on meth

disgusted him. What made it worse was that Jamie, feeling the full sexual impact of the drug, was rambling “you wanna suck, my dick, sir? I feel so horny ... you wanna fuck my ass?”

“Shut the fuck up!” Mark screamed at him. That shocked Jamie into silence and soon he dozed off into a fitful sleep. They drove the rest of the way in silence and when they drew up at the house Mark yanked open the passenger door, pulled Jamie out and half carried him through the gate, through the basement door and down the stairs. Jamie collapsed on the bed, staring up blankly at the cop.

And it was then that Mark finally lost it. The sight of his scruffy, bedraggled boy, matted blond hair caked with sand, his dilated eyes staring wildly, revolted him. “You mother-fucker,” Mark screamed. He grabbed Jamie’s shorts and ripped them clean off, leaving Jamie wearing nothing but sneakers and a loose, dirty tank top. Mark sat on the bed and heaved Jamie across his lap, head and feet near the floor, his bare ass pointing straight up – the ass that used to be Mark’s but had just been fucked by a scruffy deadbeat wasted on crystal meth.

It was all so sordid it threw Mark into a towering rage. “I’ve finished with that ass, boy never want to see it again and I’ll make sure no one else does either.” He raised his arm and slapped his palm hard across one of the white cheeks, then slammed the back of his hand across the other cheek. Ignoring Jamie’s screams Mark put all his strength into the beating, first his palm then the back of his hand, again and again. He would have caused real damage but suddenly a hand caught his wrist and held it tight.

Mark looked up angrily into the eyes of Bob. Frantically he shouted, “He deserves it, man. He’s high on meth let himself get fucked by some raunchy guy. He’s not my boy any more I can’t, Bob, I can’t” He pushed Jamie off his lap, stood up and looked down at his pants smothered in cum. Jamie had shot a load while Mark was slapping his ass. “That’s fucking disgusting, boy, he yelled. *You’re disgusting. Stay out of my sight.*” He stumbled up the stairs with Bob following him, leaving Jamie in a crumpled, sobbing heap on the bed.

As they emerged from the house the twins were waiting for them. “Thank god you’re here guys,” Bob said. “Look, I want you to go down and take care of Jamie. Clean him up as best you can, make him drink plenty of water, and keep him warm, under lots of covers. When the pain wears off he’ll probably crash from the effects of the meth – fall into a deep sleep. But keep an eye on him, and if there’s any problem call me right away. I know I can trust you guys.”

Right, sir,” Kyle said. “Don’t worry,” Kevin added. “We’ll stay with him. He’s our friend.”

Nate was hovering nearby looking close to tears. He had called Bob on the way back and explained everything. Now Bob turned to him. “Nate, thanks for everything, you’ve done. But go back to Adam now. He’ll be worried about you. Tell him what’s happened.”

Bob turned his attention to Mark who was standing in a daze rubbing his sore hands together. Bob put a hand under his elbow and said gently, “Hey, buddy come with me.” He led him

upstairs to his and Randy's bedroom suite, where he knew they would have privacy as Randy was across the street having a drink with Zack. Those two knew only that Jamie had been found but nothing else. Better for Randy not to get wind of this right now, Bob thought, knowing his fierce zero tolerance for drugs.

Mark sat on the bed, his eyes staring blankly ahead, wet with tears. He sounded delirious as he moaned, "He was my boy.... my beautiful boy my Jamie. I loved him, man but I can't any more. I can't look at him....." he stared down at his stinging hands which reminded him of what he had done and looked up in a panic. "I hurt him, man do you think I hurt him"?

"Nah, he'll get over that in no time. Right now I bet he's fast asleep, and the twins are keeping watch over him. Jamie's gonna be fine, which is more than I can say for you. Here, get that damned uniform off." Bob unbuttoned Mark's shirt, pulled it off, then the T-shirt. He pushed him onto his back on the bed, pulled off his boots, then the uniform pants and shorts.

Naked, Mark looked up at Bob and moaned pitifully, "He used to do that when I came home. I remember his ass as he turned round and pulled off my boots that gorgeous ass and then I fucked it. Always – as soon as I came in." Tears started to flow as he gazed at Bob. "Now I don't have him I'll miss making love to him. I'll miss him, Bob."

Suddenly the look of panic returned. "You gotta help me, Bob. You're the only other man I really love and now he's gone you're all I've got, man. Help me, buddy please....."

Bob smiled. "You know, Mark, that I'll do whatever you want. I hate to see you hurt. So what can I do for you?"

"Make love to me, Bob. Please, let me fuck you like I used to fuck him. Take his place, buddy."

"No, Mark – I can never, ever take Jamie's place. But I will make love to you. I could never refuse you that." Bob understood that Mark needed the feel of human flesh – untainted flesh. He pulled off his T-shirt, kicked off his loafers and dropped his jeans. Naked, he lowered himself onto the bed beside Mark, who pulled him into his arms in an embrace fraught with pain and desperation. He kissed Bob's face, licked it, then ran his tongue down his neck over his chest, the ridges of his abs and buried his face in his pubic hair. He was trying to drown his sorrow in an even stronger emotion his love and lust for Bob.

"I love you, man," he moaned. "This is how I used to make love to Jamie." He rose onto his knees and flipped Bob onto his back. He pulled Bob's legs over his shoulders, licked his own palm and stroked his cock. "This is how I fucked him" He drove his cock into Bob's ass and heard him gasp. "That's it, man, that's just what he always did – that gasp of pleasure. Then I fucked him like this." He pulled his cock back and, gently at first, began to massage the warm membrane of Bob's ass.

“Yeah, boy, Mark said as if in a trance, “that feels great. You have the sweetest ass in the world – and it’s mine.” He blinked in confusion. “See, man, that’s what I’d say to him, and I’d fuck him faster and faster like this. Then I’d fall onto his wrists and pin them to the bed while he gazed up at me and he’d tell me over and over how much he loved me.” Bob knew that Mark was in a place of deep hurt, delusional. And suddenly Mark was looking down at Jamie. “But you didn’t love me at all, did you, you little fucker? You gave your ass to another guy. So this is the last time I’m ever gonna fuck you, boy, and I’m gonna make it hurt, like you hurt me.”

Mark’s eyes were blazing now as the gentle fuck accelerated into a hard-driving piston, ramming into the back of Bob’s ass, pulling out then driving in deep again. “You feel that, punk? You feel you’re master’s rod pounding your ass? Make the most of it, asshole!” Mark totally lost control and his cock became a jackhammer, driving savagely into Bob’s ass. It was a brutal revenge fuck and all Mark saw beneath him was Jamie’s treacherous face.

Bob understood all this – that he was taking the hammering that Mark intended for Jamie. His face tossed on the bed in pain as the cop’s huge shaft ripped into his ass. Mark’s ferocious strength was pinning him down, and Bob’s writhing body could not escape. But the pain was becoming too much and he knew he had to pull Mark out of his trance. So he pleaded loudly, “Mark, Mark it’s me – Bob. Please stop hurting me please, Mark I love you, man.”

It worked. Suddenly Mark stopped, blinked hard, frowned and he saw Bob’s face, the beautiful face of the man he loved. He saw the magnificent body, flexing hard and streaming with sweat, felt the heat of Bob’s ass round his cock. The truth crashed in on him and he howled, “NO!” His body convulsed, his cock exploded in Bob’s ass, and he felt the splash of warm juice on his chest and face as Bob blasted a long ribbon of cum onto him.

There was a heavy silence as their breaths heaved, their hearts pounded and cum and sweat dripped off Mark down onto Bob. As Mark’s body recovered, so did his mind, and the impact of what he had just done hit him. With another howl he fell on Bob, held him, kissed him, in a frenzied confusion of passion for Bob, shattered love for Jamie, and morbid pity for himself. “No, man, no,” he moaned. “I didn’t mean I’m sorry, man, Iit’s just that everything’s so so bad.”

He collapsed in Bob’s arms, his body heaving with wracking sobs

It took a long while for Mark’s sobbing to subside. Bob realized that this had been a catharsis for Mark. It was what he had needed to purge him of his shock, pain and desperation. Despite the pain, Bob was grateful to have been the means of that cleansing, and now his mind turned to more rational thoughts of how to handle the situation. “First,” he said out loud, “brandy!”

He extricated himself from Mark's arms and got from the cabinet two large snifters of cognac. They pulled themselves up and sat shoulder to shoulder on the bed against the headboard. "Bob," Mark said, his habitual calm restored to his voice, "I can never apologize enough for...."

"Then don't try," Bob smiled. "You were in real pain and I was able to absorb some of that from you. What are friends for, after all? Besides, a fuck from you, no matter how rough, is always a thrill."

"Buddy, I've never loved you more than I do now, now that I'm thinking straight again." A long pause as took a hit of brandy. "Hell, I may be thinking straight but I still keep flashing on the sight of Jamie, stoned out of his mind with that moron's dick up his ass. I'll never get over that, man I'll never be able to forgive him never again think of him as my boy. Him and me we're done for."

Bob sighed. "Pretty bleak picture, eh, buddy?" Then he smiled as he sipped his brandy. "But here's a couple of platitudes for you 'never say never' and 'love conquers all'. Trite, I know, but bear with me.

"Now I'm not sure what all happened in this room, but one thing I am sure of. When you said about Jamie, 'I loved him but I can't anymore'. Well that was bullshit, buddy. Deep down you still love the hell out of him. I realized that when you were pounding my ass and talking as if I were Jamie. Oh sure, you're mad as hell and you need to punish him. But you love him, Mark. Love like yours doesn't just go up in a puff of smoke." He grinned. "Even if that smoke is from grass."

Mark looked up sharply and said, "Man, you're something else." Then he relaxed again. "I hear what you're saying, buddy, but after what Jamie's done I dunno, man. He's just not my boy anymore."

#

Chapter 175 – The Break-Up of Mark and Jamie?

Mark was exhausted – physically and emotionally. "You're gonna crash here tonight, Mark," Bob said decisively. Mark started to protest but Bob was adamant. "You won't be able to sleep in the bed you share with Jamie, and he's in the basement in a deep sleep by now I'm sure. I'll check with the twins – they're taking care of him."

All the fight was gone from Mark and, still naked after the sex, he lay back on the bed and let Bob pull the covers over him. His mind shut down as a sort of defense mechanism and in a few minutes he was asleep. Bob pulled on his shorts and went downstairs where he found Randy and Zack sitting at the table over drinks, discussing the events that by now were known

by everyone. Bob phoned down to the twins who confirmed that Jamie was indeed sound asleep. Then he joined the two men and poured himself a stiff drink.

He sensed thunderclouds over Randy, and as Bob sat down the storm erupted. "When that damn fool kid wakes up I'm gonna go down there and show him what I think about drugs. He may be Mark's boy but he brought drugs into the house and that affects all of us it could spread to the other boys. He needs a damn good whipping and if Mark won't do it, I will."

Bob looked at Zack and rolled his eyes. He said calmly, "First of all, Randy, Jamie did *not* bring drugs into the house. He used them on the beach. And second of all, as you said, Jamie is Mark's boy and, according to your own rule, a master takes responsibility for his boy with no interference by others. Our job is to be supportive of our buddies who are hurting." He looked pointedly at Randy "We certainly don't need anyone fanning the flames."

That last jab struck a nerve in Randy. He calmed down and even managed a grin. "Shit, man, what is this, Randy control?" He winked at Zack. "OK, Bob, you're the boss what next?"

"Well, the first thing is a confession. Mark was in a hell of a state when he got home so I took him to our room and calmed him down and"

"And that included sex, I suppose," Randy said, with a hint of anger in his voice. Then his face relaxed. "You know, it wasn't so long ago I'd have beat the shit out of you for that. But I guess you've changed me, buddy." He grinned. "Just don't push your luck, man."

Bob shifted uncomfortably. "Well actually that's just what I am gonna do – push my luck – 'cause I need a big favor. Mark is asleep in our bed and he shouldn't be alone so I was wondering if I could stay with him tonight and..... I mean, if you could"

"Shit damn, you're sleeping with Mark and kicking me out of my own room?"

Bob blushed. "No, I well, I guess I I thought that Sorry, Randy bad idea."

Randy chuckled. "Hey, no sweat, buddy. I was just hanging you out to dry there a bit. Actually I'm way ahead of you. Listen, guys, this Jamie thing has knocked everyone off balance, especially the boys. They're all gathered in Pablo and Darius's room right now like it's the end of the world. In a way it is – their world anyway. You know how when one of them's in trouble they circle the wagons and protect him. Jamie was always a favorite and now chances are Mark's gonna throw him out. They're adrift and they need our help.

"They're a great bunch of guys," Randy continued. "Tonight Nate will have Adam, of course, Pablo and Darius will have each other, Eddie is going up to Hassan's and the twins are together downstairs keeping watch on Jamie. That leaves my brother Ben and he'll have me. I'm gonna sleep with him. He's new here but he likes Jamie a lot and now he'll be feeling lost and

confused. His own sense of security has taken a hit now that he's seen how a relationship as rock solid as Jamie's can be busted apart in an instant. I don't want Ben to be alone tonight."

He pulled Bob to him and kissed him on the mouth. "I love the hell out of you man. And while I'm taking care of Ben, you take good care of the cop. But tomorrow you're mine again and I think you know what that means, big guy."

He got up and went into the house. Zack raised his eyebrows. "Whew, he said you'd changed him but *tamed* him would be more like it. I've never heard him talk about the boys with such feeling ... never knew the big, tough boss had such a soft center inside him."

Bob smiled. "He always had it in him, Zack. I just had to dig pretty deep to find it. OK, now tomorrow we're just gonna have to take our lead from Mark – see what he wants to do with Jamie. I hope to god he doesn't send him away, though right now that's his intention, I think. In the meantime the best thing we can all do is maintain our usual routine. Hard work is what the boys need so don't go easy on them, buddy, just because they're feeling off balance."

Zack nodded in agreement, then smiled. "Course that won't be too hard with Randy cracking the whip. He can be tough as nails. Maybe, as you say, he has his tender side, but it sure don't show on the construction site, I can tell you that."

But right now Randy was feeling anything but tough as he climbed the stairs to Ben's room. He knocked softly and went in to find Ben sitting on the edge of the bed hugging his knees, his head bowed in grief and confusion. He looked up and his face brightened when he saw his big brother. Impulsively he stood up, ran to him and flung his arms round him, burying his head in Randy's shoulder. "I'm so glad you're here, sir. Pablo and Darius are just next door but I was feeling so I dunno I'm supposed to be tough, I know, but"

"Hey, hey, I'm here now, little brother – and I'm gonna stay the night with you."

"You are, sir?" A big smile lit his face and everything suddenly seemed alright now that he'd have Randy. Randy pulled him to the bed and they sat down next to each other. "Sir," said Ben wide-eyed with apprehension. "What's gonna happen to Jamie? Will he be sent away?"

"That's for Mark to decide," Randy said gently. "He's in a towering rage right now and I can't say I blame him. He thinks Jamie doesn't deserve to be his boy anymore, so it's in the cards he might throw him out. You and the boys have to face up to that. What he did the drugs, letting himself get fucked it don't get much worse than that, you know."

There was a long, gloomy silence, then Randy looked straight into Ben's eyes. "Tell me something, kid. All those years I didn't hear from you. Did you ever get into drugs?"

“No, sir, I swear it, after all you taught us boys. Oh, lots of guys wanted me to, and the closest I came was when I was living with that guy I told you about and he got pretty heavy into crystal meth. He kept telling me how great sex was on crystal and he became real insistent. So that’s when I ran away, sir, and came looking for you.”

“That’s my boy,” said Randy, hugging him. Another silence, then Ben’s voice took on a note of alarm. “Sir, if I ever did anything bad like Jamie did, would you send me away?”

Randy smiled at him. “My little brother, who walked all the way from Texas looking for me? Not on your life. Anyway, I know you’d never do anything like that, eh kiddo?”

“I’ll do my best not to, sir.” Then a mischievous grin like Pablo’s crossed his face. “But you know what they say, sir. ‘Boys will be boys’.”

Randy looked at him sharply, but there was a twinkle in his eye. “You little punk. I can see you need a lesson in obedience right now. Get naked, boy.”

Ben sprang to his feet and stood before Randy as he sat on the bed. What Randy had hoped for was happening. He wanted Ben to be so focused on him that he would not be obsessing on the Jamie problem for a while. And for Ben the opportunity to turn Randy on was too good to pass up so he started to strip slowly. First he unbuttoned his shorts, pausing after each button. When his fly was fully open, he pushed slowly on his waistband until the shorts cleared his hips and dropped, pooling round his ankles.

He was wearing a white tank stretched over the contours of his chest, and white boxer briefs that clung tightly to his hips and strained over the bulge of his already-hard cock. The white contrasted with his tanned skin and his dark gypsy features. He looked stunning. “Oh man,” Randy sighed, “that is so fucking beautiful.” He reached forward and ran his hands down the sides of Ben’s briefs, then up under his tank, over his hard stomach and up to his pecs where he squeezed the boy’s nipples, making him inhale sharply.

Randy pulled back and simply gazed at the boy. Ben knew the effect he was having and he worked it, wanting to rouse the lust of the big brother he worshipped. He raised his hands to his hips and eased them inside the waistband of his briefs. Slowly he pushed the briefs down, over his hips, over his cock that sprang out like a pole, then down his thighs until they dropped to the floor, on top of his shorts round his ankles.

Randy stared at the long thick cock, a junior version of his own and hard as a rock. “Shit,” he grinned, “I guess you are pleased to see me, kiddo.” Instinctively Randy leaned forward and licked the head of his brother’s cock, savoring the taste of the pre-cum oozing from it. Then he pushed his mouth over the head and took the whole length of the hard rod deep into his throat, hearing a loud sigh from the excited boy.

Randy knew his sexual power and he pulled back, paused, then swallowed the cock again. He heard Ben gasp, "Sir, I you're making me" Ben was looking down at the dark, rugged face, the chiseled features, long black hair, the stubbled jaw clamped round his cock. His big brother, the boss, the gypsy king was sucking his cock. It looked, felt, incredible and "Aaagh!" Ben's cock shuddered and erupted in Randy's mouth, pouring with hot semen that Randy gulped down voraciously.

Randy pulled back and grinned up at his startled boy, cum still oozing from his mouth and down his chin. "I knew I could make you do that, boy. Damn you're good. But, we're not finished, little brother. Show me more."

Ben recovered quickly from his orgasm and his cock now swung languidly between his legs. He grinned at Randy, then turned round, displaying his ass, the mounds curving just below the bottom of his tank top. He clenched his ass muscles several times, showing the dimples in the twin globes, then bent forward reaching down to the floor to unlace his sneakers. The sight of the boy clad in just a tank top, his shorts and briefs round his ankles, his perfect ass pointing up only inches from Randy's face drove him crazy.

Randy reached forward again and grabbed Ben's hips, pulling them toward him, then burying his face in the black fuzz of curly hair round his ass. He licked the moist hole, then pushed his tongue inside savoring the musky taste of the soft membrane. Ben moaned in ecstasy as he felt the stubbled chin chafing his ass, until Randy suddenly pulled back. Ben kicked off his sneakers, stepped out of his shorts and turned round, naked except for his white tank top.

He stood there with an impish grin on his dark gypsy face, his lithe young muscles rippling under the bedroom lights, his cock already rock hard again. Randy stood up and faced him. "Man, I've had enough of this." He clasped his hands round Ben's waist, picked him up bodily and tossed him onto the bed. Ben's body bounced as he landed heavily on his back. Still grinning, Ben put his hands behind his knees and pulled his legs back, exposing his hole, still wet with Randy's saliva.

"Jesus Christ, boy, I wanna fuck that ass," Randy growled as he frantically pulled off his T-shirt, kicked off his boots and dropped his jeans. Ben gasped as he saw his big brother, the swarthy muscle-god towering naked over him. His huge cock had sprung free but Randy didn't touch it. He knelt on the bed put his hands on Ben's knees, eased his hips forward and in one swift move buried his cock in the moist ass, pushing it deeper and deeper until it came to rest hard against the inner sphincter. One last thrust took the head over the tender membrane where it filled the innermost chamber of the boy's ass.

Ben's body bucked with the assault of the huge rod and he moaned, "Thank you, sir. You feel aaah fuck my ass, sir. Please fuck my ass please"

"You bet I will, kiddo." Randy began gently at first, easing his huge pole back up the warm chute, pulling out so the head rested against his hole. He paused, then drove his cock back

deep inside. Ben's eyes flew wide open and he gazed in awe at the spectacular muscular body rising and falling above him. The fuck was gentle at first but Randy could see a hunger in Ben's eyes. "Harder," Ben breathed huskily. "Do it harder please, sir."

Randy understood what Ben craved. He wanted it rough, wanted the physical pain of his brother's cock to overwhelm the emotional pain of his sadness about Jamie. Randy knew a man could feel only one pain at a time and he was happy to oblige. His left arm reached forward and he grabbed Ben's tank below his neck. Grasping it in his clenched fist he pulled it toward him, raising Ben's head and shoulders up off the bed. With the other hand Randy held Ben's ankle and pushed his leg back so he had a clear shot at his ass.

Surprised, Ben stared hungrily up at his brother, whose shoulder and bicep bulged as he held onto the tank, screwed up in his fist, and took the weight of Ben's torso. Randy's gypsy face was fierce, the steel blue eyes like lasers, and Ben had the sensation that he was completely at the mercy of his big brother. And of course he was.

"OK, kid, you want it rough? Here it comes." The gentle fuck quickly accelerated into a ferocious pounding. Sex with Randy was like sex with no other man. He became a wild man, eyes blazing, muscles rippling, his black hair flying over his dark, rugged face. As the steel rod pistoned inside him Ben gave himself up to the assault on his ass, innately confident that Randy knew the limits of his pain. Pain there was, of course, but that is exactly what he had asked for. It totally obliterated that other deep anguish he had been feeling.

His head and back were raised off the bed as he hung by his tank top from Randy's fist. His body jerked and his head tossed. He was lost in the incredible sensation of a real fuck by the master, the boss – his big brother. "Thank you, sir," he howled. "Hard, sir. Hurt me make me forget, sir."

Randy was pounding so hard, making Ben's body jerk backwards so violently, that they heard the sound of ripping cloth the tank top. As Randy yanked it in his fist the ripping became louder until the shirt suddenly disintegrated. With the sudden release Ben fell back on the bed, the torn shreds of fabric hanging from his shoulders. Still clutching the remains of the shirt in his fist Randy held his hand high with a whoop of triumph.

But the savage fuck continued, accelerated even, as Randy was inflamed by the sight of the young gypsy boy, naked now except for the fragments of his tank hanging from his shoulders and draped across his chest. Randy was on fire now. He threw both of Ben's legs over his shoulders and leaned forward, sweat dripping from his face onto Ben's. Still holding the wad of fabric, he stuffed it into Ben's mouth like a gag. Ben's eyes opened wide in alarm as tears poured down his cheeks.

Randy clamped his hands on Ben's pecs and Ben gasped into the gag as he felt the full weight of his big brother on top of him. Randy stared wildly down at him. "OK, kid you want pain? So here it comes and it's gonna make you cum. You're gonna bust your load, boy,

because of the pain, just the pain. I taught Bob to do that and now it's your turn, little brother."

His fingers clamped onto Ben's nipples, twisting them, tugging them ferociously. Fire exploded in Ben's chest and he screamed into his gag. The cock hammered his ass so savagely he thought he would pass out, but even in his delirium of pain he knew the end was coming. Through his tears he saw the savage muscle-god's body convulse above him, heard his scream and felt his warm juice pouring deep into his ass.

But it wasn't that that made Ben cum. It was the pain the pain in his ass, in his tits – the exquisite pain that blotted out everything else. Tears poured from his eyes and he screamed into his gag as the pain drained into his cock and it exploded, blasting stream after stream of cum up onto his brother's chest heaving above him.

Randy pulled the cloth from Ben's mouth and for a long while the brothers gazed at each other as their heartbeats subsided. Almost imperceptibly Randy slid his cock out of Ben's ass, but Ben was still flying and impulsively he reached up, threw his arms round his big brother and pulled him down on top of him, squeezing him tight. Randy kissed him hard and licked the salt tears from his face.

Finally Randy tried to pull away but Ben held onto him frantically. "Don't let go, sir. Hold me please don't let me go."

Randy smiled at the pleading face and said. "I'll never let you go, little brother. Never."

And so the house fell into a fitful sleep, with couples embracing each other tightly, more conscious than ever of the blessing they held in their arms, in contrast to the anguish of Jamie and Mark.

Next morning it was Mark who woke before anyone else, and he was in the shower by the time Bob stirred and remembered that the cop had an early shift. He went quickly down to Mark's apartment and brought up a clean pair of Mark's uniform pants to replace the pair that was stained with semen where Jamie had cum, lying across Mark's lap getting his ass spanked.

When Mark came out of the shower with a towel wrapped round his waist Bob asked tentatively, "How you doing, buddy? Think you can cope with work today?" But Mark was in full cop mode now, far from the shattered wreck of the night before who had sought comfort in Bob's arms. "Sure I can," he said. "A cop knows he can never bring his personal problems to work could be dangerous."

Bob cleared his throat. "Er Are you going to speak to Jamie before you leave?"

“Nope,” Mark said decisively. “Wouldn’t know what to say couldn’t even look him in the eye. Like I said, Bob, that boy and me we’re finished. And I don’t want any of the other boys having any contact with him – just the twins to bring him food. He leaves the basement only to come up and work in the office with you. He spends the rest of his time down there alone.”

Bob sighed heavily just as there came a knock at the door and the twins walked in. “Sorry to interrupt, sir,” Kyle said to Bob, avoiding eye contact with Mark. “But we thought we should let you know how things are.” Kevin took over. “Like you said, sir, Jamie slept heavily all night. He’s just now stirring so we thought we’d wake him up with a breakfast tray.

“Did you get plenty of sleep yourselves?” Bob asked.

“Oh yes, sir. We took it in shifts, one of us watching Jamie while the other slept.”

Bob was startled. “You mean there was always one of you watching over him? That was going a bit far, surely.”

“Oh no, sir,” said Kevin. “We had to make sure he’d be OK if he woke up and needed us. See, he’s our friend and we’re not gonna stop loving him just because he did something bad.”

There was a sharp intake of breath from Mark, and Bob shot a piercing look at him. But Mark got on with the business of dressing, when there was another knock at the door. “Jesus Christ,” Mark muttered peevishly, “like the fucking San Diego Freeway in here.” It was Nate who came through the door. He stood nervously, plucking up the courage to speak. “Sir,” he said to Mark, then cleared his throat. “I wanted to ask your permission to go and see Jamie.”

Mark glared at him. “No. I said no contact with anyone but the twins, and that’s final.”

Nate blushed red. His Aussie bluntness took over, and his accent grew thicker as he spoke. “Sir, I don’t think that’s fair, sir. Jamie’s my best mate and right now he’s all alone and hurting bad. With all due respect, sir, when you were sad last night you had your best mate to turn to. Whatever Jamie’s done, I still love him and I want to go to him sir.”

His voice died, his blush deepened and he realized he had gone way too far. Mark was shocked, clenched his fists and took a step forward. Bob put a restraining hand on his arm and Mark looked at him in anger and bewilderment. The twins’ loyalty to Jamie and Nate’s impassioned appeal had shaken Mark, and Bob could see he was lost and seeking support.

Bob smiled, shrugged his shoulders in a ‘why-not?’ gesture and nodded to him. Mark growled, “I’m sick of all this bullshit. I gotta go.” On his way out he huffed to Nate, “Do what you want, boy but only you. Nobody else.” He strode through the door and slammed it behind him.

Nate relaxed and smiled at Bob. “Was that a yes, sir?”

Bob grinned and shrugged. "I guess it kinda was. Come on, let's go."

When Bob and Nate walked quietly into the basement bedroom Jamie was a forlorn sight, sitting on the edge of the bed in only his boxer shorts, hunched over, his eyes tight shut, hands pressed against his ears as if he were trying to blot out all sight and sound. So he was unaware that anyone was there until Bob cleared his throat loudly. Startled, Jamie's first thought was of Mark and he shot to his feet. His body relaxed slightly when he saw Bob and Nate, though his face was clearly streaked with tears.

He was such a pitiful sight that Nate ran forward and threw his arms round him in a tight, emotional embrace. Jamie started sobbing into his shoulder and stammered through his sobs, "Has Mark said anything? Has he ordered me to leave yet? Is that why you're here?"

Bob stepped forward, taking charge. He was in a delicate situation, longing to comfort Jamie but careful not to undermine Mark's authority. So he spoke sternly but gently. "Jamie, sit down. There are some questions I need to ask you." Jamie sat on the edge of the bed again, with Nate beside him and Bob pulled up a chair facing him. But before Bob could speak Jamie let loose a desperate rush of words.

"I know what you want to ask, sir *why?* I've been asking myself that and well see that guy, Troy, was the leader of the guys on that beach. He was a brilliant surfer and kind of took me under his wing taught me a whole lot. But he did a lot of drugs and always wanted me to join him. Well, I dunno, I guess I knew Mark would be late home 'cause he was seeing Jason, so this time I" His body slumped. "I'm not making excuses, sir there is no excuse. Now I've fucked everything up and Mark hates my guts and he'll get rid of me"

"Jamie," Bob interrupted him sternly. "Pull yourself together and listen to me. And before you answer my questions I want to make clear that I will report everything back to Mark."

"I want you to, sir. I want him to know everything."

"OK, first question. Did you actually go out surfing while you were high on crystal?"

Jamie's voice dropped to a whisper. "Yes, sir. I know how stupid that was but....."

"And when you had sex with this Troy did he actually cum in your ass?"

"No, sir," Jamie said emphatically. "It's the first time I've done crystal never done any drug before and it makes you feel very sexy but somehow it makes it difficult to get hard and to shoot. He put his dick inside my ass but couldn't really do anything."

“Good, that’s good, at least. OK, wait a minute.” While Jamie and Nate sat silently close together Bob went across the room, punched a number in his cell phone and had a lengthy conversation inaudible to the boys. He finally came back, sat down and said, “OK, here’s what’s gonna happen. I’ve just spoken to Steve who has a buddy, a medical doctor whose office is on the same floor as his. He’s gonna check you out, Jamie, and he’ll pull strings with the lab and be able to get your lab results overnight. So Nate, I want you to take Jamie to the doc in an hour, then bring him straight back.

“After that, Jamie, I will want you to come upstairs to the office and do your work as usual. Except for that, Mark has ordered that you are not to leave this basement. You will have no visitors except Nate, with Mark’s permission, and the twins, who will bring you food and generally make sure you’re OK. Ah...” There was a tap at the door and the twins came in with a tray, loaded with a cooked breakfast. “Nate, you can stay with Jamie now while he eats and then take him to the doctor.” He paused. “OK, that’s all I have to say for now.”

He got up to leave but Jamie touched his hand. “But sir is Mark he’s gonna get rid of me isn’t he?”

“I can’t answer that, Jamie it’s entirely up to Mark. But I won’t lie to you. I’ve never seen Mark so angry and well, things don’t look so good.” Bob left with a heavy heart. He had not enjoyed doing and saying what he had. It went against his every instinct, which was to take Jamie in his arms and hold him tight.

After that things transpired pretty much as Bob had predicted. Nate took Jamie to the doctor who gave him a complete physical and said he would give the lab results to Steve the next day. When he got back home Jamie went straight to the office and tried to concentrate on his work, but found it almost impossible. Again Bob’s heart went out to him as he glanced at the stricken boy trying so hard to work thought his misery.

The same struggle was being fought by Mark, astride his motorcycle, trying to focus on his work but unable to tear his mind away from the sight of Jamie, stoned on drugs giving his ass to that deadbeat. He made a half hearted attempt at finding excuses for the boy, but failed. There was no excuse. What Jamie had done was unpardonable. As a cop Mark was used to being respected and obeyed. But Jamie, his own boy, had insulted and betrayed him. Mark’s pride had been fatally wounded and there could be no question of Jamie remaining as his boy. He had to go and that was that.

Mark’s anger, rather than subsiding as the day wore on, actually increased until it consumed him. It led him to make a decision of a way to punish the boy before he sent him packing.

At the house, when the office-work was, mercifully, over Jamie would normally have run eagerly to his and Mark’s apartment, got naked and waited on the bed for the uniformed cop to come in

and fuck him. But now devastation had replaced euphoria and Jamie dragged himself down to the basement to wait.

He didn't have long. Soon he heard heavy footsteps on the stairs, the door was flung open and Mark stood there. They had not seen each other since Mark had dragged him home and now, despite himself, Mark's heart missed a beat as he saw his unhappy boy, his eyes wet with tears, full of fear and desolation. But Mark did not allow himself a moment of sympathy and barked, "Come with me." Jamie followed him blindly up the stairs and out to his truck.

They drove in silence. Jamie's mind was reeling and in his delirium he fancied that Mark was driving him to a remote place where he would throw him out and leave him, like some heartless owner might do with an unwanted pet dog. But the drive turned out to be short and they soon turned into the small parking lot of a nondescript building on Figueroa.

Jamie's fancies fled from his mind as he realized where they were – a tattoo parlor. It was the same place where, in a happier time, Mark had had the logo *MM*, for Mark Matsen, tattooed on Jamie's shoulder to reassure him that he was, now and forever, Mark's boy.

"Yeah," Mark said. "We're gonna have that taken off, boy. No longer applies."

Jamie was aghast, made no move for a second, then yanked open the door and raced blindly away. "Shit damn," Mark growled. He leaned over, pulled the door shut, then gunned the truck and took off after the boy. Fueled by panic Jamie was fast and it took a few minutes for Mark to catch him up. He swerved onto the sidewalk blocking Jamie who stood there wild-eyed, his heart pounding.

Through his heaving breaths Jamie gasped. "Please don't take it off, sir. Leave me with that please. It's all I'll have left when you throw me out."

From the truck Mark snarled, "Oh yeah? And what you gonna do with it? Look at it in the mirror and beat off thinking about me?"

"Yes, sir," said Jamie simply. The simple honesty of the statement pierced Mark like an arrow. He had a fleeting impression of Jamie in some lonely room looking tearfully at the tattoo and jerking off at the memory of their time together. And for the first time Mark's wall of anger cracked a little. Even his rage could not make him do something so cruel.

"Fuck you, boy. Get in the truck."

He got in and they drove home, where Jamie said softly, "Thank you, sir," and went straight down to the basement.

The next few days passed in a tense, stifling atmosphere as if the house were under the heavy black clouds of a thunderstorm that never broke. Meals were eaten on schedule but with no enthusiasm from anyone. The twins took trays of food down to Jamie and Nate was allowed to visit him for an hour each day. Jamie left the room only to work in the office but Bob could see he was only going through the motions.

Randy did what he could to rally the troops but it was an impossible task. Bob spent time with Mark, not trying to steer him off this punitive course, but just throwing in a word or two that he thought might help. He had relayed Jamie's little speech to him where he had insisted that he had never done drugs before that one time. "Looks like it was peer pressure that made him fall under the influence of that guy," Bob said, but Mark was unmoved.

"Also, Steve told me the doc got the lab results already and Jamie's clean, so that's good news." But Mark remained impassive, so Bob tried another tack. "Look, Mark, I know you've been deeply wounded, and are rightly angry, but just so long as you're not being driven by wounded pride – because your ego's been bruised. I know Jamie's behavior was inexcusable and I would never try to defend him." But that's just what Bob was about to do.

"Have you, er, ever considered that you've been spending a lot of time away from Jamie lately with me, with Jason? I know it's none of my business, but those times you've seen Jasonlike the day all this happened you had sex with him didn't you? And you don't think Jamie knew it – and was hurt? Maybe he felt what's good for the gander is good for the goose?"

Bob had deliberately gone too far and Mark blazed, "You're right, man, it's none of your damn business. I'm going to work." He slammed out of the room, but his burst of anger had just shown Bob that he had struck a nerve. 'Score one for Jamie,' Bob grinned to himself.

In the next couple of days Mark's anger slowly began to morph into a lesser feeling resentment, sure and still the vestiges of wounded pride. The unbearable image of Jamie stoned on the beach began to blur, and Mark had been struck by Jamie's tearful plea to keep his tattoo, and later by Bob's words. But still Mark's bruised ego could not bring itself to forgive Jamie. He couldn't even imagine touching him, let alone sleeping with him, fucking him. No, he thought, Jamie's punishment would be banishment. Mark's mind was made up. There was no other way. Jamie would have to go.

In the several days after the crisis had erupted Jamie had been in a kind of purgatory, mostly alone in his room, avoided by Mark, knowing he would eventually be sent away, just waiting for the axe to fall. It was a purgatory that he could no longer endure.

That evening when Mark came home from work, he went straight up to see Bob, to announce that he was going to tell Jamie that evening that he would have to leave – he was no longer his boy. But Bob was waiting for him with two letters, one addressed to Bob, the other to Mark. "These letters are from Jamie," Bob said. "I've already read mine. Here's what it says:

“Dear, sir: This is to say goodbye, sir. I know my behavior can never be forgiven so I m going away before Mark sends me away. I can’t go on living here knowing how much he hates me. I have caused too much trouble in the house and if I leave you can all get on with your lives. I enclose a check for part of the balance owing on my truck. That’s all I have in savings but I’ll send you more when I get a job. And I know I will get another job, sir, because you have trained me so well I now have a skill. Thank you for that, sir, and for all the love and kindness you have always shown me. I have loved working for you and I will never forget you, sir. I’m sorry to leave you but I have to. Please give my love to all the other guys, and tell them I’ll miss them. But I think I’ll miss you most of all. I love you, sir, very much. Goodbye, sir. Jamie”

Tears were welling in Bob’s eyes as he folded the letter. “This one’s for you, Mark.”

But Mark couldn’t take it. Choked up he said, “You read it, buddy please.” Bob took out the letter and read it aloud:

“Sir, I am writing this to say goodbye. I know what I did was so bad that you can’t love me anymore and I can’t be your boy. So I am leaving to save you the pain of getting rid of me. You’re right to send me away as I don’t deserve to be the boy of an amazing man like you. I’m sure you will soon find another boy to replace me who will not disappoint you the way I have.

I just want you to know, sir, that living with you has been the most wonderful time of my life. I have never loved anyone the way I loved you and never will again. After what I did you may not believe this, but I worshipped you. I will miss you terribly, sir, and I hope that sometimes you will think of me and remember the good times we had. So goodbye, sir. I love you. I always have I love you I love you. Jamie.

P.S. Thank you for letting me keep the tattoo, sir. I’ll treasure it always.”

Tears were streaming down Mark’s face and he looked desperately at Bob. “I’ve gotta find him, man.”

“Yes you do,” Bob said. “And I think I know how.”

A few minutes later they were next door with Adam and Nate, and they lost no time. Nate had obviously been crying and Bob said gently, “Nate, I think you know Jamie has left and I think you may know where he went. If he told anyone where he was going, he would tell you, his best mate. We need to know where he is.”

Nate shifted miserably from foot to foot. “But he made me promise I wouldn’t tell.” He looked at Adam for help. Seeing the distraught look on Mark’s face Adam realized what had to be done. “You gotta tell them, mate.” Still Nate hesitated and Adam pressed him. “Has it ever occurred to you that deep down Jamie wanted you to tell? You want him to be with Mark again, don’t you?”

That did it. Nate handed a crumpled piece of paper to Mark. "He's gone to the motel where Randy and Bob first met, sir. It was the only place he knew of." Mark raced out the door.

It wasn't all that far away – on Hollywood Boulevard, the seedy end. The rundown motel and the notorious Room 14 where Randy and Bob had first met was the stuff of legend in the group. All the guys knew the story well and had driven past the place now and again.... a grubby motel, sun-bleached walls, peeling paint, a single storey in a U-shape round the weed-strewn parking lot that Mark's truck now pulled into.

In Jamie's panic of leaving it was the only place he could think of to go. Besides it was his last fragile link to the family he had lived with and loved – and was now leaving forever. In a daze Jamie had instinctively asked for Room 14 where maybe faint, long-ago vibrations of Bob and Randy might still hang in the air.

Mark's hunch was that's where Jamie would be, and as he came close he heard muffled sobbing coming from inside. He was about to knock, but hesitated. He took a deep breath, touched the door-handle, it turned and he went in quietly.

After the bright sunlight he blinked and let his eyes become accustomed to the dimness of the curtained room. Gradually he saw the crumpled heap on the bed. Jamie was face down on the pillow, wearing shorts and a loose tank top, his body heaving with sobs. Mark gasped, loud enough to alert Jamie who turned over, looked up through his tears and whimpered like a frightened animal. He pulled himself to his feet and stared at the uniformed cop, frightened that the mirage would go away, willing it to stay.

Then they moved, master and boy, stumbling toward each other, falling into each other's arms, tears running down their faces. Mark squeezed so hard that it hurt but Jamie didn't care. He didn't care about anything now that he was in his master's arms. Mark whispered in his ear, "Jamie, Jamie my boy. Forgive me, Jamie I've been a selfish fool, got lost in my wounded pride. Just when you needed my protection most I pushed you away. I love you, boy, of course I do. Never stopped how could I?"

His face pulled back and Jamie saw the unaccustomed sight of tears running down Mark's cheeks. Absurdly they began to lick each other's wet faces like lion cubs cleaning each other. Then their gaze really met and they saw themselves reflected in each others' eyes. His blue-gray eyes penetrating Jamie's, Mark said, "I love you, Jamie," and their lips met in a wildly passionate kiss, their mouths churning against each other endlessly, licking deep inside, biting tongues, until finally their open mouths clamped over each other's and they shared the air, one inhaling as the other exhaled, exchanging the same breath of life and love.

The rest was inevitable. Still kissing him Mark yanked open Jamie's shorts and let them drop. He stood back, pulled Jamie's tank off over his head, and pushed him backward, naked. Jamie

fell heavily on the bed, bouncing on his back, and watched. Mark was taking his uniform off, as he had always done every time he came home from work, while his naked boy always watched, longing for what came next. Jamie saw the black shirt come off, then the T-shirt and gasped at the muscle-god cop stripped to the waist, chest heaving, muscles rippling in the dim light.

This is the image that had run through Jamie's mind again and again in his desolate loneliness of the last few days. But was it real, or just his imagination, his wishful thinking? Maybe he had fallen asleep and was dreaming. He actually pinched himself to make sure he was awake.

Jamie knew what to do. He jumped off the bed and turned his back on Mark who sat on the bed and raised his leg. He gazed at the gorgeous ass as Jamie straddled his boot. Mark pressed his other foot against the cheek of his ass and pushed until the boot slid off and Jamie jerked forward. Then the other boot, and they traded places, Jamie back on the bed his eyes shining.

Mark unbuckled his big leather belt, let his uniform pants and shorts drop and kicked them off. He stood naked, his cock rigid, gazing down at his golden boy. He murmured, "God, I've been such a damn fool. How could I ever have pretended I could live without you?" Then he smiled and said what he always said. "So what do you want boy?" And Jamie said, as he always said, "I want you to fuck me, sir. I want to feel your cock in my ass, sir."

"Wild horses couldn't drag me away," Mark said. Overwhelmed with lust for his boy he dropped to his knees between Jamie's legs, pushed them in the air and with one mighty thrust, drove his steel rod deep inside his boy's soft sweet ass. Their eyes met, their bodies shuddered, they howled – and both blasted loads of cum in massive twin orgasms – Mark's deep inside his boy's ass and Jamie's all over his master's bulging chest.

But they didn't stop. They had not made love for over a week and their pent up anguish and frustration erupted. It was as if the orgasms had not happened as Mark continued to fuck, his cock still hard as a rock, and Jamie kept squeezing his ass muscles, trying to trap the cock inside him forever.

Jamie was floating in a euphoric haze as he gazed up at the Greek-God features of the beautiful man he loved and had almost lost. He stared in wonder at his flexing muscles, the slabs of his pecs, bulging arms, wide shoulders, flared lats sloping down to ridged eight-pack abs, then to his tight waist and slim hips that moved rhythmically back and forth, pressing the blond pubic hair against the cheeks of his ass.

Mark was going wild, feeling the soft velvet membrane of his boy's ass making love to his cock. He leaned forward, pinned Jamie's wrists to the bed and gazed into his eyes. "God I love that ass, boy. I love *you*, I always have. Do you still love me, Jamie? Do you still like the feel of my cock in your ass? Will you forgive me, Jamie still be my boy forever and ever?" Mark saw the response in his boy's shining eyes. Too overwhelmed to speak Jamie clenched his ass muscles hard and Mark yelled, "I'm cumming again, boy!" They both did another howl of euphoria and another explosion of juice.

But even now they didn't stop. Mark's hips kept working like a piston, his cock kept driving into the warm hole that was now drenched in cum. They came again, and kept fucking, and lost count of their orgasms. It was no longer lust that drove them. Now it was love, pure and simple – that's what made them cum the rejoining of two spirits that had been driven apart and were now reunited in a passion that could never be broken, no matter what trials they faced.

At long last the marathon fuck neared its end. Mark pulled all the way out, smiled down at the shining blond face and drove his cock in hard and deep, cumming one last time and watching Jamie shoot yet another load over his own suntanned body. Mark fell forward on top of his boy's cum-slicked body and held him in his arms, tighter than ever to ensure that he never got away again. In total physical and emotional exhaustion they lay together, their heartbeats matching, their chests rising and falling together.

The dingy, threadbare motel room had been transformed into a magical place where man and boy had rediscovered the infinite power of love, just as Randy and Bob had in the same room all that long time ago. Mark slid off Jamie and lay on his back beside him, his arm behind the boy's neck, both oblivious of their shabby surroundings. Jamie's head rested on Mark's bicep and was simply in heaven, though still half afraid that heaven would disappear. Seeking reassurance he spoke for the first time. "Sir, do you really mean that I am still your boy?"

Mark turned his head to face him. "Jamie, this is real – all the rest was bullshit – fake – started off by what you did and then inflated by my stupid ego that made me blind to the hurt you were feeling. But there will still be vibrations, Jamie, things to work out – still a few hills to climb."

"Oh, I know that, sir. The first thing that should happen is for you to punish me. I have to be punished, sir. I need it."

"Yeah, you're right, kiddo, but you know I never was the kind of master to whip his boy. Being a cop cured me of that. Anyway, first I want you to see Doctor Steve have as many therapy sessions with him as it takes. His methods can be kind of weird but they do seem to work." He grinned. "Maybe he can devise some kind of punishment for me to give you."

"I'll do anything, sir – whatever it takes to try to make amends and prove I'm worthy to be your boy again."

"I know kiddo. There's a way to go still, but whatever trials we face that's no sweat for us because we'll be facing the future together from now on."

"Thank you, sir," Jamie said. He snuggled against his master and soon, in this bleak little room, they were asleep.

And so love had won out and helped all the men and boys survive the crisis. Earlier, young Ben had sought comfort from his big brother in rough sex – the kind of sex where it was pain

that had made him cum. Now here, in this room, it was pure love that had healed the wounds. The two events had been equal in intensity but at opposite ends of the sexual spectrum.

As Randy would have said, “Whatever it takes, buddy – whatever it takes.”

#

Chapter 176 – Punishment For Mark & Jamie

“Hey, Jamie wake up.” It sounded like Mark’s voice but in that frightening space between sleeping and waking Jamie was half dreaming that Mark had gone and that he was no longer his boy. Had he heard the voice or was it a dream, a nightmare of loneliness? In a panic he suddenly sat bolt upright and blinked in the dimness of the room, his face bathed in sweat.

Then he heard it again. It must be real. “Hey, hey, it’s me, kiddo. Don’t be scared – I’m here with you. You don’t ever have to be scared again.”

A wave of relief swept over Jamie as he looked into the smiling blue-gray eyes of his master next to him, with his arm round his shoulder. The nightmare was over. It really was Mark he had taken him back. He was safe.

“Come on, kid, we slept for an hour but now let’s get the hell out of here. This room has been good to us, as it was for Bob and Randy, but enough’s enough. I wanna take you home.”

‘Take him home!’ Those words were like music to Jamie and almost brought him to tears. But no, there had been enough tears, so he smiled and said, “Yes, sir. Please take me home.”

At the house the twins were about to serve dinner in the garden as usual, but they held off. Nobody was in the mood to eat as they waited in anxious suspense for word from Mark. As usual in this house, the whole sequence of events was known to all Mark’s determination to dump Jamie, then the shock of the letters and Jamie’s flight, Nate’s tearful disclosure of where Jamie had gone and Mark’s sudden pursuit of him.

What did it all mean? Could it be that Mark was so moved by the letter that he would soften? Unlikely, as they had all witnessed Mark’s implacable rage and his insistence that Jamie could no longer be his boy. The boys huddled together and spoke in hushed tones, with Darius as usual giving his authoritative opinion. The men spoke little, drank a lot. They sympathized with Mark after what Jamie had done, even if some of them privately thought the cop’s reaction had been overly harsh, a product of his wounded ego.

The minutes ticked by and Randy was on the point of ordering dinner when they heard the crunch of tires on the gravel outside. There was a pregnant silence as every man and boy held his breath. Young Eddie actually had his fingers crossed behind his back. Every eye was focused on the gate.

A truck door slammed one or two? and they waited. The gate opened and in walked Mark, shirtless in just his uniform pants. And...? They waited And in came Jamie, wearing only his shorts. He stood beside Mark, who threw his arm over his shoulder, and their faces broke into broad smiles. Like one man the whole group got to its feet and the cheers were deafening.

Impulsively the boys ran to Jamie and smothered him in a boisterous group hug. Nate was especially effusive as he threw his arms round him and said in his thick Aussie accent. "Good on ya, mate. That was quite a scare you gave us, but I knew you'd come back." Eddie hugged Jamie shyly and said, "I had my fingers crossed for you, Jamie." Darius grabbed his ever-present camera and filmed the chaotic scene – definitely a moment in the house's history to be remembered.

The reaction of the men was less rowdy but no less warm. Mark walked over to them and Randy was the first to stretch out his arm and grasp Mark's hand tightly. "Good job, big guy. Same motel wasn't it? Same room? Yeah, I thought so. It sure worked for me and my man all that time ago," grinning over at Bob. Zack was next to pump Mark's hand. "Way to go, buddy. He's a great kid." Mark smiled. "Yeah, but for a while there I forgot just how great."

Mark threw his arm over Adam's shoulder and said, "That boy of yours is terrific, Adam. Nate was a big help to me put me in my place several times too. Sure has that Aussie spunk, like you. He's a real good friend for Jamie." Finally Mark turned to Bob and folded him in his arms. "Man, I can never thank you enough for what you did – nudging me out of my wounded pride and back to sanity. I love you, man – you're a great guy." He held him at arm's length. "Not bad looking either in the right light."

There was a burst of laughter, but for Randy the meet-and-greet was over. Randy was not a kumbaya kind of guy. So, practical as ever, he shouted, "Hey, twins, whatever happened to dinner? I'm fucking starving to death here."

It was, predictably, a raucous meal, with the boys talking over each other, trying to get the whole story out of Jamie. Despite Darius's protestations Jamie would not discuss the foolishness of his drug use, nor his letters to Bob and Mark, as they were strictly private – between him and them. But he talked with animated delight about his reconciliation with Mark in the motel room, as he wanted to re-live that moment again and again.

The men talked in more level tones about what came next. "First thing," Mark said, "is Jamie has to have some therapy sessions with Steve to talk out this drug use thing. "I know now that

it was a one-off craziness, but just to prevent it from ever rearing its head again I want Steve to do whatever it takes to make sure.”

“Huh,” Randy grinned, “my brother uses some in pretty crazy techniques himself, so you better be prepared for that.”

“I said, ‘whatever it takes’,” Mark ginned back, “and I’ll tell Steve that. I’m also hoping that after Steve has talked to Jamie he can come up with some kind of punishment I can give Jamie. The boy really wants it and needs it to prove how sorry he is for what he did.”

“There’s something else too, isn’t there?” asked Bob, as astute as ever.”

“Well, it’s just that I still can’t rid my mind of that squalid picture of Jamie on the beach, high as a kite with that scumbag’s dick in his ass. It gnaws away at me. But I’ve thought of a way of trying to obliterate it. It won’t be Jamie’s punishment, though, far from it. Also, it’ll have the extra advantage of giving pleasure to Jamie, make up for the asshole I’ve been, and prove to him that he really is on the road to forgiveness.”

“Wow, quite a tall order,” said Adam with a lascivious smile. “Wish I could watch.”

“Not his time, buddy. This is just between me and Jamie and one other guy.”

That night, after they had made love in their own bed for the first time since the crisis, Mark repeated to Jamie what he had said to the guys at dinner. Jamie winced and blushed deeply when Mark mentioned the image that haunted him of Jamie on the beach and he murmured for the umpteenth time, “I’m sorry, sir.” Mark pulled him tighter in his arms to reassure him.

“Anyway,” Mark said gently, “I gotta get rid of that memory, and I think I know a way. Tomorrow, after work I don’t want to find you naked on the bed as you usually are, waiting for my dick in your ass.” Jamie looked startled, but Mark chuckled, “Don’t worry kiddo, I’ll always want your ass when I get home, that’s not gonna change, but just this once I have other plans for us. As soon as I’ve finished work I’m gonna take you out somewhere special and we’ll see if my plan works. This is not your punishment yet, though. That’ll come later.”

The next morning Jamie reported for work in the upstairs office, where Bob was seated at his computer. He swung round and smiled. “Welcome back, Jamie. We have a lot of work to catch up on.” Jamie was blushing nervously. “Yes, sir. I’m sorry that in the last few days my heart wasn’t in my work and I let things slide, but I promise I’ll.....”

“I know you will, Jamie. Come here.” Bob stood up and took Jamie in his arms. Jamie nestled into his shoulder and said, “Sir, I want to thank you for everything you did to help Mark and me. I’m not sure what you did, but I know that the only person Mark would ever take

advice from is you, so you must have done a whole lot to smooth things over. I love you, sir, and I'm glad to be back."

After that little speech Jamie sat at his computer determined to back up his words with action. So began a day of intense work without even a break for lunch. Jamie ran down to the kitchen to grab a sandwich to eat at his desk but the twins said they would bring him up a lunch tray. Throughout the recent days of drama Kyle and Kevin had hovered in the background, Bob's shadows as always, aware of almost everything that was happening. Thrilled that their friend Jamie was back, they wanted to do everything they could to ease his return to the house.

"Wow," Bob said when he came back from his day's work as Senior Vice President of his big financial services company and looked over the work Jamie had done. You must have grown another pair of hands to get through all this. Thanks for all your hard work, Jamie. I'm proud of you." Praise from Bob was music to Jamie's ears and he blushed again. "Now," Bob grinned, "shouldn't you be getting back to your room, ready for Mark? He'll be home soon."

"No, sir, not today. Mark said as soon as he comes in he's taking me out somewhere."

"Ah, yes, that," Bob grinned conspiratorially. "I forgot. Well, enjoy, Jamie. I'm sure you will."

Shortly after that Mark came home and, true to his word, without even stopping to take off his police uniform, drove Jamie away in his truck. With the memory still fresh in his mind of the last time Mark had driven him off like this, when he thought he was being sent away, Jamie shuddered. "Don't worry, kiddo," Mark smiled, "putting his free arm round his shoulder "I know what you're thinking of but all that's over. And this time you're gonna like where I'm taking you."

It wasn't a long drive – down the hill, across Figueroa and down into the rustic surroundings of the Arroyo Seco. They pulled up at a house Jamie recognized. It was Jason's.

Jamie relaxed and even felt his cock stiffen as he thought of the gorgeous young firefighter who had become a close friend of theirs, and who had already joined them in some pretty hot sexual action. Mark explained that Jason had been out working a fire but would be home soon. They got out of the truck and Mark produced a key to open the gate.

Jamie frowned in surprise, not knowing that Jason had given Mark a key. Mark noticed this and, once inside the garden, pulled Jamie down onto a bench at the table and sat facing him. He reached over the table and took Jamie's hands in his.

"Jamie, there's something we need to talk about. While I was being so mad at you Bob said something that really hurt but it was true. He reminded me that I had been spending a lot of time away from you with Bob, but also with Jason. See, he even gave me a key so I could

let myself in. Bob said you probably knew that I had sex with Jason – even that day I was late home and you stayed over at the beach – the start of all our troubles. Bob said you were probably hurt, and that’s one reason you did what you did. Made me feel guilty as hell, kiddo.”

“No, sir,” Jamie protested, “it wasn’t like that. Well, sure, I guessed you were having sex with Jason but I thought that was kinda hot you’re both such spectacular men, after all. It’s just..... well I wished you would sometimes have included me too, sir at least let me watch. I mean, I think Jason kinda likes me.”

“*Kinda likes you!*” Man, he’s crazy about you. OK, so today you get your wish. I had a long phone conversation with Jason today and filled him in on all the details. But right now I gotta get you ready for when Jason gets home from work. Won’t be long now.”

“Anything you say, sir. Anything at all.”

Mark was sitting at the table sipping a beer, his uniform shirt unbuttoned down to his waist, flapping open showing a wide expanse of his white T-shirt underneath, stretched over the slabs of his chest. He knew it was one of the looks that excited Jamie the most. Finally a truck pulled up at the gate and Jason walked in. For as many times as Mark had seen him, he was still awestruck by the sight of the gorgeous fireman, still bearing the marks and sweat of firefighting.

As he often did, Jason had stripped off his shirt after he left work and he was now naked to the waist except for the red suspenders holding up his heavy yellow work pants. He wore heavy-duty fireman’s boots, and his muscular torso gleamed with the sweat of his labors, smudged with grease and smoke from the fire. The chiseled muscle-god features of his stunning face were similarly streaked with dirt and his tousled blond hair fell over his forehead. He was a breathtaking sight and Mark felt his cock get rock hard in his uniform pants.

Mark walked over to him and the two men shook hands and pulled each other close, chest to chest in a half hug. “Hey, man,” Mark said, “looking hotter than ever. Tough day, uh?”

“The worst,” said Jason, “talking of hot,” and he wiped his hand across his chest then shook it, flicking the sweat to the ground. “Thing is, fighting fires gets the adrenaline going, makes me horny as hell. I’ve still got a raging hard-on under these pants. Man, I could sure use a tight piece of ass right now.” Suddenly he looked past Mark and his eyes opened wide. “Shit damn, what have we got here?” He walked forward and stood gazing down at the ground.

Jamie was on his back naked. Mark had driven two stakes into the ground on either side of him and Jamie’s arms were stretched sideways, wrists roped to the stakes in a crucifixion pose. He was helpless and it excited the hell out of him. He had gazed up and watched the uniformed cop and shirtless fireman and their virile greeting. Two blond muscle-gods.... didn’t get more

macho than that. The sight of Jason wiping the sweat from his chest had been highly erotic for Jamie, whose cock was hard as steel, standing straight up like a tent pole.

“Hey,” Jason said, “this the boy you were telling me about, Mark, the one you caught wasted on drugs with some sleazeball surfer’s dick in his ass?” Jamie winced in embarrassment. “Yeah, that’s the one,” Mark said. “Thing is, I can’t get that picture out of my mind. But you remember Randy’s ‘hair of the dog’ theory you wake up with a hangover, the best cure is another drink.”

“Meaning you wanna see another dick up your boy’s ass. Man he’s such a hot young stud he can sure do better than some skanky stoner at the beach. You know what, buddy? I think I can help you out here. Look at that fucking rod of his, already dripping pre-cum. I’d say he’s good and ready. Hey boy, let’s see you get free.”

This was a ritual that Mark always ordered up every time he had Jamie in bondage as he loved to see him struggle. Jason was no different. “Oh shit, man, I love to see that gorgeous young surfer in bondage. Look at that beautiful fucking body writhing, straining to get free. Man that’s hot – gorgeous face, flying blond hair, and that cock! Know what turns me on the most? that tan line round his hips, the white strip against his golden tan, that big rod rising up from the blond tangle of his pubic hair. Shit, man he’s a beauty. Pity that dooper got to his ass, though. Let’s take a look. Show me, boy.”

Obediently Jamie bent his knees and raised his legs up high, putting his ass on display. “Oh, man, I gotta have that ass look at it those perfect white globes.” Jamie looked up at the gorgeous, muscle-god fireman gazing down at him, pecs flexing under the red suspenders stretched over his chest and shoulders. Jamie could have busted a load just looking at him, but he knew he had to wait.

Jason fell to his knees between Jamie’s legs and pushed them further back. “So, boy, seems you got stoned on the beach and let this guy fuck your ass. You like dick up your ass, eh?”

“No, sir I mean yes, sir I mean,” he blushed, “I mean it depends on whose cock it is, sir.”

“Oh, really? Well how d’you feel about this one?” He yanked open his yellow work pants and pulled out a huge, thick rod, hard as steel. “Would you go for this up your ass?”

Jamie was drooling. “Yes, sir. Please, sir.” But he hesitated and looked up at Mark, standing just behind Jason, legs astride, arms folded across his chest, shirt wide open. “But I mean, if it’s OK with you, sir. I mean I’m not sure if” Jamie was no longer quite sure what was going on and was being extra careful not to make Mark angry with him.

“It’s what I want, boy,” came Mark’s deep voice. “I need to forget the sight of you on the beach with that loser’s limp dick in your ass.... replace it with the sight of a hot buddy of mine fucking you instead. So go for it, Jason. Fuck him good. Make it hurt. Show him what a real fuck is.”

“No problem, man,” said Jason, grinning down at Jamie. “This boy I could fuck all night. Here goes, kid. You ready?”

“Yes, sir. Thank you sir.” Jamie still kept glancing at Mark, making sure this is what he wanted. He saw Mark’s hand rubbing the rough serge of his uniform pants over his bulging cock.

Jason pushed Jamie’s legs even farther back and lowered his head, burying his face in the tangle of soft blond fur round his warm hole. He breathed in deeply, savoring the musky taste and scent of the young ass. Then he pushed his tongue into the hole and licked the warm membrane inside. Suddenly he pulled his head back and howled. “Man, I love this ass!”

Holding both Jamie’s feet up high with his left hand Jason pushed two fingers of his right hand into his own mouth, never breaking eye contact with Jamie. Then he pushed the fingers into Jamie’s wet ass and twisted them inside. At the same time his natural narcissism took over and he flexed the perfectly honed muscles of his chest, shoulders and arms, and clenched his square jaw. Knowing exactly how spectacular he looked, he said, “So, kid, you sure you still wanna get fucked by a fireman?”

He was driving Jamie wild and his cock was oozing pre-cum, close to orgasm. “Yes, sir Please, sir. Please put your dick in my ass, sir.”

Jason threw Jamie’s legs over his shoulders and leaned forward, clamping his hands over the boy’s biceps, staring down at his wide-eyed face. Jamie felt hot sweat drip from the rugged face onto his, felt the head of the fireman’s cock pressing against his asshole. But again Jason teased him, flexing his muscles and smiling down at him.

“Jeez, that’s a lot of pre-jism dripping from your cock, boy. Looks like you’re bursting to shoot your load just at the sight of me. Looks pretty hot, eh? You like my body, kid? That’s one gorgeous fireman, and soon you’re gonna feel his big pole deep in your ass. Is that what you want, boy?”

Jamie was being driven crazy, waiting for the fireman to drive his shaft inside him. “Yes, sir I want it bad real bad. Please, sir, I’m begging you. Please fuck me, sir, I....aaagh!”

The bound surfer felt a steel rod plunge into his ass and smash against the hot membrane deep inside. Instantly it pulled back and aaagh.... it slammed his ass again. Jamie was reeling, pulling desperately against his restraints, when the cock drove deep a third time and ... aaagh this time Jamie came, shooting a ribbon of cum high in the air, the hot pent-up juice that had been bursting for release, splashing onto Jason’s face and chest.

Mark was watching in amazement as the shirtless fireman fucked the young surfer, staked to the ground, making him cum with just three savage plunges of his cock. When Mark had first seen Jamie lusting to get fucked he had still imagined him on the beach with another guy’s dick

in his ass. But the muscle-god fireman was so beautiful, so fucking hot, that all other images were banished from Mark's mind and he gloried in the sight of his own boy being gloriously fucked. Mark's memory was finally purged of the degrading image that had been plaguing it.

As he had watched in awe, Mark had been stroking the bulge under his pants and now he dropped to his knees beside Jamie's head. Coming out of his trance Jamie opened his eyes and gazed up at the fireman's stunning square-jawed face smiling down at him. Then he turned his head and looked up at the gorgeous cop kneeling beside him.

"That was great, boy," Mark said. "Just what I needed to see. Now here's something else I need." He unzipped his black uniform pants and pulled out his rock-hard cock, the head already slick with pre-cum. He began to stroke it, all the while gazing at Jamie's face. "Jamie, you're the most beautiful boy I know and I'm proud that you're mine." He grinned. "But that face of yours is too perfect and I have to mess it up a bit."

Jamie was feeling delirious as he looked from one man to the other the muscular, half naked fireman who still had his dick up his ass, and the uniformed Greek-God cop stroking his huge shaft inches from his face. The boy's eyes were riveted on the hole at the tip of his master's cock as pre-cum dripped from it. Jamie heard Mark's breathing become ragged, heard him yell, saw the hole open and juice spurt from it a split-second before he was blinded by a flood of semen slamming into his face. "Open your mouth, boy!" As he did so, Jamie felt hot jism pouring into it and he swallowed it in huge gulps.

As the cum stopped flowing Jamie managed to open his eyes and saw through the film of his master's cum the incredible sight of the cop and the fireman with their mouths pressed against each other's in a macho kiss between two rugged uniformed men.

"Hey, man, I haven't busted my load yet. OK with you if I keep fucking your boy?" That was Jason, his stiff cock still resting deep inside Jamie's ass. "Sure thing, buddy," Mark grinned. "It's what he wants. I know my boy."

Jason pushed the suspenders from his shoulder and let them drop, so now he was completely stripped to the waist. He grabbed Jamie's feet and pulled his legs up high. "OK, boy, you're gonna make the fireman shoot his load in your ass. I know you've just cum so this is gonna hurt more than usual and I wanna see you hurt. You know me.... I get off looking at gorgeous men, especially a gorgeous man in bondage and in pain. So do your thing, boy."

Jason began fucking Jamie in earnest now, starting slow but quickly building until his steel shaft was pile-driving the boy's ass. And there was no need for play-acting from Jamie. This was real, the pain was real, as the rugged fireman rammed his hips forward, his naked torso gleaming, muscles rippling.

Jamie looked up at his bound wrists, tugging at them in a futile attempt to free himself. His body was writhing, his ass twisting to avoid the worst of the onslaught from the fireman's cock. Tears spurted from his eyes and his head thrashed from side to side, his tousled blond hair flying. It was exactly what Jason wanted, the erotic sight of the virile young buck, his surfer-tanned body bound naked, writhing in pain as the fireman's cock pistoned inside his ass.

"Oh, yeah, boy, that's fucking gorgeous," Jason groaned. The incredible sight pumped more adrenaline into Jason and increased the force of his fuck, his hips pounding, his cock jack-hammering the young ass. "You look spectacular boy, but now I wanna hear the pain. I know you can't take much more of my rod hammering you. Tell me...."

Jason glanced quickly up at Mark for his approval and Mark nodded with a grin. Like he said, he knew his boy. As Jamie writhed in pain, tugging at the ropes, tears flowing from his eyes, he moaned to Jason. "Sir, it really hurts you're pounding my ass so bad I can't take any more. Please, sir, cum inside me. Make it stop, sir. I'm begging you sir. Please"

"You know how to make it stop, boy," Jason growled. "When I see a beautiful boy writhing in pain the thing that gets me off is when the pain makes him scream and he shoots his load. So look at me boy. I'm so fucking gorgeous just the sight of me makes guys cum. Look at that body, kid – rippling muscles, massive shoulders and biceps, sculpted chest and the hard ridges of my abs. The body's so fucking beautiful it makes me blast a load all over the mirror. Look at my face – rugged, squared-jawed. And those eyes, those blue eyes piercing you like lasers. That's the most gorgeous fireman on the force, boy, and he's fucking you ass. And I know it's gonna make you lose your load, boy. Now what do you say?"

It was all true – and Jamie was mesmerized, so the pain faded and he said, "You're so beautiful I love getting fucked by you, sir. You're making me cum, sir. I can't hold back Aaagh!" He screamed the scream Jason wanted to hear and shot the load Jason wanted to see, and he felt the cock inside him shudder and erupt in a flood of semen that poured deep inside his ass.

A few minutes later Jason stood up, smiled at Mark and they shook hands. "Thanks, big guy," Mark said. "That's just what I needed to see. If I ever again think of a dick inside my boy's ass it'll be yours. They both looked down at the dazed, exhausted boy and Mark said, "Shit, man, watching you plough that kid made me hard all over again. Seems a pity to waste a good boner, wouldn't you say?"

Jamie watched as Mark undid the last buttons of his shirt and pulled it off. He stood there in just his T-shirt, black uniform pants and high motorcycle boots. Mark too had his vain side (though not as extreme as Jason's – no man's was) and flexed his muscles for Jamie. He walked round him and quickly untied his wrists, then knelt between his spread legs.

His voice was gentle as he asked Jamie the question he always asked. “Now, I know you’ve been fucked raw by Jason and shot two loads but what do you want now, Jamie?”

The reply was instant. “I would like you to fuck me, sir. I want to feel your cock in my ass.”

For the second time Mark pulled his hard dick out of his pants and with no hesitation pushed it gently inside his boy’s cum-slicked ass. It slid in easily and Mark moaned with pleasure as he pushed into the pool of Jason’s semen in the ass. Knowing how sore Jamie’s ass must be after Jason’s pounding Mark moved his cock gently, tenderly. He smiled down at Jamie. “So, you got off looking at Jason’s body, uh? Don’t you wanna look at mine?”

“Always, sir, but your T-shirt” He stopped as he suddenly saw something he had never seen before. The T-shirt was an old one, the cotton thin, and at the neck was a slight nick, a rip. Jamie knew it was deliberate and it was inviting. He ran his hands over the thin cotton, feeling first the shape of the ridged abs, then the bulging pecs, and he finally curled his fingers over the neck-line. He saw Mark’s slight smile and a nod and he pulled down on the shirt.

It tore easily, split all the way down the front to the heavy belt at Mark’s waist. The cotton fragments hung from Mark’s shoulders, exposing the slabs of his chest, and Jamie gasped. He loved seeing Mark in uniform, or shitless or naked, but this, Mark’s perfect torso draped with thin shreds of ripped T-shirt was the most erotic of all. Mark smiled at him. “You like that, boy?”

“Sir, it’s, it’s beautiful, sir. You’re so beautiful sir, I could cum just looking at I think I *am* gonna cum, sir. Please help me, sir....”

“No sweat, kiddo. Here, will this do the trick? Aaah” He sighed deeply and Jamie felt his master’s juice flowing inside him. And for the third time that evening, Jamie shot another load that spurting upward and soaked the ragged shreds of cloth clinging to the cop’s chest.

The three men looked at each other in a numb silence. Then they burst out laughing as they realized they were all dripping with cum. Fortunately Jason’s shower was large so they all showered together, though they had to stop themselves from getting into another steamy three-way sex scene. Jamie and Mark stayed for dinner and there was a buoyant feeling of achievement round the table.

All of Mark’s goals had been achieved. He had given Jamie pleasure and reassured him that he was an essential part of his life, even when (or *especially* when) that involved sex with Jason. And as he had watched his buddy the fireman fucking his boy, Mark had finally, once and for all, been able to purge his thoughts of the painful image of Jamie on the beach. He raised his glass and offered a toast to Jason and Jamie. “But we’re not out of the woods yet, Jamie,” he smiled. “The next step for you is Doctor Steve.”

That step came soon. Actually Mark had known Steve longer than the other guys, having been treated by him when he separated from the military, with the trauma of his capture and brutal interrogation, and his ensuing anger issues. It was Mark who had referred Randy to Steve for anger management (with limited success, Randy being Randy – the first thing he had done is fuck the therapist.)

Steve had received all the details of Mark's troubles with Jamie and immediately grasped that their problems were multi-layered – not just Jamie's adolescent dabbling in drugs. But he hated to make deductions based on third-hand information and suggested that Mark should accompany Jamie to his first therapy session.

So it was that a couple of days later Mark and his boy walked into Steve's office. After a few of the usual pleasantries, Steve suggested that he talk to them singly, with Jamie first. So while Mark sat in the outer office, Jamie faced Steve across his desk. He tried to concentrate but was distracted, as always, by the boner in his shorts that he always got in the presence of the handsome doctor.

Steve let Jamie do all the talking at first, about the huge mistake he had made and making a few half-hearted excuses. "But," the boy concluded, "there is no excuse, sir, and I know I still have to be punished. I need it, sir, real bad, to show Mark how sorry I am. I'll do anything, sir – have him tie me up and whip me – anything."

Steve sat thoughtfully, without much comment, then asked Jamie to step outside and send Mark in. But with Mark Steve was much more forceful. "It's clear to me, Mark, that Jamie cannot begin to move forward from all this until he gets the punishment he longs for. I think I know best how to do that, but first I've gotta say that there's plenty of blame to go around here. Jamie made a bad mistake, and boys tend to do that at his age. He supposedly had you to protect him but what did you do? Turned your back on him, decided to throw him out of your life.

"You totally over-reacted your pride and wounded ego took over. And man, that stunt you pulled with the tattoo – threatening to remove it – that was real low man and not worthy of you. Your anger consumed you and you caused the poor boy a lot of grief on top of what he was already feeling. That kid worships you, Mark, and that's the way you treated him! I've admired you a long time Mark, but this time you've disappointed me. The other guys won't tell you this because they've always respected you, but I'm your therapist so I can say what I like.

Anyway, the upshot of all this is that both of you deserve to be punished. Now, I want to see Jamie in two days – not here in the office but at my house. And here's what I want to happen. He explained his plan to Mark, and the cop meekly agreed, chastened by Steve's tongue lashing that he knew he deserved.

Two days later Jamie drove alone up to Steve's house. He assumed he would have another therapy session with Steve in his study, so he was surprised when the doctor led him into the big room with mirrored walls that he and his lover Lloyd used for working out and for heavy sex. "OK," Steve said, "so this is the punishment phase of your therapy, Jamie. That's why I told you to come here. Strip off your clothes and sit in that chair."

Jamie obeyed willingly. At last he was going to get the punishment he craved, though he was disappointed that it was not Mark but Steve, his therapist, who was apparently going to administer it. His assumption was confirmed when Steve made him rest his arms on the arms of the straight-backed chair and he tied them down with lengths of cord. Then he knelt and tied Jamie's ankles to the chair legs. "OK, now see if you can get free."

Jamie struggled and pulled at his restraints but without success. As Steve watched the naked young surfer struggling in bondage, his ripped muscles flexing, he felt his cock stiffen in his pants. Hell, he thought to himself, I can see why the cop fell in love with this young stud. "OK, that's enough," he said. "Now I want you to think back, Jamie. What do you think is the main thing you should be punished for? What do you think hurt Mark the most?"

Jamie responded at once. "Oh, I know what that was, sir seeing me on the sand with that guy's dick up my ass. Mark couldn't get it out of his mind. That was the worst thing."

"Dead right, Jamie. You can't really imagine how deeply that wounded Mark. Now, my brother Randy, no stranger to dishing out punishment, always says that the punishment should fit the crime. And that's what we're gonna do here today." Steve looked upward to a beam in the ceiling and Jamie followed his gaze. He saw two hooks in the beam and watched as Steve reached up and threaded through the hooks short ropes that had manacles hanging from them.

So that was it, Jamie thought. He was to have his body stretched and whipped, or fucked – or both. Still, he wished that it was Mark who would do that to him. And suddenly it looked as if he might get his wish as, without warning, the door opened and Mark came into the room with Lloyd, Steve's lover. Jamie had met Lloyd before, of course, and always admired the handsome architect with the ripped body that he worked on daily at the gym. Today he looked gorgeous in a simple white T-shirt, blue jeans and boots.

Mark had obviously come straight from work as he was still in his police uniform. But the odd thing was that, although Mark walked forward and stood a few feet in front of Jamie, he did not look down or make eye contact. Rather, he looked at his own reflection in the mirror behind Jamie's chair. Lloyd stood behind Mark, reached round him and began to unbutton his uniform shirt. He pulled it out of the waistband, then back off his shoulders and tossed it to the ground. Then he pulled the T-shirt up from the waist, over his head and threw it too on the floor.

Jamie gasped as he saw his master naked to the waist, letting this man strip off his shirt. Lloyd must be acting as Mark's assistant, stripping him for action for when Mark would begin his punishment of Jamie. But suddenly all Jamie's illusions were shattered and he gasped "No!"

Mark had reached up and put his hands through the manacles hanging from the beam. Quickly Lloyd reached up and pulled the restraints tight round Mark's wrists.

Steve stepped forward and looked down at Jamie. "Now I think you understand what your punishment is to be, Jamie. It involves no physical pain for you, only the mental anguish of watching your master take your punishment for you. And that will hurt more than any whipping ever could." In desperation Jamie pulled against his restraints in a futile attempt to free himself.

A grin had come to Lloyd's face as he reached round Mark and ran his hands over the slabs of his chest. "Oh, yeah," Lloyd moaned, "I love the sight of a beautiful man and god knows you are one of the best. I really get off on muscular bodies like yours, especially when they're bound and stretched. Man, look at that fucking powerful cop, stripped down to his uniform pants and boots, a macho stud used to giving orders now at my mercy, his gorgeous body stretched like he's on the rack, waiting for his punishment to start.

"Steve says you deserve it for the way you treated your boy, and I get the pleasure of dishing it out. How does this feel for a start, big guy?" Lloyd pressed his fingers tips hard on Mark's nipples and twisted them savagely. "Aaagh!" The cop howled in pain as fire shot through his chest. He yanked at the shackles round his wrists, writhing to relieve the pain.

Lloyd was mesmerized by the sight in the mirror of the agonized cop. Giving one last brutal twist to Mark's nipples, he said, "OK, stud, let's get serious now. You thought that was bad? How about this?" Lloyd yanked off his own T-shirt, stripping for action, and pulled his belt from his jeans. He raised his arm, and lashed it across Mark's chest and sore nipples. Mark howled and, in a futile attempt at avoiding the lash, pulled himself up on the ropes tying his wrists, so his boots cleared the floor, his legs kicked wildly, and his biceps and shoulders bulged as his body twisted desperately, hanging from the beam above him.

Jamie gazed in horror at the beautiful Greek god, his half-naked body writhing, muscles flexing to absorb the pain of the whip, his ridged abs stretched upward from the belt round his narrow waist. Sweat was dripping from his rugged face. And this was happening because of him, Jamie, who had desperately wanted to feel the pain of punishment and was now enduring the far worse agony of watching his master suffer in his place. Adding to Jamie's horror was that the erotic sight of the suffering muscle-god had given Jamie a huge hard-on.

Stripped down to his beltless blue jeans and boots, the muscular Lloyd looked stunning. One hard lash across the cop's back made Mark drop back to the floor, and as the whipping continued he yelled, "That's it, man, whip my body. I need it, man I deserve it. This is for you, Jamie Aaagh!" and he howled as another blow fell across his back.

It was agony for Jamie to watch his master get whipped in front of his eyes, and tears streamed down his face. Steve, the watchful ringmaster, knew the boy couldn't take much more and stepped forward, saying, "Jamie, you can stop this. You can end Mark's pain by showing him how much you love him. You know what to do."

It didn't take much effort on Jamie's part. The sight of the shirtless cop, his spectacular body writhing in bondage, muscles flexing and gleaming with sweat, handsome features twisting in pain, was not only horrifying, it was pornographically beautiful and Jamie's cock was throbbing. Then, for the first time, Mark's blue-gray eyes pierced his. "I love you, Jamie. Help me, boy."

That was all it took for Jamie to shudder and howl as cum blasted from his cock, rose high in the air and splashed down onto his upturned face. Suddenly everything stopped and there was no sound except for the rasping breaths of Mark and Jamie, and the soft sobbing of the boy.

Steve took command again. "You did well, Jamie. I know how painful that was for you but you saved your master from further hurt. But there is one more thing to show you. You told me that the worst thing for Mark had been seeing you after getting fucked by someone else. Well, now the punishment will truly fit the crime. OK, Lloyd. Go ahead."

Much calmer now, Lloyd stood behind Mark again, reached round him, unbuckled his belt and unzipped his pants. He pushed the uniform pants and the shorts down and they fell round his motorcycle boots, exposing his vulnerable ass. Lloyd didn't hesitate. He ripped open his jeans and pulled out his long, hard cock that had been throbbing ever since he began working Mark over. Lloyd spat on it, rubbed his hand over it, then pressed it against the cop's hole. With a decisive thrust of his hips he drove the cock deep inside Mark's ass, making him gasp and his bound body shudder.

Lloyd looked over Mark's shoulder into the mirror and moaned, "Oh, man, that is fucking sensational. Look at that gorgeous stud cop, tied up naked, his pants round his boots, getting his macho ass fucked." With the back of his hands Lloyd lightly stroked Mark's inflamed nipples, making him gasp with pain and pleasure. "How's that feel, big guy?"

Mark groaned, "Yeah, fuck that cop's ass, man. Shit, your rod feels good in my ass. Show my boy what it looks like seeing his man with another guy's cock in his ass. Come on, man, fuck me. Cum inside my ass. Make me shoot my load."

They were both so close it didn't take long. Lloyd could have cum many times in his jeans as he whipped Mark's magnificent body, and Mark's cock had been rock hard as he braced against the pain and knew that his boy was watching him get whipped. When Jamie had shot his load Mark had almost cum too, but had saved it for this. "Here it comes," Lloyd murmured. "You look so fucking gorgeous, man, tied up, that beautiful naked body striped by the whip, that huge rod of yours pointing straight at your boy. Let me see you cum, stud let's do it Aaagh!"

Mark felt Lloyd's hot juice pouring into his ass. His body jolted and he felt the climax of all his past anger, his shame, his love for his boy and above all the pent-up juice straining in his balls. He looked down at Jamie with a piercing gaze. "Here it comes, boy. I love you,

Jamie....” His cock exploded in a stream of warm cum that slammed into Jamie’s face, then another, as Jamie opened his mouth and gulped it frantically. He loved the taste, the smell of his master’s juice that kept pouring into his face and down his chest. It seemed it would never stop, and when it did Jamie’s face was smothered in Mark’s semen, the balm of forgiveness.

Steve took over again and quickly untied Jamie’s wrists and ankles. He helped Jamie to his feet and smiled at him. One more act, Jamie. You and Mark are a beautiful couple and I want to watch you make love to your master. It will be a final act of reconciliation for you both ...” he grinned “and besides, I want to get my rocks off. Everyone else in this room has so why not the doc who put on this show? I’m gonna cum watching you, Jamie.”

He guided Jamie behind Mark, who was still stretched naked, his wrists tied. Jamie inhaled sharply, knowing what Steve meant him to do. No problem with his cock it was hard as steel. But he looked nervously over Mark’s shoulder into the mirror and saw him smile. “Go for it, kiddo. You’re always the one who says, ‘I want to feel your cock in my ass.’ Well this time it’s me, kid. Show me you forgive me.”

And so Jamie put his arms round his master’s chest, held him tight and buried his cock inside his ass. It felt like a furnace after everything Mark had endured, and Jamie knew he had to cum soon. So he eased his cock in and out, lubricated by the huge pool of cum that Lloyd had poured into Mark’s ass.

Jamie rested his chin on his master’s shoulder and whispered into his ear the words he had recently written in grief in his goodbye letter, but now uttered in joy. “I love you, sir. I love you I love you I always have.” Mark smiled at Jamie in the mirror and said, “Let’s do it Jamie.” And master and boy were united in orgasms of love and forgiveness, as Doctor Steve watched and shot his load.

A few hours later Mark and Jamie were back home in their bedroom, naked in each other’s arms. There was a knock on the door and the twins came in, each bearing a tray laden with food. “Room service,” smiled Kevin. Kyle added, “We figured you would not be joining the group for dinner, gentlemen, so we brought dinner to you. They put the trays down and pulled the small dining table to the middle of the room, placing two chairs at it facing each other. They spread over the table a white cloth they had brought and set out the dinner. The final touch was a silver candle holder in the middle of the table. Kevin lit the candle and, standing shoulder to shoulder, they said in unison, “Bon Appétit, sirs.” And they quietly left the room.

Downstairs was the usual raucous gathering as men and boys crowded round the outdoor table. But dinner was delayed as Randy, Pablo and Ben were still not home from the construction site. As they waited Bob was a little miffed, as Randy had called over half an hour ago to say work had ended for the day. But eventually there came the crunch of tires outside the gate. It burst open and Randy swaggered in with Pablo and Ben.

Randy was in his usual work outfit of old sweaty tank top stretched across his chest, dirt covered cargo pants and heavy work boots. Copying their master the boys were similarly dressed, similarly filthy, but they seemed to wear it as a badge of pride. They too adopted Randy's swagger, apparently oblivious of the fact that their lateness was delaying dinner.

Bob shook his head and raised his eyebrows at Zack and Adam. They had all noticed lately an increase in Randy's smugness bordering on arrogance. He was feeling real good about himself. He had a loyal adopted son and young brother, who both worshipped the ground he walked on. The two boys had bonded as a team and proved themselves to be tough and worthy of him when they had rescued Eddie in the ocean and later given him the thrill of being worked over by them both. Randy's pride in them boosted his already inflated ego.

And Randy had in Bob a devoted and gorgeous lover. While Bob was loved and admired by all the guys and exerted considerable authority in the house, Randy was still the ultimate boss of the tribe, as he had been right from the start. For those reasons Randy's self-confidence ... self importance, really ... was at its height. Making no excuse for their lateness Randy threw an arm over the shoulder of each of his boys and sauntered on.

Irritated by the display Bob called out. "Come on Randy, dinner's been ready for a while." Then he added with a smile, "Even the boss has to respect the rules, you know."

Randy called back, "Fuck that, man. I don't *follow* the rules ... I *make* the fucking rules. Come on kids, let's go get cleaned up. You can shower with me."

Everyone was surprised at what would be seen as a put-down of Bob and Zack growled, "That guy's getting way too full of himself." He grinned at Adam. "Hey, buddy, maybe we ought to do something about that when we're up at the lake." An upcoming trip to the lake in the mountains had been planned for Randy, Zack and Adam, and their boys Pablo, Darius and Nate.

"Yeah," Adam smiled back at Zack. "We Aussies have an old saying that no man's too big that he can't be brought down to size. I'm with you, buddy."

Darius nudged Nate and grinned mischievously. "Hey, kid, guess that goes for Pablo too. He's been getting real uppity lately too, with that 'senior boy' act he pulls – the 'boss's boy' bullshit. No reason we can't give him a reality check too. Can't let the guys have all the fun, can we?"

#

Chapter 177 – Therapy for Jamie; Humiliation for Randy & Pablo

The ensuing days saw the chaotic preparations for the guys' trip up to the lake in the Angeles National Forest high above the city. Pablo, Darius and Nate noisily pulled all the gear together ... the rowboat and fishing gear, of course, along with clothes, food supplies and camping gear.

Jamie was happy to get away from the house for a while and smiled to himself as he drove to Steve's Beverly Hills office for the last of his therapy sessions. He was relieved that he and Mark were not involved in the trip because of Mark's work schedule. The last few days had been like a honeymoon. They spent a lot of time together, made love a lot and settled into a reborn relationship that was more passionate than ever. So more of the same was just fine for Jamie.

His happiness was tinged right now with the prospect of seeing Doctor Steve again, for the first time since Steve had devised the extraordinary punishment at his house, where Mark had been tied up and fucked by Steve's lover Lloyd before Jamie's agonized eyes. Steve's methods sure were unusual, Jamie thought, wondering what the handsome doc had in store for him this time.

He was a bit nervous as he sat waiting in the outer office with the receptionist, but when the door to the inner office opened and Steve stood there, Jamie's apprehension dissolved, replaced by something quite different – a boner in his shorts. In spite of the smart business suit Steve wore, his muscular body was still evident under the white shirt and tie, and his handsome, sculpted features were lit up with a smile. He was one hot doctor.

"Hey there, Jamie. Come on in." Then to the receptionist. "And no calls or interruptions, Ruth." She smiled, familiar with the request. "Of course, doctor." She knew that Steve's methods were unorthodox and required total privacy.

Steve held the door open for Jamie who brushed past him, feeling for an instant the bulge of his chest under his shirt. His boner grew even harder. He sat in the big armchair in front of the desk and Steve sat behind the desk, lolling back in his chair and loosening his tie. He gazed at the hot young surfer, dressed casually in shorts and a pale blue T-shirt that hugged the contours of his perfectly built torso. Jamie wasn't the only one to have a hard-on.

"OK, Jamie, so how are you and Mark doing now?"

Jamie's eyes sparkled. "Everything's real great, sir better than it's ever been."

But Steve saw a blush come to his cheeks and sensed a residual shyness. "Jamie, I know what we did with Lloyd and Mark at my house must have been painful for you, but consider it part of your therapy. Apparently it worked, as it made your relationship with Mark stronger than ever. But today I want to concentrate on something else – your drug use at the beach.

Jamie winced. That was something he wanted to forget, and he blurted out, "Sir, that was a one-time thing – the first time I ever used drugs."

"I know that, Jamie, but we want to make absolutely sure it's the last. See, crystal meth is a very seductive drug – has a habit of staying in your subconscious memory, a bit like forbidden fruit. Once you taste it you'll always want another bite of the apple, or as the druggers say, just another bump. Now try to tell me what you remember most about being high that day."

Jamie wriggled uncomfortably, and said softly, "Feeling real sexy, sir."

"Exactly, Jamie. Crystal gives you a sense of sexual euphoria that heightens the lust for whoever you're with – in your case this Troy character, who I understand from Mark is no great beauty. But to you he seemed desirable and, high as you felt, you wanted him to fuck you. But I'll bet that neither one of you could get much of a hard-on. See, crystal excites the brain rather than the dick, and the brain is said to be the most powerful sexual organ in the body.

"So that's what we want to concentrate on today. Believe me, even though you are convinced you will never use the drug again, there will be times when, for example, you are feeling horny, maybe jerking off thinking about Mark. And suddenly your subconscious memory kicks in and you feel an urge to 'do another bump' of crystal. But if you did, you'd be jerking off for hours trying hopelessly to maintain an erection and reach orgasm.

So my objective today is to show you that crystal or any other drug is an inferior way of satisfying your sexual urges. It is no match for the real thing. See, sex itself is the drug, but it's not a bad thing to be hooked on if you keep it under control. Steve got up from behind his desk, walked round and pulled up chair facing Jamie. He sat down, their knees almost touching. He undid his tie and let it hang round his neck, and undid another button of his shirt. "Are you feeling comfortable, Jamie?" he asked.

"Very comfortable, thank you, sir," Jamie replied staring at the handsome face then down at the shirt, open far enough to reveal some chest hair and a glimpse of the white tank under the shirt. "Now I'm going to show you that pure sexual desire can be more potent than any drug. I just want you to look into my eyes, and don't look away." That was easy. Jamie was mesmerized as he stared into the beautiful, limpid blue eyes.

Steve rarely used hypnosis on his patients, though he considered it an effective therapy, but it was something similar to that that he used on Jamie now. His deep voice became soft, hypnotic as he said, "Tell me what you see, Jamie. Be free to tell me everything you are feeling."

Relaxing into a semi-trance Jamie said, "Sir, you are so gorgeous, sir – your eyes, your face. You are very sexy, sir, real hot, and you give me a hard-on in my shorts, sir."

"Good, very good, Jamie. Now follow my train of thought. First, cast your mind back to the beach and imagine how you felt when you made love to Troy." Jamie winced. "I felt warm and tingly from the crystal, sir, but...."

"But what, Jamie?"

Jamie sighed deeply. "But Troy was I mean I didn't really want to I mean he wasn't...."

"Wasn't Mark?"

“That’s it, sir,” Jamie smiled. “That’s exactly it. Thank you.”

“OK, Jamie, you’re doing very well. Now look deep into my eyes and tell me what you see this time.” Jamie was falling deeper into a trance as he said in a monotone, “I see you, sir and and my own reflection in your eyes. I see myself, sir and”

“And who’s that with you, Jamie?” Steve said seductively. Jamie furrowed his brow and then smiled. “It’s Mark, sir it’s me and Mark.”

“Good, good.” Steve’s voice lowered, became more hypnotic. “He’s in his uniform, Jamie, just come home from work. What does he do when he comes into the bedroom?”

“He makes me get naked sometimes even ties my wrists to the bed. Then he looks down at me and slowly unbuttons his shirt. I see his white T-shirt underneath and the bulge of his chest. My cock is raging hard as he pulls off his shirt. He looks so hot in his T-shirt, tucked into his pants at that slim waist of his, and he flexes his muscles. I know what he’s gonna do next.

“He reaches behind his head and pulls up on the T-shirt. It slides out of his pants, up over those perfect abs, over his chest, over his shoulders, up over his arms and there he is, stripped to the waist with that gorgeous body of his. I can see it all so clearly, sir. I pull at the ropes round my wrists wanting to touch him, and sometimes I even shoot my load right there just looking at him, he’s so beautiful.”

“Jamie,” came Steve’s mesmerizing voice. “I have some crystal in my desk. Would you like to do a bump and then beat off thinking of Mark?”

Jamie looked alarmed and said loudly, “No, sir, no! I just want Mark that’s all I want, and I want him to fuck me.”

“And does he?”

“Yes, sir – always. I can see him now standing there stripped down to his uniform pants and those sexy black motorcycle boots. He flexes his gorgeous abs, just above the big leather belt round his tight, tight waist. He’s driving me crazy, and then he yanks his pants open and pulls out his huge cock, holding it in the palm of his hand.

“You like Mark’s cock, don’t you, Jamie? What does he do with it?”

“I can see it all, sir. He licks the palm of his hand and runs it up and down his shaft. He kneels between my legs and I pull them back, waiting to feel the head of his cock pressing against my hole. He leans forward, grabs my bound wrists in his fists, and presses them down on the bed. I’m trapped beneath him. I can feel the heat of his body leaning so close to mine. I smell it, taste the sweat dripping from him onto my face.”

Jamie's voice became louder and he gripped the arms of the chair and squirmed as if tied to it. "Then I hear his deep voice 'I love you, Jamie. You're my boy' and and"

"And what Jamie tell me."

"...and suddenly Mark pushes his cock deep, deep into my ass, then pulls back and plunges in again. I stare at him I feel his rod in my ass I'm his boy! I scream and my cock explodes and my jism shoots all over his chest and I cum again and again.....aaagh!"

Jamie's head flew backwards, he stared wildly at Steve and shot a massive load of cum into his shorts. His breath heaving, heart beating wildly he gazed into Steve's smiling blue eyes Then he slumped in the chair and his head dropped forward onto his chest exhausted.

The doctor leaned forward, cupped Jamie's chin and gently raised his head until their eyes met. Steve smiled and said, "So, Jamie, how did that compare with a crystal high?"

"It was awesome, sir. It was real the drug thing never felt real somehow. Just the thought of Mark always makes me high." He frowned. "Still"

"I know what you're thinking, Jamie. It always works with Mark. Hell, the mere image of him beats any drug hands down. But what about other guys? If you ever had sex with any of the other guys in the house, would you be tempted to boost the experience with a hit of something? OK, we can test that out too." He turned Jamie's swivel chair so he was facing the far wall.

"You see over there, Jamie? The dumbbells and the chin bar? Sometimes my days are long and stressful and I find it helpful to exercise if ever I have half an hour between patients, or a patient cancels." Steve's voice again took on the deep, mesmerizing tone he had used before. "So stay seated, Jamie, relax and leave everything to me." Steve stood up, walked round and sat behind his desk, straightening up the jumble of papers and files.

Jamie gazed at the stunning doctor in his elegant beige suit, tie hanging loose round his neck, top two buttons of his shirt open. But what was he doing going back to work? He saw Steve lean back in his chair, yawn and stretch his arms up high. Then he stood up, took off his jacket and draped it round the back of his chair. He rolled up the sleeves of his shirt to the elbows and walked to the other side of the office. Jamie swiveled in his chair, keeping his eyes fixed on the gorgeous doctor, his muscular torso and white tank clearly etched under his shirt.

Over by the weights Steve stretched again and undid a few more buttons of his shirt, which fell open to reveal the thin cotton of his tank pulled tight over his chest. Jamie was falling back into the semi-trance Steve had induced in him earlier and he stared intensely at him, aware of nothing else in the room but the glorious image of the doctor.

Suddenly Steve dropped to the floor and began a series of push-ups. Even the view of Steve's back was a turn-on, muscles straining under the shirt, his flared lats flexing, tapering down to the elegant brown leather belt round his slim waist, the mounds of his perfect ass tight under the beige fabric of his suit pants. In his trance Jamie unthinkingly unbuttoned his shorts, pulled out his cock and began stroking it.

Steve soon sprang to his feet, pulled off his shirt and stood breathing heavily, his torso bulging under his white cotton tank. He picked up the dumbbells and did several sets of heavy bicep curls, until sweat starting oozing through his tank that clung, wet and nearly transparent, to his heaving chest. Jamie gazed spellbound at the muscle god as he pulled off the wet tank and admired himself in a mirror, stripped to the waist, the brown belt of his beige slacks low round his narrow waist, a white strip of his undershorts showing above the belt.

He flexed his muscles and smiled at Jamie. "Look good to you, kid?"

Jamie spoke in a trance. "It looks awesome sir so beautiful."

"Yeah, well you wanna do a line of crystal? That would make it look even better. I'll get it out of my desk."

"No, sir, no please. Don't stop, sir. Nothing could make it look better than it does now."

With a smile of satisfaction Steve turned back to the mirror, then looked up at the chin bar. He jumped up, grabbed it in a wide grip and proceeded to pull himself up in a series of chin lifts. Jamie gasped this was better than being stoned way better He beat his cock faster as he stared at the handsome, muscular doctor, his body straining with effort as he pulled up on the bar and lowered himself. His broad shoulders grew hard as rocks, his biceps bulged, his pecs flexed hard and his lats flared. His V-shaped torso narrowed down past his eight-pack abs to his waist that disappeared into the white strip of his shorts at the belt of his slacks.

Jamie gasped, "Sir, that is so hot. It's such a huge turn-on that my cock's it's so hard, sir. I can't hold back, sir."

"No need to hold back, Jamie," Steve panted. "Do what you need to do."

"OK, sir here it comes, sir I aaagh!" Steve hung from the bar and watched as Jamie pumped his cock, threw his head back and sprayed a long plume of cum out over the floor. He kept his gazed fixed on the shirtless doctor and came again, his body shuddering, his heart beating wildly.

Steve dropped to the floor, went into the bathroom and came back with a long, thick towel that he used to dry his face, his chest and back. He pulled a clean shirt from a drawer, pulled it on and let it hang open. He sat opposite Jamie again and used the towel to dry Jamie off as much

as possible, then pushed the boy's cock back inside his shorts and buttoned them up. He rested his hands on Jamie's knees, leaned forward and smiled into his eyes."

"You were great, Jamie. A very good session. I told you I would show you there are a lot better ways of having sex than getting a sexual high on crystal. Of course, you proved that you're addicted to Mark by the way you talked about him – and believed me, there are a lot worse addictions than that. And even with me, just looking at me make you shoot another load so soon after. And in both cases I tempted you by saying it would be better with a bump of crystal, but you refused it right away."

"It would have ruined it, sir. I loved the sex the way it was. It was real spectacular. Drugs would have got in the way and turned it into a whole different thing – kinda fake. Thank you for showing me that, sir. When I think of that day on the beach I feel more stupid than ever."

"Good. But remember what I warned you of, Jamie, how the memory of your drug high could resurface when you least expect it – like a flashback. And if ever it does, Jamie, it's essential that you call me right away. I'll give you my private cell number, and I'll always answer."

"Thank you, sir." He blushed. "Today was great.... I mean you are so I wish...."

"Hey, hey, kiddo," Steve laughed. "I guess, like all good hypnotists, I should snap my fingers and bring you out of your trance, and you'll remember that your master is, as they say, the most beautiful cop ever to straddle a Harley. And you're the boy he loves." Steve stood up and buttoned up his shirt. "I reckon Mark will be home from work soon and I know who he'll want to find naked on the bed, waiting to get fucked."

It was, indeed, as if Jamie snapped back to reality and he stood up and smoothed his shorts. "You're right, sir. I gotta go. Thank you for everything, sir." After a quick hug he ran to the door and just as he was leaving Steve said, "Hey, Jamie, give my best to Mark and" he ran his eyes over the gorgeous young surfer "and tell him from me he's a real lucky guy."

When Jamie got home the house was surprisingly quiet, a complete contrast to the rowdy scene he had left when Pablo, Darius and Nate were packing up the trucks for their trip up to the lake with their masters. They had finally left and as Jamie walked in he was greeted by a hug from Ben. Over time Ben had developed a warm affection for Jamie, both for his own laid-back nature and the fact that he was the boy of the beautiful cop, Mark.

"Hey dude," Ben said, "you don't look any the worse for your session with Doctor Steve. Huh, if it's anything like the time I had with that muscle-stud you're feeling pretty damn good right now."

"It was awesome, dude. I'll spill all the beans, as Darius would say. But how are you? Not feeling too bad about Randy going off with Pablo?"

“Nah, I’m pleased, actually. I dunno, Pablo was going through one of his macho phases. You know, that ‘I’m-senior-boy-and-you’re-not’ kind of thing. I was getting a bit sick of it – needed some time apart. Anyway, Bob wants a meeting with the boys who are still here. Come on.”

Bob was at the table by the pool with the twins and Eddie and, as Ben and Jamie joined them, Bob gave Jamie a dazzling smile. “Hey there, surfer boy, no need to ask if your therapy with Steve went well. It’s written all over you.” Jamie smiled and blushed. “OK, guys,” Bob said, “Mark will be home from work soon, but now that Randy and the others have left I wanted a quick word with you. First of all I don’t want you to feel bad about not going to the lake and being left here with only Mark and myself for company.”

There were loud protests all round. It was a thrill to be “left here” with Bob, whose kindness matched his stunning beauty, and with Mark, the cop they all loved and admired, and who they knew was in love with Bob. “OK, OK,” grinned Bob, quieting them down. “Now Eddie, with Nate gone you’ll need help keeping the house clean, so what if I ask Ben here to give you a hand?”

Eddie’s eyes glowed as he glanced at Randy’s hot young brother. “Yes please, sir. That is if Ben doesn’t mind...”

“I think it’ll be kinda cool, kiddo,” Ben grinned, putting his arm over Eddie’s shoulder. He liked this young kid ... felt protective toward him and Eddie admired the boy who shared his big brother’s dark, handsome gypsy looks.

“Good,” Bob said. “You know guys, I think we’re gonna have a great time here together. And it’ll sure be more peaceful than the group at the lake.” He smiled. “I think you all caught the uneasy undercurrents flowing there. Think those guys have a few things to work out between them. In the meantime, Jamie, Mark will be home any minute. Shouldn’t you be upstairs getting ready for him?”

“Yes, sir,” Jamie grinned and ran to the house, to cheers and wolf-whistles from the boys.

Bob was right about trouble brewing amongst the other group. Randy and Pablo had left first, with the rowboat and fishing tackle loaded in the back of Randy’s big truck. Darius and Nate were left to pack all the rest of the gear in Zack’s truck in which they and Adam were to ride together. So Randy and Pablo led the way, as befitted the boss and his boy, the two thought.

And that was the problem. The atmosphere in the lead truck could best be described as smug. They were satisfied with themselves – boss-senior and boss-junior – with the dog Billy sitting proudly between them as if he even he felt his status of head dog (albeit the *only* dog.) Randy had largely stayed aloof from the fray during the Mark/Jamie mess and left Bob to offer support and guidance. Hell, Randy thought, the cop was in love with Bob wasn’t he? Let Bob handle it.

Pablo was feeling equally full of himself, now that he alone among the boys had a boy of his own the boss's very own young brother Ben. In truth, Pablo and Ben had become more buddies than master and boy, thought it boosted Pablo's ego to think of himself as a junior master and Ben as his boy. He grinned at Randy. "Can you see them following us, sir?"

"Nah, Zack's truck is no match for this one. We'll be there way before them – out fishing on the lake while they're unpacking all the gear and food." He gunned the truck faster along the curving road climbing into the Angeles National Forest.

It might have surprised Randy and Pablo that the guys in Zack's truck were in no mood to play domestic help at the beck and call of "the boss" and "the boss's boy." Far from it they were plotting. The light-hearted banter among Zack, Adam, Darius and Nate was all about how they would deal with inflated egos. "OK, guys," Zack said finally, "so we're agreed. We gotta give those guys a shove so they take a header off their high horse. So here's the plan..."

They were all up for an afternoon's sport at the expense of Randy and Pablo, though Zack emphasized, "Nobody gets hurt though. This is just to show them what we think of them, so no pain." He grinned maliciously. "Well not much anyway....."

They finally bumped over the almost hidden dirt track and parked just behind the small beach at the lake. This was the secret place Randy had known of and had taken Bob there early in their relationship to sort out their complex feelings in various intense sexual encounters. When Zack, Adam and the boys got out of the truck they found what Randy had predicted. The row-boat was out in the middle of the lake with Randy and Pablo lounging in it, languidly fishing.

"Huh," Darius huffed, "looks like we're the houseboys, left to unload all the gear and the food."

"Now we gotta play this cool," Adam said. "It's what's called passive-aggressive" he grinned "... until it becomes aggressive." So they did what Randy had expected them to do and the gear was neatly spread along the back of the beach, and food and drink was ready by the time the boat came slowly to shore. Randy and Pablo leapt out, heaved the boat up the beach and stood together grinning – gloating, as the guys saw it.

"Good job, guys," Randy said condescendingly. "OK, let's eat." They all threw off their clothes, sat crossed legged in the sand and reached for the chicken legs and beer. But it wasn't the jovial group that it usually was on such party occasions as this. Randy and Pablo pretty much kept to themselves as if they were sharing some private joke. The others kept glancing at each other waiting for their cue from Zack.

Becoming aware of the unusual silence, Randy noticed the meaningful looks that passed between Zack and Adam. But he misinterpreted them, assuming that Zack and Adam were

winding up for one of their bondage sessions, where the black leather stud tied up the Aussie and worked him over. It was common knowledge that the two of them indulged in an S&M session once in a while, and this seemed a good time and place for it.

So Randy was not surprised when Zack stood up and growled at Adam, "You ready, man?" Adam jumped smartly to his feet and said, "Yes, sir." He followed Zack obediently to the trees behind the beach. As they were about to enter the forest Zack turned and said to Randy, "Hey, man you wanna join us this time? You're good at his kind of stuff."

Randy smiled smugly. "Sure, man. I always knew you'd need my help with the Aussie one day. Takes a real man to work over a stud like that." As Randy got up Zack snuck a secret grin at Adam and rolled his eyes. Zack grabbed from his truck several lengths of rope and a wide, black leather collar, and Randy smiled, recognizing the instruments of bondage.

As they disappeared Pablo stood up to follow them but Darius said, "Sit, down, dude," and pulled him back down on the sand. Pablo flared up. "You don't tell me to sit down, asshole. I'm Randy's boy – I go everywhere with him."

"Not his time, dude," said Nate. "I know Adam, and this is strictly between the men."

"Fuck you, guys," Pablo pouted but knew they were right. He rolled over, ready for a nap.

Before they had left, the three shirtless men had pulled on jeans and boots as they would be going through some heavy brush, headed for the clearing in the forest they were all familiar with where Randy had tied up Bob so long ago. When they arrived Adam stood obediently under a tree, his head bowed, while Randy helped Zack prepare the ropes, attaching two long ropes to rings on opposite sides of the collar.

Zack raised Adam's head up by the chin and said, "You ready, big guy?" "Yes, sir," Adam replied, though Randy couldn't see the quick smiles that passed between them. He had his back to them, looking for a suitable tree for their task. Then it all happened in an instant. He felt the touch of cold leather as the slave collar was quickly padlocked round his neck. Suddenly he found himself a prisoner as the long ropes were held taught by Zack and Adam, who tied the ends to trees on opposite sides of the small clearing.

"What the fuck?" Randy yelled. Taking the advantage of surprise they ran forward and each grabbed one of Randy's flailing arms, using all their strength to pull them behind the prisoner's back and tie the wrists. They pulled his arms up high behind his back and tied the end of the rope to the collar, making his solid shoulders and chest bulge. Roped by the neck, his arms stretched up behind him, Randy became like a wild stallion – his magnificent body rearing, bucking, thrashing in a frenzied attempt to break free.

“Mother-fuckers!” he yelled. “What the fuck are you doing?” You’re making a big mistake, assholes. I’m the boss around here and I’ll fucking kill you when I get free.” His body writhing in frustration he screamed at Zack, “You, dickhead, you’re fucking fired, as of right now. And you, Aussie prick, I’m gonna throw you and your boy out of that house so damn fast your head’ll spin. I’m the boss around here and I’m ordering you to cut me loose right now!”

“Not a chance,” Zack grinned, his arms folded across his massive chest, standing clear of the flailing legs. “You can’t fire me, man I’m a partner in the firm, remember? You try to break that and I think Bob and Mark would have something to say.”

“As for me,” Adam said, “me and my boy have a lease on that house, signed by Bob. You really think he’s ready to evict us?”

They were right. Randy was helpless, all tied up by ropes and by logic. “Fuck, you!” he screamed in frustration. “Why are you doing this, you fucking assholes? You’re nothing around here, and I’m the boss.”

Zack shook his head. “Listen to yourself, Randy. If you could only hear yourself as we’ve all heard you lately. You and that boy of yours seem to have gone on some superiority jag, arrogant, swaggering around like your own shit don’t stink. Well here’s the scoop on that, man. All the men in this group are equal, even though you’ve lately been treating us like shit even Bob, that gorgeous guy who worships you.

“And you’ve trained your kid to think the same, with all that ‘senior boy’ crap. Well the boys are all equal too, even young Eddie who still calls Pablo ‘sir’. We’re just a bunch of men and their boys, Randy. Nobody is *‘nothing around here’*, as you insultingly claim – and nobody, even you, is the lord and master.”

Randy’s tortured gyrations died down, as if the stallion had exhausted himself and now pawed the ground, wild eyed, chest heaving, steam blowing from his nostrils. At first Randy had flat out rejected Zack’s accusations, but now he began to glimpse a grain of truth in them. Worse was Zack’s mention of Bob. Did Bob share their opinion of him? Had he been arrogant even with him? Jesus, what would Bob have thought if he really had insisted that Zack be fired and Adam evicted? Shit, that was a stupid-ass thing to say. But Randy was tough and prepared to accept whatever these guys threw at him next.

Just then came the sound of voices, and bodies crashing through the undergrowth. The loudest voice was unmistakable – Pablo’s – screaming obscenities and threats. The men watched as the three boys broke into the clearing, with Pablo in exactly the same bound predicament as Randy.

While Pablo had slept, Darius and Nate had slipped a collar round his neck and tied his wrists behind him, jerking him awake. Before he could fully gather his wits Pablo was pulled to his feet and held helpless by the two long ropes clipped to the collar. And that’s how they had

pulled, half-dragged Pablo through the brush to the clearing, all naked except for the boots they had managed to pull on.

Pablo's muscular body was scratched and smeared with dirt, but Nate and Darius were having trouble holding onto the ropes as the tough young stud yanked against them. So Adam and Zack quickly helped them attach the ropes to trees on opposite sides of the clearing, just as they had with Randy, facing his boy now a few yards apart like mirror images. But Pablo was so incensed that it barely registered that Randy was as much as prisoner as he was.

"You mother-fuckers," he yelled, a repetition of his master's words. "I'll beat the shit out of you when I get free. You know I can take you both on and whip your asses in a hot minute. Get 'em, Billy attack!" Billy had followed them, enjoying, as he always did, any rough-housing between the boys. Now he ran around barking wildly – not with anger, though, but excitement. This was fun. Soon he flopped down at a distance and watched, his tail wagging furiously.

Ignored even by his dog, Pablo's frustration peaked and he yelled, "Darius, we're through, you asshole, and you" (to Nate) "I never wanna see your smart-ass Aussie face again." He looked wildly at Randy. "Sir, tell them to let me go. Tell them who I am – the boss's boy. Tell them they can't do this to me. Order them to"

"Shut up, boy," Randy growled and Pablo's voice died as he gazed at his master in shock. Randy had heard his own words coming out of Pablo's mouth and was embarrassed by them. "Listen to yourself, boy. You're talking pig-headed fucking bullshit. And that's why the boys are doing this to you."

"He's right, dude," said Darius calmly. "Man, I love you but you've become real uppity lately with all this senior-boy crap. You and me used to be buddies, equals, but now you're Ben's so-called master you've become a royal pain in the ass. So Zack and Adam said we could do to you what they're doing to Randy. Kinda knocking you off that pedestal you've climbed onto."

"OK, guys, enough speeches," Zack said. "Let's get down to business." He picked up another length of rope he had brought from the truck and pulled from his pocket two sets of tit clamps, chained together in pairs. Zack attached one pair to Randy's nipples and Adam used the other pair on Pablo. They tied an end of the rope to each of the chains and tightened it. Tied together, Randy and Pablo groaned and pushed their chests forward to ease the pressure of the clamps pulling on their nipples. The clamps did not bite hard but the pain increased if one of them pulled back, stretching the rope.

"Hey that's hot, dude." Darius nudged Nate as they both stared at master and boy, the slave collars round their necks held taught by ropes stretched sideways to the trees, and their chests tied together by the tit clamps. They were at each other's mercy, trusting each other not to relax and pull back. It was not so much pain as humiliation that both men felt.

Humiliation was the whole point and Zack rubbed it in. “So here we are,” he gloated, “the big boss and the boss’s boy tied up and helpless. You don’t look so full of yourselves now – no swaggering around like leaders of the pack. Maybe this’ll bring you down to the level of mere mortals like us. ‘Course, we could whip you both but our aim is humiliation not physical pain – well not too much pain. We don’t want bruised bodies, but bruised egos. And the best way to humiliate a macho guy and his stud boy is – you guessed it – to tie them up and fuck them.

“So who goes first? Darius, I think the biggest guy should take the biggest cock, and your ten inches sure qualify. And I’ll give the master the humiliation of watching his boy get fucked by my big black club.” Randy took a breath to speak but thought better of it and clenched his jaw stoically, preparing to ride it out.

Not so Pablo. “No!” he yelled. “They can’t do this, sir. You’re the boss they can’t do this to your boy. Tell them....” Pablo yanked at his arms stretched high up his back but as he did so his body jerked back and pulled the rope between him and Randy tight, sending sparks of pain through their nipples.

“Shut the fuck up, boy,” Randy yelled. “You’re squealing like a girl. Accept it, we’re prisoners and we’re gonna get our asses fucked. So take it like a man.”

Pablo blushed crimson, stung by the force of his master’s reproach. He saw Randy’s blue eyes pierce him like lasers and he knew suddenly that Randy was submitting to this willingly. And now Pablo understood why. Randy was a real man, big enough to accept the accusations made by the guys that they had been on a high-and-mighty ego trip. And Randy was accepting his punishment like a real man. For the rest of the ordeal Pablo did not take his eyes off his master’s, absorbing from them his strength and stoicism.

Nothing more was said as Darius walked behind Randy, and Zack stood behind Pablo. Darius reached round, yanked open Randy’s jeans and pushed them down to pool over his boots. He was amazed to see Randy’s long, thick cock spring out hard as a rock. Pablo was already butt naked, and Zack pulled his rigid cock from his black jeans. From then on Darius took his cues from Zack. They spat in their hands and rubbed the spit over the assholes of their prisoners, pushing their fingers inside. And finally the moment had come.

They both pressed the heads of their cocks against the holes and Zack gave the word. “OK, Darius now!” There were no screams at first, just sharp intakes of breath as Randy and Pablo felt the big black cocks sliding inside them. Pablo was used to getting fucked by Darius’s huge cock so Zack’s was not so big a challenge. It was tougher for Randy. The ultimate top man he rarely got fucked and certainly not by anything as massive as Darius’s long ten inches. His body stiffened but he maintained laser-like eye contact with Pablo.

But as the cocks pulled back, then began to piston inside them it was not so much the pain in their asses that made them groan. It was the fiery sting in their nipples every time they jerked

as hips slammed forward against their asses and the chain of the clamps pulled tight. As the pounding intensified they tensed their bodies, trying not to move as they got savagely fucked.

It was now that Randy's powerful mastery over his boy became absolute as he stared into his eyes, projecting the strength Pablo needed to withstand the pain in his ass and his tits, and the even worse indignity of seeing his master get fucked before him, wearing a slave collar. Randy was tough enough to withstand any pain or degradation but he knew that his boy had limits as he watched his eyes falter.

Zack was aware of this too and, after both asses had taken a fierce hammering, he looked at Randy and said, "You know how you can stop this, man. I know you would never submit from getting ass-fucked, but look at your boy, man. You know I could rip his ass and I know you don't want that. So I wanna break that arrogance, see that pride of yours humbled as you submit to me. It's up to you man. You save your pride or you save your boy."

Randy knew he was beaten. He could take whatever they threw at him but he saw Pablo's face grimacing as tears spurted from his eyes. "OK, man, you win. Ease up on my boy. You want me to beg, don't you? OK, I'm begging I give up I submit, sir."

Zack caught Darius's eye and nodded to him. Hearing the gypsy boss beg and submit to Zack while Darius fucked him was a huge turn-on for the boy and he howled, "I'm cumming, sir I'm cumming! Aaagh!" Zack grinned. "Right there with you, boy oh yeah!" With that jubilant shout of triumph ringing in their ears Randy and Pablo felt semen pouring into their asses from the two huge black cocks. Master and boy had been degraded, bound and fucked in the humiliating collapse of their once overweening pride."

"Hey guys," Adam shouted. "You gonna let the Aussies get a piece of the action here?" Zack was wiping off his cock and he grinned, "Sure, stud, go for it you and your boy."

The tension lifted somewhat as Adam and Nate, smiling broadly, stepped forward and removed the tit clamps from the captives' chests. Adam threw the clamps to the ground but not the rope that had connected them. "This is a little trick we use a lot Down-Under," he said. "'I'm sure you guys are familiar with it. Here, Nate, grab his balls." Nate put his hand round both Randy's balls and pulled them gently while Adam tied the rope round the base of the scrotum. The balls bulged under the pressure of the tight rope. With the other end of the rope they did the same thing with Pablo, so this time master and boy were tied together not by their nipples but by their balls.

"OK, mate," Adam said to Nate. "You take the big guy and I'll see to his boy." So that's what it was to be. Randy would be fucked by the houseboy while he watched Pablo's ass get taken by the tall, muscular Aussie. Again he gazed penetratingly at his boy, but this time there was a glimmer of a smile in his eyes. This time it was not tortured tits but tortured balls. But rather

than the pain they had felt in their nipples, the feeling in their balls was more erotic as the rope tightened between them.

“OK, mate, you ready?” Adam said. “No need for lubricant this time these cum-lick asses are already primed.” And for the second time the two captives felt a cock easing into their asses. But this time was more pleasure than pain. Adam was much less forceful than Zack had been and Pablo arched his hips forward to relieve the pressure on his balls and Randy’s. For Randy, Nate’s cock was a cinch after Darius’s monster, though he still felt the indignity of being publicly fucked by the houseboy. Nate, though, was awestruck by the unaccustomed sensation of being inside the ass of the big boss.

As the fuck went on and on, the only pain was when Randy or Pablo relaxed, the rope between them tightened and they gasped as pain shot through their balls. But mostly they pushed their hips forward, making their abs and their asses flex with the strain. It was a spectacular sight, the big, muscular gypsy boss, tied by a leather collar, his body arched, his balls roped to his boy’s, similarly bound a few feet away. This was one for the archives, Darius thought. One thing he was never without was his camera, and now he had it trained on the awesome display.

“Alright,” Adam said at last. “This time I don’t want to hear a submission I want to see it. I think you know what that means, and that’s one reason we tied your balls. So go for it, guys. Randy, you’re getting your ass ploughed by the houseboy and I want you to thank him in the time-honored way. Your boy has to do the same while I pound his ass.

Randy and Pablo’s cocks had been hard for a long time, and as the Aussie cocks hammered their asses they were both close. Randy knew how to end it. He stopped arching his back, pulling back so the rope tightened between their balls, sending jolts of erotic pain through them. He jerked back again and again, tugging at Pablo’s balls. Their balls were being stretched, their stiff cocks bouncing, with a sensation of pain and euphoria. Randy grinned at his boy. “Come on, kid. Let’s do it. Let’s show them what we’re made of. Make me proud of you kid.”

Pablo gazed in awe at his master. The boy had been fucked by two cocks but finally it was his master, bound as he was, who was making him cum, insistently tugging at his balls. His cock throbbing, Pablo yelled, “Thank you sir you’re making me shoot my Aaagh!”

Darius had trouble holding his camera steady on the spectacular climax of the event. Master and boy were bound tight by the ropes on their slave collars, arms stretched up behind their backs, making their chests and shoulders bulge with the strain. Their balls were stretched by the rope between them and “aaagh!” their shuddering cocks erupted with great plumes of semen that arced high into the air, hung there, then splashed back down onto their tortured bodies.

Adam and Nate howled as they came inside their asses, then pulled out and joined the cheers and applause coming from Zack and Darius. Randy grinned triumphantly at his boy who smiled back in awestruck admiration, a feeling shared by all the guys there.

Sure Randy had been taught a lesson, his arrogance deflated. He had been ass-fucked, degraded and forced to submit. But now as they looked at him – jubilant, magnificent – they realized that it wasn't swagger and conceit that made a boss. It was something bred in the bone, a virility, a strength that made him universally recognized as a master. Randy was man enough to admit error, to take his punishment and still emerge triumphant. No doubt about it. Randy was the boss, and Pablo was the boss's boy.

Half an hour later the men and boys were sprawled on the beach, sipping beer almost as if nothing had happened. When Randy punished a man and it was over it was over. That was the end of the story. And it was true in reverse too. Whatever Randy and his boy had been subjected to it was all finished, no hard feelings. They had been shown the error of their ways, had paid the price, shaken hands, and now settled in for a good time with their buddies.

Darius actually set the tone by treating the whole experience as an erotic spectacular, one for the books, and he couldn't wait to regale the guys at home with all the details, exaggerations and all. "It's gonna blow their minds," he enthused, wide-eyed, "make up for the dull old time they've been having while we're away.

But he was wrong there. Actually, the guys left at home wouldn't have minded having "a dull old time" if it meant some peace and quiet where they could simply enjoy each other's company. Bob and Mark, of course, loved spending time together, and the boys – Jamie, Ben, Eddie and the twins – loved being with them.

But the boys couldn't know that Bob had plans for them. From the privacy of his room he called Mark at work. "Don't want to interrupt, buddy, is this a good time? Great, it's just that I wanted to run by you an idea I've had. I already called Hassan and Jason and they're on board, so here's what I had in mind. Mark chuckled as he heard the details. Sounds terrific, buddy. And you're sure you want Hassan, Jason and me in full uniform?

"Yeah," Bob laughed, "that's the whole idea. The cop, the Marine, the fireman and the businessman with five young bucks to service them. That's a fantasy you don't come across every day of the week. Let's see what the boys make of that.

#

Chapter 178 – Bob & Ben – The Twins & The Marine

Bob wouldn't be putting his plan into effect until the following day, a Saturday, when they would all be off work. Right now the twins were in the kitchen preparing dinner and, as Bob had suggested, Ben was working with Eddie, substituting for Nate as houseboy.

Eddie looked up to Ben, as Randy's tough young brother, and instinctively called him 'sir'. However, at the moment Eddie was relishing his role as expert and mentor as he showed Ben around the house and explained the houseboy's chores and responsibilities. This was Eddie's territory and Ben smiled indulgently as he watched the young kid enthusiastically take charge.

"So that's pretty much it, sir," Eddie said. "Actually, with Randy, Pablo and Darius all away, and Adam and Nate gone from next door, it's a pretty light load right now. So why don't you tidy up Randy and Bob's room and I'll see to the rest?" He touched Ben's arm and said conspiratorially, "But I gotta say one thing, something that Nate taught me. Going into everyone's room the way we do, we sometimes see things – kinda private things – that we have to keep quiet about. "Discreet' is the word Nate used. We have to be discreet."

"Sure, I get it," Ben grinned, though his curiosity was tweaked by the ideas Eddie had stirred in him, thoughts that were still rattling round in his head as he walked upstairs to the master suite shared by Randy and Bob. As he walked into their living room the concept became reality as he looked around and saw the men's clothes scattered around. He picked up Bob's suit jacket and pants folded over a chair-back and put them on a hanger and into the closet. He ran his hand over the fine fabric of the suit, imagining it stretched over Bob's muscular body, then picked up the discarded tie and saw in his mind Bob's beautiful, square-jawed face.

He had often seen Bob come home from his work at the big corporation where he was an executive, elegantly dressed in his expensive suit, and Ben always got a hard-on just looking at him, he was so fucking gorgeous. Randy had said Bob was a Senior Vice-President of the firm, and Ben smiled to himself as he imagined the stunning boss walking through the office, with all of the staff, male or female, fantasizing about getting fucked by him. Ben sure would.

He caught sight of Bob's white dress-shirt thrown over another chair and picked it up. Was it clean or dirty, he thought? To make sure he pulled it open to the inside of the armpit, raised it to his face and breathed in deeply. The smell of Bob's dried sweat made Ben's cock jump in his shorts. It was dirty alright – must have been worn all day.

Ben remembered the time Bob had picked him up from Steve's office on his way home from work. Sitting beside him in the sleek Mercedes, Ben had been aware of the sweat stains making the shirt cling to Bob's chest under his jacket. It was all he could do to stop himself leaning down, pulling open Bob's suit pants and sucking his cock.

He shook his head, roused himself from his fantasies and took the shirt through to the laundry basket in the bedroom. And it was here that his imagination really took flight. The bed sheets were rumpled from the previous night when Randy and Bob had slept together and no doubt made love. Ben bent down and pressed his face against the sheets. Sure enough he smelled the unmistakable pungency of semen – a lot of it. He licked the sheet, trying to taste the juice that must have poured out of the two muscle-studs.

But again he shook his head and realized he had to pull himself together. He stood up, intent on throwing all the dirty clothes and sheets into the laundry. But it was a losing battle. Looking down at the bed again he saw two tank tops the white fine-cotton one Bob had worn under his dress-shirt, and the ragged, crumpled gray one Randy always wore on the construction site, streaked with grease and sweat. And that wasn't all. As Ben reflexively held Randy's tank to his nose he smelled cum on it too. He got a sharp picture of Randy's triumphant grin as he used the tank to wipe from his chest and face the cum that Bob had spurted over it.

"Shit damn," he groaned and had to stop himself busting his load, feeling instead the pre-cum oozing into his undershorts. From then on Ben was lost. He laid out the two tanks side by side on the bed. From the floor he picked up Bob's white boxers and placed them just below the white tank. Then he grabbed Randy's cum-stained jock strap and put it below the ragged grey tank. Side by side the underwear represented the striking difference between these gorgeous lovers – the handsome, elegant business executive – and the rough, macho construction worker with the dark gypsy looks.

His imagination in overdrive Ben walked round the bed and then saw something that made him catch his breath. Ropes! – tied round the posts at the head of the bed. Obviously one of the guys was tied to the bed while he got his ass fucked. That had to be Bob, submitting to the animal magnetism of the master. Ben saw clearly the handsome business executive gazing up at the construction worker, begging him to fuck his ass.

In a daze Ben dropped his shorts and gazed at the ropes, then at the clothes laid out on the bed. He stroked his cock, but stopped immediately as he knew he was close to shooting a load. He couldn't help himself. He threw himself face down on the bed on top of the dirty underwear. He pulled from beneath him Randy's filthy jock and stuffed it into his mouth. His saliva made it wet and, as he clenched his jaws again and again, he tasted the juices oozing from the jock, the bitter taste of man-sweat and semen.

In a wild frenzy of lust Ben reached upward and grabbed the ropes hanging on the bed-posts. He pulled himself up so his cock was rubbing against the two tank-tops. As he tasted, smelled the sexual juices of his big brother he *became* him, hallucinating that he was the construction worker fucking the businessman whose underwear was rumped beneath him. Holding onto the ropes he was rubbing his body against the sheets, grinding against the clothes, fucking the man, hearing him beg. In his mind he heard the executive plead, "Fuck me, sir, please fuck my ass. I want your dick inside my ass so bad. I'm tied up helpless. Please, sir fuck me"

"OK, stud," Ben moaned out loud. "God, you look gorgeous, that hot, naked body roped to the bed, your master pounding your ass. Here it comes, man. I'm cumming inside you aaagh!" Ben felt warm liquid explode from his cock between him and the bed, pouring all over the men's underwear beneath him. His heart was pounding, breath heaving as he kept cumming, until finally he was spent and the vision of Bob getting fucked faded from his mind.

“Well done, Ben that looked real hot, boy.” Ben’s eyes shot open in alarm and he rolled over to see Bob, standing in the doorway smiling broadly. In a panic he leapt off the bed and unthinkingly grabbed both tank tops from the bed and wiped the cum from his chest and the sweat from his face. That made Bob laugh. “Jeez, Ben, you do take after your brother. That’s exactly what Randy does after he’s fucked me and I cum all over him.”

Ben started to gush incoherently. “Sir, I I didn’t mean I mean I’m sorry, sir. I was just well, like you saw, sir but after what Eddie told me about

“I know, I know,” Bob smiled, “that discretion thing. Well we can still be discreet if neither of us blabs. I certainly won’t. And I’m sure I can rely on your discretion too, Ben.”

Ben couldn’t believe Bob’s reaction amusement more than anything else. He was trying to think of something to say when Bob said, “Sorry to interrupt your work, Ben. I was upstairs in the office with Jamie and came down to get a file we needed. Here it is. OK, carry on cleaning the room, Ben.” He walked toward the door, then turned round and said, “Oh, by the way. Those two tank tops you just wiped yourself with – don’t throw them in the laundry. Just push them under the bed for now. I might need them later.”

He went out of the room, leaving Ben gaping behind him. But he did as he was told and stuffed the shirts under the bed.

His mind still reeling Ben finished off the bedroom, changing the sheets on the bed and throwing the dirty stuff into the laundry hamper – all except the tank tops, of course. He looked at the pristine bed and imagined Bob pulling back the sheets later and climbing into it naked. He shook his head. “Gotta get out of fantasyland,” he said to himself. Downstairs he ran into Eddie and didn’t say a thing, of course, though Eddie looked at the flush on his face and guessed something had happened.

“Everything go OK up there?” Eddie asked. Startled, Ben stammered, “Sure, of course. Bedroom looks great clean bed and all ready for Bob to

His blush deepened. Still not entirely convinced Eddie said, “OK, maybe we should go and help the twins serve dinner. In the kitchen the twins also noticed the flush in Ben’s cheeks and grinned at each other. After all this time, being close to Bob and all, they had developed an intuition about what went on in the house and guessed that Ben’s first stint as houseboy had involved more than just sweeping floors.

Dinner, served at the outdoor table by the pool, was not the usual rambunctious affair. It was surprising what a difference it made not having Pablo and Darius there, showing off to Randy and Zack. Adam and Nate were absent too, and the remaining two men and five boys enjoyed the calm of the evening, with the setting sun turning the sky crimson. With this soft radiance

bathing their faces, everyone looked more handsome than ever, and they all felt a sense of privilege being in a group of such beautiful men.

The conversation started out casually enough but soon came round to the topic of the men and boys by the lake. Mark said lightly, "Wonder if Zack and Adam did some kind of number on Randy, and the boys on Pablo. I think everyone noticed how full of themselves they've been lately." He looked at Bob and clenched his jaw. "Shit, man, I really didn't appreciate the way he spoke to you, putting you down with that crack of his – 'Fuck you, man, I don't *follow* the rules here – I *make* the fucking rules.' That crossed the line."

"Yeah, well" Bob shifted uncomfortably. He didn't want to be disloyal to Randy but he realized Mark was right. And he had to admit that the comment had hurt. Randy was rarely as disrespectful of him as that. Bob was about to make some non-committal response when his cell phone rang. He looked at the screen and grinned. He actually blushed as he said, "Hey guys, excuse me for a minute, I have to take this it's" And he walked off into the shadows, leaving no doubt among the guys who the call was from. "Hey buddy," Bob said, keeping his voice low. "How's it going up there?"

Randy's voice was hesitant. "Er, kinda rough at first but nothing me and my boy didn't deserve." Randy was no good at small talk and charged right in. "Listen, man, I've been a total fucking dickhead – to all the guys but especially to you. I guess ever since Ben came back into my life I've been on some asshole ego-trip – you know, being the boss with two tough boys and a gorgeous lover. But I treated you like shit, man, and I swear to god as soon as I get home I'll make it up to you if you're there. You will be there, won't you, buddy?"

Bob smiled. Randy suddenly sounded like a little boy, scared he would be deserted. "Randy, old buddy," Bob said, "of course I'll be here, waiting for you to 'make it up to me.' Sure, you behave like a Neanderthal sometimes, but you're the most gorgeous, exciting Neanderthal ever to walk the earth. I've weathered more than a few tough words from you – punches even – and I'm still here. Hell, remember that time you dragged me naked through the desert roped behind your truck?"

He could almost hear Randy blush. "Yeah, well that was me in my caveman days, doing anything to keep my mate from leaving me. But I guess it was you who tamed me, eh? I just want you to know that I love the hell out of you, man, and I'm sorry for all the shit I've ever put you through. So you'll you'll be there when I get home?"

"I'll be here – in my cave waiting for my caveman."

"One other thing, buddy, while I'm away could you take care of Ben for me? I feel kinda bad about bringing Pablo up here and not Ben. I don't want him to feel left out."

“Oh, I don’t think you have to worry about Ben, Randy. He’s having a great time so far and I have a feeling there’s more to come – much more. I’ll take good care of him. You and the guys just have fun at the lake – and bring home a ton of fish for the twins to cook, OK?”

Bob was beaming when he got back to the table. “That was Randy,” he said. “Oh, really?” said Mark grinning at the others, “we’d never have guessed.”

“Anyway,” said Bob, “he’s doing great and I got the impression that Zack and the others have already dealt with that ego-trip thing you were mentioning, Mark. I told him to bring home plenty of fish for you guys, Kyle and Kevin, and he made a point of telling me to take care of Ben here. Though I kind of have a feeling you know how to take care of yourself, kiddo.”

Ben blushed deep red as Bob continued. “Now that so many of the guys are away I wanted to sort out the sleeping arrangements for tonight. Mark and Jamie, I assume you’ll be sleeping together as usual....” he grinned “.... and I use the term ‘sleeping’ loosely. Eddie, I know Hassan is away at Camp Pendleton tonight so I was wondering

“Er...” Eddie went to say something but hesitated and looked at the twins for support. Kyle jumped in. “Sir, Eddie and us were talking and we were wondering well, Zack asked us to keep an eye on his house while it’s empty so do you think it would be OK if we and Eddie stay there together?”

“Sir, it was my idea,” Eddie blurted out. “See me and the twins work together a lot round the house, but we’ve never spent the night together” His courage failed him, he blushed shyly and fell silent.

Bob chuckled. “I think it’s a great idea, kids. The twins and I sleep together a lot when Randy’s gone so it’s about time Eddie had a chance to see whether two is better than one. OK, so that leaves you all alone, Ben, and Randy’s afraid you’ll be lonely so.....” he looked around the table and shrugged “looks like you guys are all taken, so I guess it’s up to me. Feel like bunking in with me tonight, Ben? When the big brother’s away, the kid brother’s a great substitute. What d’ya say, Ben?”

Ben’s eyes sparkled. “I say yes, sir a definite yes.”

The mood round the table shifted subtly from high-spirited to horny. Talk of who would sleep with who had roused all kinds of sexual images that the guys were eager to make real. Mark and Jamie were the first to leave the table, each of them with bulges in their shorts. Eddie helped the twins clear the table and disappeared into the kitchen. They hurriedly loaded the

dishwasher, spurred on by the thought of the three of them spending the night in Zack's bed and feeling the vibrations left there by the spectacular black leather-god.

That left Bob and Ben at the table, draining their drinks. There was a tension between them, an eager anticipation as they both recalled Ben's early sexual impulses as he writhed naked, face-down on Randy and Bob's bed and shot a load of cum over their tank tops crumpled beneath him. Bob broke the tension by saying, "So, Ben shall we?" Ben nodded with an eager smile, and they got up and walked together toward the house.

When they entered the bedroom Ben asked, "OK if I jump in the shower real quick, sir?" The sheets are clean and I'm not I mean I might still have"

"..... some cum smeared over you from before," Bob grinned. "Sure – it's what Randy usually does – then makes my dick hard when he comes out naked except for a towel round his waist."

The shower was a quick one and when Ben came out through the bathroom door both men stared at each other. Ben looked just like a junior version of Randy with a towel hanging low on his waist, his disheveled wet black hair falling over his dark face. And Ben was stunned looking at Bob. He was lying on his back on the bed, naked except for the cum-stained tank top that Ben had earlier shot his load over. Bob had evidently pulled it out from under the bed and it was now stretched over his muscular torso.

Even more erotic was the way Bob was lying, his arms sprawled upward on the bed, hands almost touching the ropes hanging round the bed-posts. Ben flashed on the image of Bob tied to the bed the way Randy liked him, waiting for the big construction worker to fuck him. He looked so hot that Ben was momentarily frozen to the spot, not sure what he should do.

All the other boys in their turn had discovered that Bob was an expert at playing out their fantasies for them, and now it was Ben's turn. As the boy hesitated, Bob said gently, "Ben, you know that Randy always does exactly what he wants – no inhibitions. Well, you're his brother aren't you?"

Ben grinned. He stopped thinking and started feeling channeling his brother. Dropping the towel he knew he looked good naked, and saw Bob's dick get hard and rise up from his dark pubic hair like a tent pole. Ben knew he wanted that cock inside him but, like Randy, his instinct was to take charge. There was only one way to do both. He climbed onto the bed and knelt astride Bob's chest. They gazed at each other with a slight smile, then Ben licked his fingers seductively, reached behind him and pushed his fingers into his own ass.

"Yeah," Bob sighed. "That's it, man." Still on his knees astride Bob, Ben eased himself back until he felt the hard knob of Bob's cock touch his wet asshole. Ben grinned and said, "This is for you, man" (the 'sir' was gone). His hips sank lower, the head of Bob's cock pressed harder until it suddenly plopped inside him. Ben groaned, "Oh, man, your cock feels great in my ass. Here it comes, man." Gazing into Bob's eyes Ben slowly, very slowly, sank lower, feeling the

huge rod sliding deeper into his ass until finally he was sitting on the wiry thicket of Bob's pubic hair. "How's that, man?" Ben said, feeling very much in charge.

Bob gazed up at the ripped young body, the solid round pecs and the ridges of his abs flexing as the boy clenched his ass muscles round Bob's shaft. "Man, your ass feels great wrapped round my dick," Bob groaned. His head flew back and he grabbed the ropes tied to the posts. "Yeah, man let me feel it. Let me feel your ass fuck that dick." Ben was awestruck by the gorgeous man, arms stretched upward pulling on the ropes, his body writhing under the tight tank, his cock throbbing in Ben's ass. "Oh yeah, man," Ben growled, sounding like his big brother. "You're gonna get it."

He rose up on his haunches, his cock sliding back up Bob's chute, then sat down heavily, making Bob gasp as he felt his cock plunge into the warm, soft membrane of the young gypsy boy's ass. Excited by the look of ecstasy on the rugged face Ben moved faster, pumping up and down on the long pole, clenching his ass muscles tight round it. Impulsively he reached down and grabbed the neck of Bob's white tank, clenching it in his fist and pulling on it, raising him slightly off the bed while Ben's ass rode his cock.

Ben jerked on the tank with one hand and raised his other arm high in the air. Bob was mesmerized by the erotic sight of the young buck whooping like a cowboy riding a stallion, pulling on the reins while his ass bounced up and down. Ben was getting his ass fucked but, like his big brother, Ben was the one in control. He looked just like Randy in the heat of sex, his blue eyes gleaming, black hair flying, and Bob moaned, "Yeah, fuck me, man fuck that cock let me feel it fuck me, man!"

Ben looked down at the chiseled features and the writhing body and realized that Bob had slipped his hand through loops at the end of the ropes. As he tugged on them his biceps bulged, his chest heaved and his head thrashed from side to side. And suddenly Ben realized that this is the sight his brother Randy saw every time he fucked Bob, and he understood why Randy was so crazy in love with him. Seeing what his brother saw Ben felt the rush of Randy's intense sexual dominance. He felt strong, powerful Ben felt like Randy.

That fantasy of Randy fucking Bob, the sight of Bob in ecstasy, and the feeling of Bob's cock in his ass like a steel rod all combined to push Ben over the top. He grabbed his cock and pointed it at Bob's face. "Here it comes, man," Ben yelled. "Shoot your load, fucker! Aaagh!" As Ben sat hard on Bob's cock Bob screamed as his cock exploded in the tight ass. At the same time he saw the pornographic image of the dark, muscular young gypsy pointing his cock at him saw the cock blast a long stream of white juice that slammed into his face.

Bob closed his eyes as he felt Ben's cum streaming down his face. When he opened his eyes and the film of cum cleared he watched in awe. Ben was transformed striding naked round the room, no longer the obedient young boy trying to prove himself by copying his big brother.

He had *become* his brother – every move, every set of the jaw and flash of the eye – the image of Randy, awakened in him by the extraordinary feeling of sexual domination over his lover, by the sight of Bob beneath him begging to get fucked.

Ben reached under the bed and pulled out the crumpled tank-top he had thrown there earlier – the filthy gray tank that Randy wore at work, greasy, stinking of sweat and cum. Ben pressed it against his face and breathed deeply, soaking in the taste, the smell, the very essence of the brother he worshipped. He pulled the tank on, over his head and down over his torso. It was looser on him than on Randy but it completed the picture of the junior version of the boss.

Bob gasped as he gazed upward, confused at what he was seeing. It was Randy – only a younger version. Apart from Ben's youthfulness and smaller frame it was the same – the same dark gypsy looks, the same steel-blue eyes, but above all the same sexual power that radiated from the body as he paced the room like a stallion in heat. And as he always felt with Randy, Bob felt an exhilaration tinged with fear at what came next.

Ben stopped pacing, leaned down to the bed and yanked on the ends of the rope, pulling the loops tight around Bob's wrists. A hint of a smile crossed Ben's face. Now Bob was his prisoner, now he had this rugged bodybuilder in his power. He had never felt so strong never felt more of a man! Instinctively Bob did what he always did for Randy – he struggled to get free, his body thrashing in bondage, muscles rippling as they strained against the ropes.

Ben's cock was as hard as a rock again as he gazed down at the spectacular muscle-god tied up and at his mercy. Again he was seeing what Randy saw and he knew this is the image that roused Randy's passion and his savagery – as it did now for Ben. Adrenaline surged through him and with a howl he threw himself across Bob's face, grinding his chest against it so Bob was stifled, overwhelmed by the feel, the taste and smell of Randy's tank.

He was choking as the greasy fabric pressed against his nose and mouth and he felt the young muscles rippling underneath. Bob was on the point of busting another load when suddenly Ben pulled away. As Bob recovered he realized that Ben had also inherited his brother's innate sense of when a man was about to cum.

Bob was speaking to Randy. "I want you to fuck me, sir. I want to feel your cock in my ass."

Ben smiled, hearing the words Randy always heard, and just like his brother he went into action. He pulled Bob's legs over his shoulders, leaned forward and ran his hand over Bob's cum-soaked face and neck. He reached down and used the cum to lubricate the man's ass, pushing two, three fingers inside it. "OK, man," he growled. "This what you want?" With no hesitation Ben drove his cock hard inside Bob's ass, not stopping even at the inner sphincter but ramming the head of his cock over it and into the most sensitive depths of his ass.

Bob threw his head back and screamed as Ben immediately pulled back and began to hammer Bob's ass with ferocious intensity. It hurt. Ben had the strength and savage instinct of his

brother, but there was a difference. Randy was a master fuck, with an instinctive sensitivity tempering his force. He knew exactly how to go right up to his captive's limits, surpassing them only at the moment of orgasm. Ben had not yet developed this finessehe was raw, with the wild exuberance of youth, and his hard rod pistoned inside Bob's ass without mercy.

Bob howled so loudly that Ben reached forward as he fucked, grabbed Bob's tank and ripped it clean off, twisting it and clamping it over his open mouth. He tied it tight behind his neck and grinned. "Bite down on that, man. Taste me!" Bob didn't need Ben's words to make him instinctively bite down on his gag to ease the pain. He tasted liquid oozing from the cloth, the taste of cum that Ben had sprayed all over Bob's tank minutes before. Bob gulped hard and felt the bitter-sweet liquid streaming down his throat.

Ben gazed down at Bob's now-naked chest and the sight made him lose all control. He fell forward and clamped his hands onto Bob's flexing pecs. He squeezed them hard, then went for the nipples, clamping them in his fingers, grinding them, torturing them, unaware of the pain he was causing. The prisoner thrashed desperately, pulling at the ropes. Ben he saw the tears flowing from Bob's eyes, saw the body convulse as he screamed into the gag, "aaagh" and blasted a stream of juice over his writhing body and his tear-stained face. It was the most beautiful thing he had ever seen and he knew that this is what always made Randy cum.

Ben screamed, "I'm cumming, man – I'm gonna shot my jizz in your ass..... aaagh!" It was the most intense, most prolonged orgasm Ben had ever experienced as his hot semen streamed into the innermost depths of the muscle-god's ass. He gazed down at the rugged face, streaked with sweat and tears, groaning into the gag as Ben's cock drained into his ass.

But when his cock subsided, when his orgasm was over, reality crashed back onto him. Suddenly he was Ben, Randy's little brother, the boy who worshipped Randy and now Bob. As the fantasy dissolved he realized what he had done. Quickly he untied the ropes, ripped the gag down from Bob's mouth so it hung round his neck. He fell forward and kissed his lips, then licked the tears from his cheeks, from his eyes, then kissed him some more. He wanted to say something, to explain, to apologize for his frenzy, to try..... but words failed him.

Then suddenly everything was alright. He felt Bob's strong arms fold round him and heard his deep voice in his ear. "You were spectacular, kiddo. You sure are Randy's brother. He would be proud of you." Those were the words Ben needed to hear as he nestled again Bob's chest.

They lay there silently for a while, then Ben said, "Sir, I went too far, didn't I? Kinda lost control."

"Yeah," Bob smiled, "that's something you haven't learned from Randy yet, but of course he's a master at that. But I gotta say, in every other way you're exactly like your brother."

Ben lay quietly for a minute, then said, "Sir, I was thinking. How would it be if I thought of you as my big brother too?. Then I'd have two. Don't you think that would be cool?"

“Fine with me, Ben,” Bob chuckled, “but we’d have to see what Randy says about that.”

Another silence, then Ben said, “Well, sir, I thought I was substituting for Randy right now..... so if I say it’s OK ... it must be OK

“You little punk,” Bob laughed, pulling Ben closer. As he lay there waiting for sleep, Bob realized how much Randy’s influence had been hovering over them. It was as if he had *been* there with them. Bob smiled to himself. Even in his absence Randy’s power was always felt. Present or not, Randy was the boss no doubt about that.

Bob murmured, “I love him a whole lot, you know, Ben.” Ben gazed at him. “I know you do sir, and I’m glad you do.” He frowned slightly. “Sir, you will take care of him won’t you? I mean, he gets into trouble sometimes, like I do, so you’ll take care of him, sir?”

Bob smiled. “Randy and I take care of each other. Always have, since the day we first met.”

After the success of Bob’s fantasy trip with Ben he was even more confident of the plans he had in store for the boys the next day. He was up early, leaving Ben dozing in bed, and went down to the kitchen where the twins, early risers as always, were already preparing breakfast with Eddie’s help. Their furtive smiles between them made Bob pretty sure that their night all together in Zack’s bed had been one to remember.

“Low-key breakfast this morning, guys,” Bob said. “Just spread the food out here on the kitchen table and you can all help yourselves. Lunch is the biggie – got some special guests coming. Mark’s upstairs fucking Jamie – what else? – and then he’s going over to Jason’s. I need to have a word with you guys, though.

Just then Ben sauntered in yawning, followed by Jamie. It was Saturday, an easy day for them – usually. But today would be different, as word had already gone round that Bob was planning something. As they sat round the table drinking coffee and munching on breakfast Bob said, “Guys, I want you to be on your best form today. Got some visitors coming over and I want you all to give them the kind of service they expect. You’ll all be serving boys today and I want you all to dress alike – something real simple.

Bob was known for his talent for creating great fantasies for them, as Ben had just discovered, and they glanced at each other in eager anticipation. So they all chipped in, clearing away breakfast, tidying the house and garden, and helping set up drinks at the outdoor table.

It was a little before noon that the five boys gathered together, grinning at each other a bit self consciously. They had obeyed Bob’s instructions about clothes and were all wearing white boxer briefs that accentuated the globes of their bubble butts, and simple white T-shirts

stretched over their lithe, muscular young bodies. They all had white napkins draped over one arm, the perfect army of gorgeous young waiters.

Bob was upstairs, the guests had not yet arrived, so they waited, passing the time horsing around, flicking their napkins at each other's asses like jocks in a locker room. Suddenly they stood to attention as they heard the sound of a truck pull up outside. Bob came striding out of the house and they were amazed to see him in his business suit, shirt and tie. Handsome, athletically built, he was everyone's wet dream of a gorgeous young executive.

He opened the gate and the boys stood slack-jawed. The cop came in first, followed by the fireman, then the Marine. Mark was in his full black police officer uniform, black shirt over white T-shirt, high black motorcycle boots, heavy leather belt round his tight waist. Jason was in his yellow fireman's pants and boots, held up by red suspenders over his dark blue uniform T-shirt. Hassan looked intimidating in his Marine uniform - olive green fatigue pants with tan military boots laced over them. Over his tight green tank top he wore a uniform shirt with sleeves rolled up above the biceps. And there greeting them was the handsome business executive in his smart black suit.

Standing shoulder to shoulder the boys went weak at the knees and Eddie blurted out, "Wow – oh man – wow!" "Sssh," hissed Kevin, and they all stood to attention, waiting for their orders. "Guys," Bob said to the men, "these are our waiters for the afternoon. They'll serve lunch later and they are entirely at your service. Anything you want, just say the word."

"Hell," said Jason, "great looking young studs, I'll say that. And look at those bulges they've all got under those shorts? Looks like they're good and ready for us, eh?"

"Turn around," came the sharp, authoritative voice of the Marine. In perfect unison the five boys turned and flexed their butts under their shorts. "Oh, shit, man," Hassan said, "I'd damn sure like to bury my face in those mounds."

"All in good time," Bob laughed. "First I want you to get good and comfortable. There's drinks on the table, and then I've got something for you that'll loosen things up and get the ball rolling. Mark and Hassan sat on the bench, backs to the table, undid a few buttons on their shirts and leaned back with their elbows on the table, making their shirts pull open exposing more of Mark's T-shirt and Hassan's tank. Bob took off his jacket, loosened his tie and sprawled in a chair at the end of the table facing the boys. Jason took the chair at the other end and, eager as always to show off his incredible body, he dropped the suspenders, pulled off his T-shirt and pulled the suspenders back up over his naked chest.

The men sipped on beers as they evaluated the boys. "Hey," said Jason, "I've stripped for action so how about the boys take off their shirts and let's see what they've got?" The boys instantly obeyed and stood shirtless, their hands behind their backs, legs apart like soldiers at ease. They were all embarrassed by the swelling boners under their boxer briefs and, as they looked

at the four muscle-gods at the table, three in uniform, Eddie mumbled, "I think I'm gonna cum." Ben hissed out the side of his mouth, "Don't do it, dude. Save it. You're gonna need it."

"Now that is what I call prime meat," said Mark with a special grin for Jamie. "So what you got in mind, Bob? What's this ice-breaker scheme you got?" He laughed. "Not that there's much ice to be broken."

"OK," Bob said. "Boys, I want you to come here and write your names on these slips of paper." They walked forward and leaned over the table, men and boys feeling each other's heat close up. There wasn't a cock among them that wasn't stiff as a pole. The boys scribbled their names and withdrew, then Bob folded the papers and threw them into the helmet Mark had taken off. "OK," Bob grinned, "now we'll see who gets who." He grinned at Hassan and pushed the helmet toward him. "I think the military should go first, so how about it, captain?"

"Thanks, man," Hassan said. "Damn, right now I'd kill for a blow-job." He reached into the helmet pulled out a paper and handed it to Bob. "Bob opened it and grinned. "The twins it is. OK guys, the soldier says he's in urgent need of a blow-job. Let's see what you got?"

The twins watched in awe as Hassan stood up, pulled off his shirt and walked over to a tree. He leaned against it, raised his arms and lightly gripped branches above him, shoulder-width apart and about head high. The Marine looked incredible stripped down to his fatigue pants, boots and olive-green tank stretched across his bulging pecs. Lounging against the tree, his arms stretched up, elbows bent, his biceps flexed and his lats flared down from broad shoulders to slim waist. He looked spectacular – and the twins had been drawn to service his cock.

They glanced at each other, then walked toward the Marine and knelt at his feet. "Suck my dick," the captain growled, as if this were a hazing ritual for new recruits. Kevin reached forward and unbuttoned the soldier's pants, pulling them apart so the huge tool sprang out, almost hitting his face. They both looked up at the exotic, squared-jawed Arab/Asian face then down at the cock that was already oozing pre-cum. Kevin nodded slightly to Kyle who leaned forward, sucked on the pre-cum, licked the bulbous head of the massive cock, then took it in his mouth. He paused, then pushed his head forward and swallowed the whole shaft down his throat without gagging.

"Oh yeah," Hassan moaned, throwing his head back. "Shit, that feels good. Come on, boy, eat that soldier's fucking cock." He dropped one hand from the branch, wrapped it round the boy's head and began pumping it back and forth on his cock. "Man that feels so good it's gonna make me bust my load." But suddenly Kyle yanked his head free and Kevin said, "No, sir, please – don't come yet. We want to prolong your pleasure. Please, let me try, sir."

Reluctantly Hassan reached up and grabbed the branch again, his arms stretched out to the side, then upward from the elbows. Kyle stood up and Kevin took over, taking the soldier's cock in his mouth and plunging forward so his face buried itself in the wiry, black pubic hair, sticky with sweat. The twins had sucked Bob's cock so many times they were experts and

Kevin's mouth pistoned back and forth on the steel rod. "Boy," Hassan groaned, "I am this close to touching my cock and shooting a load right into that gorgeous face of yours."

Unseen by Hassan, Kyle had run to the edge of the garden and picked up two lengths of rope. Kevin pulled away from Hassan's cock and said again, "Please don't shoot, sir. Here, let us make it easier for you. Intrigued, Hassan did not resist as Kevin stood up and they each bound one of the Marine's wrists to the tree branches. "There, Kyle said with a smile. Now you can't touch your cock, sir, and we can give you more pleasure."

They both dropped to their knees and sucked his cock in turn, taking care to pull away just before the soldier's orgasm, then waiting until the cock stopped throbbing and the other twin took over. But Hassan was going wild as the pressure built, he was about to cum, but each time was denied at the last minute as the boys pulled away. "You little fuckers," he yelled, "I said I wanted a blow-job, one that would make me shoot. You're driving me crazy like this. I wanna fucking cum, boys. For god sake stop torturing my dick like this and make me shoot!"

The twins glance at each other and stood up. They turned away from the suffering, bound soldier and addressed the other boys. "Boys, the Marine Captain wants to shoot his load but he doesn't approve of our methods. Maybe you can be more effective and give him the service he needs.

"OK, OK, me first," said Ben stepping forward, with Jamie and Eddie lined up behind him.

The helpless soldier looked at them in bewilderment, three gorgeous young bucks lining up to suck his dick. He had never before been so hot to shoot his load and he pulled desperately at the ropes, his muscles flexing and bulging. If only he could touch his cock he could make himself cum. But instead Ben dropped to his knees and licked the head of his cock, pushing his tongue inside the sticky cleft, then running it the length of the thick shaft. Hassan moaned, "Suck my dick, boy. Make me cum make me cum."

Ben impulsively plunged his mouth down over the cock and Hassan looked down at the handsome, dark gypsy face and moaned, "At last" But Kyle instantly grabbed Ben's hair and pulled his face off the cock. Ben looked up at the twin's smiling face and realized what he was meant to do. He took the cock into his open mouth again but didn't close it, allowing the cock to slide against the moist membrane of his mouth as he pushed forward. "No," Hassan moaned. "Eat it, boy eat it!"

The twins were standing on either side of him and Kevin said, "It's much more exciting this way, sir. Trust us, you'll enjoy this. They leaned forward and he felt their lips rubbing against his as they treated him to one of their famous twin kisses. Again he pulled desperately at the ropes as the beautiful twins kissed him and the young gypsy boy sucked his cock. He was floating in a world of sexual excess. His balls bulged and his cock ached to explode but he knew he had to surrender to these boys.

With a quick glance at Mark for affirmation Jamie took Ben's place kneeling before the bound Marine. He knew exactly what to do, having teased Mark often by bringing him to the edge of orgasm then pulling back. So Hassan's torment continued as Jamie expertly licked his cock, sucked the head, but pulled away as soon as he felt the cock start to throb.

But there was worse. The twins smiled at Hassan and ran their hands over his tank top, feeling the mounds of his pecs underneath. Suddenly they pulled down on it, ripping it so it fell in shreds round his waste. They gazed at his naked muscular torso, leaned forward and ran their tongues over his ripped abs, over his chest and then over his nipples. "No," he moaned softly as they pressed their tongue against his nipples then clenched them lightly in their teeth, biting vey gently, releasing, then biting again.

Hassan looked down and saw the two beautiful, identical faces working on his tits while he felt Jamie's warm tongue licking the sensitive membrane of the head of his cock. He pulled frantically at the ropes binding him and yelled, "No! I can't take any more. I gotta cum. Let me cum, boys. Please."

And suddenly it stopped. Jamie jumped to his feet, the twins pulled away from Hassan and faced the boys. "OK, guys. The captain's begging to cum, so now's the time. Now which of us is to have the honor of drinking the soldier's juice? There was silence and then Eddie, who had been standing shyly in the background, raised his hand. "Me, sirs? Please."

The twins smiled and Kevin said, "Who else? Who else should have the pleasure but the soldier's own boy? Besides, he's the best damn cock-sucker in the house. OK, dude, go for it."

Eddie had watched the show with mixed feelings – anxious for his master but enthralled by the pornographic sight of the bound soldier writhing in frustration as one boy after another sucked his cock. Now, as he looked at the shirtless Marine, roped to the tree, muscles gleaming, his shredded tank hanging round his waist, his cock stiff as a pole, Eddie thought he had never seen anything more beautiful. He walked forward, pressed his lips against Hassan's and kissed him hungrily. Then he pulled back, gazed into Hassan's eyes and saw him smile. Hassan said softly, "Make me cum, Eddie."

"Yes, sir." Eddie dropped to his knees and gazed at the cock he had sucked so many times. He leaned forward, steadied himself by pressing his hands against Hassan's hips, and in one move took his master's cock deep into his mouth. Eddie was expert at this, knowing how to give the ultimate pleasure to his soldier. He clenched his throat muscles hard round the thick rod and heard Hassan shout, "Yeah suck that cock, boy. Make your master shoot his fucking load in your mouth."

Hassan's dick was on fire after its long torment, and all Eddie had to do was pull back once, then ram his mouth forward until his face was buried in the thick tangle of pubic hair. He held it there, clenching and unclenching his throat round the cock he worshipped. All the tension, the

pent-up frustration, the agonizing pressure in Hassan's balls, raced though his cock and it exploded. "Aaagh! Drink that juice boy swallow your master's cum. Drink it, boy."

Eddie didn't even pull back or flinch. As the cock erupted deep down in his throat he gulped hard, swallowing stream after stream of the hot semen that had been building up in the tormented Marine. It took a long time before the flood abated, but finally Eddie pulled back and grinned up at his master, cum spilling from his mouth and running down his chin. Hassan smiled down at him, then said to the other boys. "OK, boys. Why don't you give Eddie the reward he deserves."

They circled round Eddie in admiration of their shy young friend and pulled their stiff cocks from their briefs. Their own climaxes had been building from the beginning and it took only a couple of strokes. Eddie gazed up at the four gorgeous boys, watched them stroke their cocks over him, saw streams of white jism pour from them and felt them slam into his face. He was drowning in cum and, as the torrent continued, he burst into peals of laughter, ecstatic at pleasing his master and now being soaked by the semen of all his friends.

The twins quickly untied Hassan and he leaned down, scooping his boy into his arms and hugging him so tight Eddie was almost crushed by the powerful arms. There was a momentary silence, then the boys burst into raucous cheers and whistles, joined by Bob, Mark and Jason who rose to their feet in a standing ovation.

The twins walked back to the table to the congratulations of the men, especially from Bob whose eyes gleamed with pride. Buttoning his pants Hassan brought Eddie over and as they sat down Bob looked at Eddie smothered in cum and asked, "Do you want a towel, kiddo?" Eddie grinned at him. "No thank you, sir I like it like this. There was more laughter and they all raised their glasses and bottles to Hassan, Eddie and the twins.

When the noise died down, Bob looked at them all and said, "OK, guyswho's next?"

#

Chapter 179 – Men in Uniform – Boys in Heat

They all looked at each other in anticipation, the boys fantasizing about what might happen to them depending in whichever man drew them. Enjoying his role as master of ceremonies, Bob let the suspense build, then said, "OK, we've had the military how about the fire department? Your turn, Jason." The fireman grinned, pulled a paper from the helmet and gave it to Bob who held it up high, the tension driving the boys crazy. The gorgeous fireman was a catch. Even his vanity over his own chiseled features and perfect physique was a turn-on.

With protests mounting Bob grinned, "OK, OK – here we go." He unfolded the paper and pointed it at Ben. "Ben it is!" Ben jumped to his feet, beaming. There was a slight tinge

of disappointment that he had not been drawn by Bob, the man he had slept with last night and had spectacular sex with. But Jason more than made up for it, the blond muscle-god who featured prominently in the Fireman's Calendar the twins had under their bed, and that all the boys had beaten off to at various times..

Ben had never done anything sexual alone with Jason except lust for him from afar. Jason had kept his distance too, reluctant to make a move on Randy's kid brother, having faced the big guy's anger in the past. But, like all the boys, Ben got an instant hard-on whenever the fireman showed up at the house, often shirtless as he was now. Jason was vain and loved showing off his body, as he had in the calendar, and that turned Ben on a whole lot. He was hoping there would be some of that exhibitionism now as Jason stood up and stretched his glorious muscles, flexing them so they rippled and gleamed in the midday sun.

Then he turned to face Ben. He flashed a gleaming smile and said, "Hi, kid. About time we got together. OK, first, I wanna see you butt naked." "Yes, sir," Ben said firmly, kicking off his sneakers and dropping his boxer briefs. He stared at the shirtless fireman in yellow fire department pants held up with red suspenders running up over his bare chest and shoulders. Ben's already semi-erect cock rose up stiff as a pole as if it had a will of its own.

"Oh yeah," Jason said, stroking the bulge in his pants as he gazed at Ben. "Now that's hot. Turn round, boy." Ben obeyed and flexed his ass cheeks, accentuating the dimples in his perfect round globes.

"Shit damn, you got gorgeous buns, boy. Here, let me get a taste of that." He walked behind Ben, dropped to his knees, grabbed Ben's hips and buried his face between the cheeks, savoring the taste of the fuzzy black hair round his hole, licking the ass then pushing his tongue into the hole. Ben went wild feeling the fireman's tongue probing his ass and instinctively began to stroke his cock. He tried to turn his head round to see the kneeling fireman, and as he did so he caught sight of them both reflected in the big window of the house.

"Aaah," he moaned, "that looks incredible sir." Jason pulled his head back and looked at the window. "Damn right, kid," he said gazing at his reflection. He jumped to his feet, cupped one hand over the bulge in his pants and squeezed it, running his other hand over his own chest. "Yeah, that looks good, eh boy? You get off on that muscle-stud fireman?" Ben was drooling. "Yes, sir – looks gorgeous – real hot. Don't stop, sir, please."

While both men rubbed their cocks – Ben staring at Jason, and Jason gazing at his own reflection – Mark leaned across the table and whispered into Jamie's ear. Jamie grinned and ran quietly into their ground-floor apartment. When he came out he was staggering under the weight of a full-length mirror that he propped against a heavy chair in the center of the lawn.

Mirrors to Jason were as irresistible as honey to a bear and he immediately turned round to face this one. "Yeah, that's better," he moaned. "Man, look at that!" He was speaking to Ben but was totally absorbed in his own image in the mirror. He was a true exhibitionist, not furtive, just

right there out in the open. He was so sure of his own stunning beauty that he felt no inhibitions and flaunted it shamelessly. The charge he got from looking at himself was heightened by the knowledge that other guys were watching him do it. And it was this flaunting of his spectacular body that really turned Ben on the other spectators too as they watched fascinated.

Ben stood to one side, midway between Jason and the mirror. He gazed spellbound at the bare-chested fireman, then turned his head to see the reflection in the mirror, then back again to the real man – his head turning like a spectator at a tennis match. He was in awe – not only of the man himself but of his intensity as Jason gazed at the man in the mirror as if he were seeing a muscular, half-naked stranger.

Jason was running both hands over his eight-pack abs, tracing the ridges with his fingers. He moved up to his pecs, clamped his palms over them and dug his fingers into the solid muscle. Then he rubbed the back of his fingers lightly against his hard nipples, sending sensual waves of pleasure through his body. He moaned, “Look at that, boy – that look good to you?” Ben was mesmerized. “It’s so beautiful, sir. Please don’t stop.”

Jason slid one hand down from his chest, over his abs, down to his waist and eased it under the waistband of his pants until he was clearly grabbing his cock underneath, judging by the ecstatic look on his face. “Oh yeah...!” He used his other hand to twist his nipple in his fingers, hard enough to hurt while he stroked his cock in his pants. Standing to one side Ben was beating his meat, staring at the fireman getting off on himself. Without breaking eye contact with his reflection Jason said, “You into body worship, kid? That really gets me off. You up for that? Come on, boy, you know you wanna touch that body.”

Did he ever! Ben walked behind Jason and looked over his shoulder at the mirror. If he narrowed his eyes he too saw a stranger – a magnificent muscle-god stripped to the waist – or almost. Ben stroked Jason’s shoulders and eased the suspenders off, so they fell to his sides. “Ah, yeah,” Jason sighed as he gazed at his bare chest. He dropped his arms and clasped his hands behind his back, his legs apart like a soldier standing at ease. He smiled at himself as he flexed his pecs and said to the boy behind him, “Come on, stud work on that body.”

Slowly Ben was becoming bolder. From behind Jason he reached round and ran his hands over the fireman’s abs, over his chest, then grabbed the muscular shoulders. Finally, copying what Jason had done, he stroked Jason’s nipples, then squeezed them tight, hearing Jason’s gasp and seeing the pecs flex hard. Jason tugged at his hands behind his back as if they were tied, making his shoulder’s bulge forward. “Holy shit,” he murmured, look at that fucking firemen get his chest worked over. That turn you on, boy?”

Ben wanted to show him just how much it turned him on. He picked up one of the ropes the twins had used to tie Hassan and grabbed Jason’s wrists behind his back. “Is this OK, sir?” he asked quietly. “I would like to worship that fireman in the mirror while his hands are tied behind him.” Jason grinned lasciviously. “Go for it, kid – whatever looks good.” So Ben

tied Jason's hands together behind him, and Jason pulled at them, watching his muscles flex and bulge in the mirror as he struggled. "Yeah," he breathed softly. "Awesome."

Ben walked back, almost to the mirror and turned to face Jason. Then he glanced over at Bob to make sure all this was OK. Like the other men, Bob was really getting off on this exhibitionist show and he nodded encouragement to Ben. The boy fell to his knees, gazing up in awe at the bound fireman, the muscles of his torso, arms and shoulders straining as he pulled at the ropes binding him.

OK, Ben, thought, Jason wants body worship and that's just what he'll get. A man as beautiful as that deserves it. Ben fell on his stomach and began to crawl across the grass toward him, dragging his naked body forward, keeping his eyes focused on the gorgeous fireman. Jason looked into the mirror and saw himself stripped to the waist, his hands tied behind him, and a naked boy crawling toward him in abject worship. "Oh, man," Jason said, "that is fucking spectacular." He always got off looking at himself but this stunning act of worship by the boy made his cock throb in his pants.

Approaching Jason, Ben reached forward, clamped his hands round one of his heavy, thick-soled rubber boots and pulled himself the rest of the way until his face was over the boot. Then he began to lick, tentatively at first, but soon running his tongue hungrily all over one boot then the other. He paused, looked up at the chiseled features staring down at him, and said softly, "You are magnificent, sir. Please, I would like to see more." He pulled himself up until he was kneeling at the fireman's feet

In response Jason raised one foot and pressed the rubber boot against Ben's chest. Ben knew instantly what he was to do. He grabbed the boot and, with a series of tugs, pulled it off, then the heavy sock. He did the same for the other boot, then reached up to Jason's waist. He unbuckled his belt, unzipped his pants and pulled them open. He gasped as he saw for the first time the dark blue undershorts stretched over the long column of his cock, so long that its tip poked out of the top of the shorts, oozing pre-cum.

Ben pulled on the heavy pants, making them drop to the ground. Then slowly he pulled on the shorts, lowering them until the huge rod sprang out and flicked pre-cum into Ben's face. The shorts fell onto the crumpled pants and Jason stepped out of them both. The sight of the naked fireman almost made Ben bust his load without touching himself. He willed himself not to cum, then fell forward against Jason's leg, throwing his arms round the heavily muscled thigh and pressing his cheek against it. He licked the flesh ravenously, moving slowly up until he was breathing in the pungent smell the sweaty groin.

He looked up and saw the fireman towering over him, his straining muscles rippling as he pulled against the ropes behind him. Jason looked first at his own reflection, then down at the swarthy young gypsy boy worshipping him. "Go for it boy," he said. "You know you're aching for it." Ben gazed at the tangle of blond pubic hair inches from his eyes and impulsively buried his face

in it, breathing in the bitter-sweet smell of the damp hair. He clamped his mouth over it, sucked it into his mouth, tasting the fireman's man-sweat as the wiry hair filled his mouth.

Jason's heavy balls were brushing against Ben's face and he couldn't resist them. He let go the pubic hair and sucked one of the balls into his mouth. He rolled the other ball in his fingers and managed to stuff it, too, in his mouth. There was a moment of panic as he choked, feeling he would suffocate with the huge balls filling his mouth. But he forced himself to breathe through his nose and swallowed hard, feeling the trickle of Jason's sweat running down his throat.

Jason was going wild as he gazed at the sight in the mirror – the naked fireman, straining in bondage, his muscles rippling, the boy kneeling at his feet, his V-shaped back tense as he worked on his balls. Jason's balls were on fire as they were tugged and squeezed, crammed into the warm mouth. "Yeah," Jason shouted. "Man, that looks awesome. Suck those balls, boy worship them that feels so fucking hot."

Ben sucked harder as he felt Jason's long, stiff shaft slapping against his face. He had to have it. He pulled his head back, stretching the ball-sac, hearing the fireman's howl of pain – "aaagh!" Suddenly the balls popped out of Ben's mouth and Jason sighed with relief. Ben steadied himself by grabbing Jason's hips, then leaned forward and licked the pre-cum dripping from his cock. He looked up at the fireman with pleading eyes and Jason said, "You wanna suck the fireman's cock, eh boy?" "Yes please, sir." "You wanna drink the juice from his cock?" "It would be an honor, sir." "So go for it."

Ben gazed up at the bound, naked muscle-god straining at the ropes round his wrists. He looked like a pornographic drawing Ben had once seen online and he salivated knowing that he was about to taste the fireman's long, thick rod. The boy acted impulsively, roughly, as he had earlier with Bob. He took the head of the cock in his mouth, paused, then slammed his face forward into the pubic hair, choking on the cock as it plunged down his throat. "Aaagh!" He heard Jason's scream and felt his body spasm, the cock shudder in his mouth.

Ben gagged and pulled back, then plunged forward again, this time taking the whole length of the cock without choking. Able to relax his throat now Ben began a ferocious attack on the cock. He had none of the finesse of Eddie, who knew how to caress a cock with his mouth. Instead, trying to mimic his rugged brother, Ben used raw strength, thinking that savagery equaled sexuality, especially when used on a tough fireman. Jason looked down and saw the young dark gypsy face going wild, hammering his cock so it slammed against the back of his throat again and again.

It was driving Jason wild. His body thrashed and strained, veins standing out on his bulging muscles as he approached his climax. "That's fucking amazing, man," he shouted, gazing at the mirror image of the naked fireman, hands roped behind him, with the boy kneeling before him, muscles rippling in his back as he pounded his cock. Pushed to his limit he yelled, "Shit, boy, I can't take any more – you're fucking killing me. I gotta cum, boy you're making me bust my load. Here it comes, boy. Aaagh!"

Ben almost choked as he felt the hot blast of semen smash against the back of his throat. But he managed to swallow – and swallow again and again – tasting the pungent taste of hot jism pouring deep inside him. He was overwhelmed by the sexuality of this beautiful man, the narcissistic man he had watched flaunting his magnificent body in front of the mirror, the man whose wrists he had tied behind him, the man whose cock was in his mouth, whose hot juice he was drinking. Ben touched his own cock and didn't even need to stroke it before he shot a massive load of cum over Jason's legs and feet.

It seemed like an eternity until Jason's cock finally drained dry and slid out of the boy's mouth. Instinctively Ben leaned down and licked his own cum from the fireman's legs and feet in a final act of worship. Then he gazed up in a trance and stammered, "Thank you, sir." Jason, his breath heaving, face dripping sweat, looked down at the stunning picture of the swarthy young face, wild black hair clinging to his forehead, and mouth sagging open with cum streaming from the corner of his mouth, down his chin and onto his chest.

"Man, that's hot," Jason said. "You are one spectacular young stud, boy – fucking gorgeous."

It was a tableau of mutual admiration between the fireman and the young gypsy boy, broken suddenly by the sound of applause. Ben jumped to his feet and turned round to the astonishing sight of the four boys gazing at them, standing in a row beside the mirror, the twins standing on one side, Jamie and Eddie on the other. It was Jason who first grasped the full impact of what he was seeing. It was like five mirrors the real mirror in which he could see himself, and the eyes of the four boys that shone with admiration for him. Jason knew that the best mirror of all was really other men's eyes gazing adoringly at him.

It was too good for the exhibitionist in him to resist and Jason put on a spectacular show. Pulling hard at the rope tying his wrists behind his back, his body heaving, muscles flexing, he paced round the lawn before the mirror like a maddened bull struggling to get free. The boys were awestruck by the pornographic sight of the naked muscle-god, his chiseled features contorted in pain as he pitched forward, then reared up, his shoulders and arms flexed rock hard as he yanked at his restraints.

Spellbound, all four boys intuitively pulled their cocks from their shorts and stroked them, and suddenly Ben had an inspiration. He came behind Jason grabbed the rope binding his wrist and yanked it upward. "Aaagh!" Jason screamed in pain as his arms were forced up behind his back in a brutal double hammerlock. He gazed at himself in the mirror, the helpless fireman, shoulders on fire as the pressure forced them forward. "On your knees," Ben said, and Jason obeyed instantly in a vain attempt to ease the pain.

But the pain only increased as his arms were pulled further upward. The reflection in the mirror was stunning, as was the sight of the four boys approaching him slowly as they stroked

their cocks. They stood in a semi-circle round the kneeling fireman, mesmerized by the sight of the helpless captive, shoulders and chest flexed hard, streaming with sweat, veins bulging, his handsome face twisted in pain, blond hair flying, eyes brimming with tears.

“It’s over when these boys all shoot their load,” said Ben, grinning at the boys. He gave a final, vicious yank to the rope and Jason screamed, “Aaagh, that’s enough. The pain in my arms I can’t take any more. Shoot please let me feel that juice.....aaagh!” The incredible sight of the tortured fireman begging them to cum was so erotic the boys couldn’t hold back. They held their cocks in their fists, pointing them at the helpless man, and all four cocks erupted at once, slamming semen into the handsome, agonized face.

Jason closed his eyes as he felt warm jism pouring over him – his hair, forehead, eyes, his square jaw – then flowing down onto his straining chest. The boys could not believe their eyes as they saw the proud, vain fireman – the man from the calendar – now humbled, grimacing in pain and humiliation, his sculpted features streaming with the juice of four boys.

At a sign from Ben they stepped to the side and Ben pulled on the rope, easing him up to his feet. Gently he pushed Jason toward the mirror and untied his hands. Jason’s arms dropped to his sides and feeling returned to his shoulders and arms. He was standing two feet from the mirror but the film of cum over his eyes gave him only a blurred vision of the naked man reflected in it. But as the cum drained away, his eyes began to clear and slowly a stunning sight came into view, a gorgeous blond bodybuilder, with cum flowing down his face and the pumped muscles of his chest.

Jason had gazed at the reflection of the proud fireman often, but he had never seen himself so humbled, never seen himself more beautiful. He grabbed his cock and started to stroke it, gazing into his own blue eyes. He was aware of the dark-haired boy standing next to him, also naked, also pumping his cock. “Sir, that was one of the most beautiful things I have ever seen. I hope I did you justice.”

“Ben, many men have admired me but that was body worship at its finest. He was still gazing into the mirror. “See those two guys, kid? Let’s make love to them. You ready?” Ben grinned into the mirror. “I’m right with you, sir.” The two men in the mirror – one a rugged blond god, the other a black-haired young gypsy, pumped their dicks hard until two streams of white juice blasted from them and splashed against the mirror.

They grinned at each other and fell to their knees. They leaned forward and licked the thick, sticky liquid from the glass. They ran their tongues all over the mirror, over the reflection of their faces and kissed the lips in the mirror, making love to themselves. Their faces moved closer until their mouths joined, pressing their lips against each other and against the cum-slick glass – four men all kissing each other, mouths sliding over the juice of their own passion.

Finally they pulled back and Jason turned to face the real, flesh-and-blood Ben. He spoke softly. “I can teach you that and a whole lot more, Ben. You’re a real special boy and I want

to really make love to you. But first I've gotta fuck that spectacular ass of yours – real soon. How does that sound?" Ben looked down at his own cock that was already rock hard again. "Like that, sir," he grinned. Jason burst out laughing and took Ben into his arms.

"Fucking awesome, man," Mark said to Jason as he pulled on his shorts and resumed his place at table. Mark chuckled. "You are the only guy I know who could create a whole sexual performance out of pure narcissism and get away with it. How about it, boys?"

There was a chorus of approval and admiration for the awesome fireman, but Bob perceived something different in Ben, who did not join in the vocal enthusiasm but simply gazed adoringly at Jason. Clearly Jason had awoken something in the boy and, intuitive as ever, Bob saw a light in Ben's eyes that he had seen only once before... when Ben looked at Randy. A warning tremor ran through Bob, but he instantly suppressed it.

"OK, guys," Bob said, "I don't know about you but I'm starved. All this sex has sharpened my appetite. How about we call a lunch break before we continue?"

Fine with me," Hassan grinned. "Is there any more beer?"

The twins both stared at him in mock indignation. "Sir, how can you ask such a question in this house? Coming right up." The boys were all dressed again in their white boxer-briefs (no shirts this time) though some of them still had streaks of dry cum on their chests. They all ran to the kitchen and it wasn't long before Bob, Mark, Hassan and Jason were sitting before piles of food, beer wine and whatever else they had ordered.

The boys were back to their role of cater-waiters, standing behind the men with napkins draped over their arms. "Hey, what's all this?" said Mark. "You guys have put on a damn good show, so you eat with us, eh fellas? "Damn right," said Jason. "Gets my vote."

So the boys took their rightful places next to the men, resulting in an instant rise in the noise level. It was so loud that Bob barely heard the sound of his phone ringing. He looked at the screen and said, rather sheepishly, "Randy again." They laughed and Hassan said, "Jeez, the guy just can't get you out of his mind, eh?"

"Guess not," Bob grinned and excused himself to go over to the shade of the trees. "What's up, buddy?" he said into the phone. "Man," Randy said, charging right to the point as always, "I can't get you out of my mind."

Bob grinned, "Hassan was right." "What?" "Never mind."

"Anyway, I'm coming to get you – you and Ben. I mean hell – me, you, Pablo and Ben, we're family and things don't feel right without you two. Besides I've gotta make up for the way

I've been treating you. We've got another couple of days up here, so I'm coming back to get you and bring you to the lake. Think you can clear your calendar?"

"Sure, I"

"Good, so I'll see you soon. Thing is, man, I miss you like hell." The phone clicked off abruptly and Bob went to the table again, beaming. "He misses me – me and Ben. Says we're family. He's coming to get us and take us up to the lake." There were enthusiastic reactions all round, though Mark felt a twinge, seeing the excitement in Bob's eyes, wishing it were for him. Ben too felt a slight jolt; he had been enjoying the unrealistic fantasy that Jason might ask him to go to his place later. But that thought disappeared quickly, replaced by the thrill Ben felt that his big brother missed him and was coming to get him.

Throughout the meal Jamie and Eddie had been glancing at each other with muted excitement. They were the last two names to be drawn from the helmet and they wondered, of course, which of them would get Bob and which one Mark. As the meal wound down and the men kicked back with their drinks, the tension mounted and the boys glanced frequently at Bob, scrutinizing his body language as he, the master of ceremonies, would decide on the timing.

Finally it came. Bob grinned at them both and asked, "What is it with you two? You've been jiggling in your seats since the meal began. Something I can help you with?"

They realized Bob was teasing them and they nodded wide-eyed. "Oh, this?" Bob said pulling the helmet toward him. "Yeah I guess we do have two names left in here. OK, Mark, it's you and me, buddy. Let's draw." They dipped their hands in the helmet smiling at each other, rummaging around, building the tension. Finally they pulled out a paper each and held them up, grinning at the boys. "OK, man," Mark said. "Let's do it." They opened the papers and held them out – Bob toward Jamie and Mark toward Eddie. "That's the way it goes, boys," Mark said. "See?" Jamie and Eddie looked at the papers to make sure and let the truth sink in.

Jamie worked daily with Bob in the upstairs office, often with a boner in his shorts, but hadn't had any sexual contact with him for a long time, saving himself always for the moment Mark came in from work. As for Eddie, he had always, of course, admired Mark and even jerked off over his dirty shorts a few times when he was cleaning his room, but he always considered the rugged, powerful cop way too far above him, out of reach for a mere houseboy. So it was with bated breath that the two boys stared at the men who had chosen them.

They took their cues from Bob and Mark of course. Bob indicated they should stay seated as he and Mark stood up and walked to the center of the lawn. There they stood facing each other, the handsome business executive in his smart suit, white shirt and tie, and the blond, Greek-god police officer in full black uniform and high motor-cycle boots. Jamie, Eddie and the other men and boys watched and listened in awestruck anticipation.

The men stared into each other's eyes and Mark said, "Remember how we first met, buddy when I pulled you over on a remote hillside in Griffith Park?"

"How can I forget it, man? I was coming off a three-martini business lunch and was driving drunk, so I asked if there was any way I could persuade you not to write me a ticket."

"Yeah. I made you get out of the car and stared at you. You were wearing exactly what you're wearing now and I got an instant boner under my uniform. I made you walk through the bushes to a clearing and told you to strip. God, I see it so clearly, and even now I get an instant hard-on. You took off your jacket, then your tie and your shirt. You looked so fucking hot I busted a load in my pants. Then I got embarrassed and drove away."

"And you never did write that ticket," Bob grinned.

"No, but afterwards I cursed myself for losing my nerve and not going further – not doing what I really wanted to do – strip off my own shirt. I wanted to feel you – hold you – kiss that gorgeous face. Damn I wanted to do that."

There was a sudden silence as the spectators watched spellbound. They had all heard many times the erotic story of the day the police officer met the businessman and some of the boys had, in the privacy of their bed, jerked off fantasizing about it. And now – could it be? – they were going to actually see it? Bob suddenly broke eye contact, turned his head and nodded to Jamie and Eddie. They stood up, ran across the lawn and stood at attention by the two men, unsure of their role.

Still facing each other a few feet apart Bob and Mark locked eyes and Bob smiled. "So here we are again, officer." "Yeah, here we are," Mark said. "So show me, man."

Slowly Bob unbuttoned his jacket and shrugged it off his shoulders. Jamie instantly understood his role he and Eddie were to assist in this erotic display. He took the jacket from him and folded it over a lawn chair. As Bob loosened his tie, Mark undid the top button of his shirt, showing more of the triangle of white T-shirt underneath. Bob pulled off his tie, put it in Jamie's outstretched hand, and undid two buttons of his shirt. The men maintained intense eye contact as they moved in unison, undoing buttons one by one until their shirts hung open.

The contours of Bob's chest showed clearly under the white tank under his shirt, and the slabs of Mark's pecs flexed under his T-shirt. The boys, gaining in confidence, stood behind them and gently pulled the shirts from the waistband of the pants, then pulled them off their shoulders and folded them over chairs.

"Oh shit, man," Mark said, "that's just how I remember it that first time." Bob smiled, "And all the time I was wondering what you would look like stripped to the waist. Now you can show me what I missed." They both reached up behind their necks and pulled on their undershirts.

Breaking clear of their waist they rode up slowly over their washboard abs, over their bulging pecs, up over their faces and off. Unobtrusively Jamie and Eddie took them from their hands.

Mark and Bob, both shirtless, gazed in awe at each other's chiseled muscularity "Man, you are fucking spectacular," Mark breathed. Bob smiled, "You got that boner thing going again, officer?" "Hell, yes," Mark said, rubbing his hand over the bulge under the rough serge of his uniform pants. Feeling the same impulse they reached forward and ran their hands over each other's pecs, then concentrated on the nipples, rolling them gently between their fingers, moaning loudly.

Suddenly there came a louder moan from the table. The spectators there looked at each other and saw the twins blushing. Hassan and Jason grinned, knowing that Kyle and Kevin had, as was their custom, jerked each other off under the table, succumbing to the incredible sight of these two spectacular men. It acted as a release that allowed the men and boys to all pull out their cocks and stroke them as they watched spellbound.

As it happened, the big, wide mirror that Jamie had previously propped against a chair was still there, at an angle to Bob and Mark, so the spectators could watch the live act and its reflection. In a way, the view in the mirror was even more erotic – like the opening set-up scene of a pornographic movie – a motorcycle cop and a handsome businessman, both shirtless, getting off on each other in the bushes. Except that this was to be better than any porn movie any of them had ever seen.

Mark and Bob both felt their rigid cocks oozing pre-cum in their shorts and unzipped their pants. Bob glanced at Jamie and Eddie and said only two words – "Kneel, naked." They didn't need telling twice. In instant obedience they dropped their shorts and knelt before the men who had drawn their names – Eddie in front of Mark, and Jamie at Bob's feet. They looked up at the flawless bodies and faces, gasped as they saw the faces push forward toward each other.

The men paused, their faces inches apart, and saw themselves reflected in each other's eyes. "I love you, man," Mark murmured and pressed his lips against Bob's. Instantly they were kissing each other ravenously, grinding their mouths together with a building passion. Beneath them the boys felt the crotches press against their faces as the men leaned into each other. They had no choice nor did they want one.

They buried their faces inside the open pants, closed their mouths round the head of the rigid cocks and pulled them out. With the pressure of the men's hips crushing them the cocks slid inexorably into their mouths, pressing against the back of their throats, forcing them to breathe through their noses to prevent choking. Despite the crush the boys could still see from the corner of their eye the reflection in the mirror of the incredible scene – Mark and Bob making love as they face-fucked the boys at their feet.

Totally immersed in each other Bob and Mark were fantasizing. They were not only kissing each other, they were fucking each other. They had fucked in the past, but now it was as if

they were fucking each other at the same time. Driven wild by the sensation, their hips moved faster, slamming forward again and again.

The boys were overwhelmed by the taste, the smell of the men's cocks as their faces were crushed against pubic hair and the fabric of the pants pounding their faces. The boys' heads were leaning back against the other, so they felt the vibration of the other man, as if they were getting double-slammed by the cop and the businessman.

They were nearly choking as the huge cocks swelled in their mouths and tears streamed from their eyes. Then suddenly they heard above them shouts of euphoria "I love you, man. Cum for me shoot your fucking load, man aaagh!" The boys breathed frantically through their noses and swallowed hard as hot juice poured down their throats and their own cocks exploded over Mark's boots and Bob's loafers.

Mark and Bob were still kissing hungrily as their cocks drained into the young mouths. Finally they pulled apart, their eyes gleaming. They reached down, pulled the boys up by their armpits and took them in their arms, kissing them open-mouthed so the bitter-sweet cum passed from mouth to mouth. At last the men held the boys at arm's length and smiled at them, then at each other.

"And that," Mark said, "is the way it should have been the day I pulled you over."

"Yeah," Bob grinned, "except we didn't have these two hot boys there," and he ruffled their hair.

The guys round the table had been blown away by the spectacle and the ground under the table was wet with cum. But oddly there were no cheers or applause. Just like not applauding between movements of a symphony, there was a silent expectation of another movement to cum. And they were right.

There was a reluctance, too, among Bob, Mark and the boys to separate. Now that the sexual tension had been relieved they could relax and enjoy each other. Bob and Mark were content to gaze at each other running their hands lightly over each other's bodies, and enjoy the care and attention they were getting from the boys below.

Jamie and Eddie, exhilarated and emboldened by the role they had played in the men's love-making, had exchanged conspiratorial glances and renewed their attention to their respective man. The men's cocks were now hanging long and loose from their pants but the boys would soon take care of that. They buried their faces in the damp pubic hair, breathing in the musky smell of sweat and cum, then gently licked the balls and ran their tongues the whole length of the cocks swinging between their legs.

For Bob and Mark, it must have been the seductive look in each other's eyes, combined with the sensual feeling in their cocks and balls, but slowly their cocks began to stiffen, to rise up until they were stiff as poles once again. The boys turned their heads and exchanged triumphant smiles as Mark grinned at Bob and said, "Guess these boys can't get enough – regular sex-machines. But I have an idea what they really want. You with me, buddy?"

"You're in charge, officer."

"OK, boys," Mark ordered, "stand up. The boys shot to their feet, Jamie gazing at Bob and Eddie at Mark. "OK, boy," said Mark sternly. "So what *do* you want?"

Eddie looked at the police officer, gulped, and took the plunge. "Please, sir ... I would like you to fuck me in the ass."

Mark tried to smother a smile as he looked at Bob. More gently Bob said, "Does that go for you too, Jamie?" The reply was inevitable. "Yes please, sir."

"OK," Mark ordered, "turn and face each other. They obeyed. "You guys like each other?"

"Yes, sir," they said in unison.

"Enough to do what Bob and I did?" In response the boys smiled at each other, pressed their naked bodies together and clamped their mouths over each other in a heavy kiss. "Oh yeah," Mark moaned, "that turn you on, Bob, as much as it does me?"

"I'll say. OK, let's do it, stud." Bob and Mark yanked their pants open wider so pants and shorts fell to the ground, pooling round their feet.

So intensely were the boys getting off on each other they were caught by surprise as they suddenly felt hard rods driving into their asses. Reflexively their heads jerked back and they howled, but the men pushed the boys' faces back into each other and they were forced to continue grinding their mouths together as they felt the rods jack-hammering their asses.

Mark and Bob reached round the boys waists and grasped each other's forearms, pulling each other forward, squeezing the boys between them. Despite being crushed Jamie and Eddie were just able to glance sideways and see Mark and Bob skewering their asses as they made love to each other.

"Oh, man that feels good," Mark sighed. "Young Eddie has a real sweet, tight ass that would make grown men weep."

"Oh yeah," said Bob fucking Jamie. "Man, I can see now why you rush home from work every day with this young buck waiting for you on the bed."

And so the fuck continued – hard but not hard enough to hurt. Crushed together as they were the boys were becoming breathless and they clamped their open mouths tight against each other, breathing together, sharing the same air. Just when they thought they might suffocate they felt, rather than saw, the men’s faces come together over their shoulders.

The spectators gasped as they saw man kissing man, boy kissing boy, and the whole tight group of four shuddered. The mouths broke free and their howls echoed round the garden as, with one last savage thrust, the men’s cock’s erupted in the young asses, and Jamie and Eddie shot streams of juice up between their bodies.

It took a long while for their heaving chests and pounding hearts to subside, but finally the men slowly eased their cocks out of the trembling asses. There was a long silence, broken suddenly by slow handclapping and a deep voice saying, “That was some fucking show, guys.”

Bob whirled round and saw Randy just inside the gate. Excited, he ran toward him – or rather tried to. His pants were still tangled round his feet so as soon as he tried to move he pitched forward and fell on his face on the grass. He caught his breath and looked up sheepishly at Randy who towered over him, his arms folded across his chest. “Well, well, well,” Randy grinned. “So this is what you get up to when the boss’s back is turned. Still, at least you ended up right where I like you – sprawled at my feet.”

That remark, and Randy’s good humor, dissolved all the tension and finally unleashed a crescendo of cheers and laughter from the guys round the table. In one strong move Randy scooped Bob up off the ground and threw his arms round him, kissing him hungrily like a starving man. Finally he turned to the assembled group of shirtless men and said, “Looks like you guys have been having a hell of a party. Ben, I want all the details from you as we drive up to the lake and you can bet your life Darius will want you to ‘spill the beans’ when we get there. Sorry to pull Bob and Ben away from the festivities, guys, but I need them at the lake.”

“Yeah, we know all about that,” laughed Mark, pulling up his pants. “But take a quick break before you drive back, man have a drink.”

“OK,” Randy said, “but just a soda. I have been known to drive drunk in my time” (muffled laughter round the table) “but not when I’m hauling a precious cargo like Bob and Ben here.”

Bob pulled on his boxers and Ben his boxer-briefs and they all took their places at the table, the men catching up with the events at the lake and the boys talking excitedly over each other. All except for Ben who was sitting close to Jason, gazing admiringly up at him, unable to rid his mind of the extraordinary sex they had shared, and the contagious effect of Jason’s narcissism. Every time Jason smiled at him Ben blushed.

All this was not lost on Randy. He was engrossed in Bob, but every time he looked at his kid brother the boy was staring at Jason with an adoring look. Bob too knew exactly what was going on (he remembered the way Ben gazed at Jason after their wild sex scene) and he was relieved when Randy stood up and said, "OK, time to go. Bob, Ben you'll be just fine in the shorts you're wearing. We got everything else up at the lake."

Before they left Randy pulled Bob and the twins aside and Randy spoke to the twins earnestly. "Now Kevin, Kyle, you're part of our little family too, being Bob's boys and terrific kids. So if you want to come too that'd be great....."

"Sir" said Kevin, "Kyle and me have talked about that and, if it's all the same to you, we'd like some quiet time here with the guys. It's probably gonna be kinda crowded and noisy up there at the lake." Kyle took over and grinned. "Course, when you all get back – that's another story." Randy smiled at them and folded his arms round both of them in a tight hug. "You're the best, guys. We'll make it up to you – promise."

Bob flashed a quick smile at Randy. For all his toughness and aggression the big boss could be surprisingly kind and gentle with people he loved. Bob knew his twins well and knew that the rough and tumble at the lake would not really be their scene, but he loved Randy for his tender consideration. Bob hugged the boys and then turned to Mark for a final check that all was OK. "Hey, buddy, you sure that?"

"Listen, my friend," Mark reassured him, "go up to the lake and have a great time. Hassan and Jason will stay the rest of the weekend here with me, Jamie, Eddie and the twins and maybe this time we'll actually be able to relax. That was a great show you put on, buddy. Brought back old memories." They hugged then Randy, Bob and Ben were gone.

As Randy's truck roared up the freeway, with Ben sitting between the two men, there was silence at first, and Bob knew Randy was brooding over the attraction that Jason and Ben had openly displayed toward each other. Randy admired Jason in some ways and had to admit he was a great looking man, but he didn't get off on Jason's vanity, something he saw as less than masculine. Whatever else he was, he certainly wasn't the guy for his little brother.

Bob sensed that this issue could be a brewing storm, so he distracted Randy with a vivid account of the night he had spent with Ben. He described the extraordinary way that Ben had ridden Bob's cock and had then been transformed into a young version of Randy, pacing the floor like a young stallion and finally fucking Bob savagely just as Randy would have done.

Randy's eyes gleamed during the story and when it was over he said in amazement, "He did that? Just like me, you say? A chip off the old block, eh boy? I'm proud of you. Damn, I wish to hell I'd seen that. Maybe you can give a repeat performance when we get back."

“Yeah,” Bob went on, grinning at Ben, “and afterwards as we lay there together Ben asked if it would be OK if he could think of me as an older brother. Said it would be cool to have two.”

“Damn right,” Randy said enthusiastically. “We’re family. You and me, Bob, we’ll both be big brothers to the kidand we’ve got Pablo and the twins too. I like that.” There was another silence as Randy smiled to himself, fairly glowing with the idea of their little family. Bob relaxed, thinking that he had poured some oil on what could have been troubled waters. But then Ben blew it.”

“There’s another thing, sir,” Ben said boldly. “Would it be OK if I went over to Jason’s soon on my own and spent some time with him?”

Bob tensed as he heard Randy’s sharp intake of breath. “No,” Randy growled, “that would not be OK. Permission denied.”

“But sir,” Ben protested, “I know Jason likes me a lot and I sure as hell like him so why....”

Randy slammed his hands on the steering wheel. “I said no, boy! I’m your brother, the answer’s no and that’s the end of it!”

Ben was cranking up for another protest but, as Randy stared stonily at the road ahead, his jaw clenched, Bob looked at Ben with raised eyebrows and shook his head. Ben took the hint and settled into a sullen silence.

Grateful for the reprieve, Bob thought to himself, ‘Better let that one percolate slowly. Not gonna be an easy sell.’

#

Chapter 180 – Randy is Tamed – Ben is Double-teamed

As the miles flew by the mood in the truck lightened. It took all of Bob’s peace-making skills to make it happen as he entertained Randy with a long recitation of their sex games – the dramatic sex scenes between Hassan and the twins, then how he and Mark had been serviced by Jamie and Eddie. But he trod carefully, avoiding any mention of Ben’s erotic sexual acts with the narcissistic Jason that had ended with the naked, bound fireman humbled on his knees.

As he told his stories to an amused Randy, Bob made several deliberate mistakes which, as he had hoped, prompted Ben to jump in and correct him “no, sir, it wasn’t like that....” With increasing enthusiasm Ben joined in and was soon entertaining his big brother by telling chunks of the story himself. Bob smiled inwardly at the change in Ben, from sullen to sunny. Once again Bob had managed to blow the storm clouds away – at least for now.

The atmosphere became even more festive as the truck bounced over the dirt trail toward the beach by the lake. When they came to a halt Ben leapt from the truck shouting “We’re here, dudes,” and ran into the welcoming arms of his pals Pablo, Darius and Nate. In the truck Randy gave a big sigh and smiled at Bob. “Well, buddy, you worked your magic again. That boy’s putty in your hands. ‘Course, I am too but you know that.” He pulled Bob’s face toward him and pressed their mouths together hard.

When Randy and Bob got out of the truck they were greeted by Zack and Adam with warm handshakes. Soon everyone was sprawled on the small beach drinking beer while the boys listened with wide eyes and gaping jaws to Ben’s account of the men-in-uniform sexual extravaganza back at the house. Zack and Adam smiled indulgently, but Randy seemed distracted, gazing at Bob who was laughing along with the others.

Abruptly Randy stood up and said to Bob, “Come with me.” Bob pulled on sneakers and the two men disappeared into the trees. They pushed their way through the dense undergrowth and Randy said, “You know where we’re going, don’t you?”

“I can guess.” Finally they broke through the bushes into the clearing where earlier Zack and Adam had tied Randy up and whipped and fucked him. They had had enough of Randy’s arrogance, lording it over all the other guys and, as Zack put it, “treating us all like shit, even Bob, that gorgeous guy who worships you.” Randy had accepted his punishment but could not rid his mind of the truth of Zack’s words. He had recently hurt and humiliated Bob, the man he loved more than life itself, and Randy being Randy, he had to make amends.

As they stood facing each other in the clearing Randy explained all this to Bob. “That’s the reason I came back for you, buddy, and brought you here to show you how much I love you and to prove to you how much I regret the way I’ve been treating you.” There was a long pause as a faraway look came to Randy’s eyes.

“Do you remember the first time you and I ever came here, Bob? God I was a fool. I knew something was happening to me then but I didn’t know it was love. Whatever it was, I resisted it like hell and resented you. I left you tied to a tree right here, but that summer thunderstorm broke – pouring rain, jagged lightning – and I suddenly realized you were in danger tied to that tall tree. As I stumbled blindly back to you through the bushes in the driving rain it hit me like one of those lightning flashes I was in love with you! Those were the longest few minutes of my life until I found you again and released you.”

“Yeah,” Bob grinned, “and I remember how flaming mad I was with you. I could have been killed! You needed to make amends to me and, when the lightning had passed, you didn’t resist as I tied you to the same tree and whipped you with my belt and then fucked your ass. We fought, rolling in the mud, and you overpowered me. Then, in the drenching rain you did something you had never done to a man you fucked me. And it was then that I knew I was totally and forever in love with you.”

They gazed at each other, remembering that long-ago moment when they had realized they were in love. Then Randy frowned. “Man, I’m crazy about you but sometimes I still treat you like shit. You know me, man – I gotta get punished for that by you like that first time when you tied me up, whipped me and fucked my ass. I want you to do it again, buddy.”

Randy slid the belt from his shorts, handed it to Bob, ripped open his shorts and let them drop. Naked, he walked over to the same tree as before, pressed his chest against it and wrapped his arms round it. Bob watched Randy’s ritualistic moves in silent awe. His lover was offering to him his back for whipping and his ass for fucking.

As he gazed at the rugged man they called the King of the Gypsies, the muscles of his broad back flexing in anticipation of the whip, Bob’s heart went out to his lover. In many ways Randy was a primitive. He had been raised to be physically tough, to settle every problem with his fists, and that impulse applied even when he was the one deserving of punishment. It had to be physical – to be whipped like an animal being tamed. Only through bodily suffering could he purge his guilt.

The ultimate alpha male, the big, handsome boss, feared by other men, Randy sometimes seemed to Bob to be the very opposite, such as now when he was waiting to be chastised like a wayward child. God, Bob loved him. He had feared him at first (didn’t everyone?) but as he had grown to know him, had seen into his soul, he loved him for his contradictions. He knew that Randy needed him and Bob would always be there for him like right now when he had been told to whip him.

Bob wrapped the end of the belt round his fist and raised his arm. He braced himself, paused, then lashed the broad back with the belt. Randy barely flinched, except for a bulge in his biceps as he locked his arms tighter round the tree. Another lash then another, and now Bob saw red welts rising on the hard-muscled flesh. He heard Randy moan, somewhere between a sob and a whimper and suddenly Bob came to his senses.

Daring to disobey Randy, shaking off his demands, Bob threw the belt to the ground in a gesture of self-disgust. With a whimper of his own he fell against Randy’s back, wrapped his arms round the tree over Randy’s and licked the nape of his neck. “Man,” he said, “I love you – I’m *in* love with you. Why in the world would I whip the man I worship? You agonize over the way you’ve hurt me, the man you love, and I’m asking myself the same why in god’s name would I hurt *you*?”

Now it was a definite, deep sob that Bob heard as a tremor ran through Randy’s massive body. He turned his head to the side and Bob pressed his cheek against it. “I can’t whip you, buddy. But that’s not all I did to you that first time. There was that other thing. Brace yourself, big guy.” Bob ripped open his shorts and pressed the head of his dick against Randy’s ass. “Here it comes, buddy,” and he pushed his rod deep inside in one long dry fuck that made Randy howl. But instead of trying to ease away from the cock Randy pushed back against it, desperate to feel the pain of the long dry shaft penetrate deep inside him.

“Yeah, man,” he yelled, “fuck me fuck my ass, man. Hammer that ass I need it, man.”

Bob couldn't bring himself to whip his lover, but he could sure as hell fuck him. And he did, with mounting intensity, until his cock was like a piston, driving deep into the cauldron of the big man's ass. Randy flexed hard, grinding his body against the tree and, as he tensed, the muscles of his ass clenched round Bob's pounding cock. Bob pressed harder against Randy and the two became one, a mass of writhing muscle, two bodybuilders joined by the cock of one invading the ass of the other.

Randy didn't feel the pain in his ass from the pole-driving cock, he was so overwhelmed by the euphoria of being fucked, punished by the man he loved. “Yeah, hammer that ass, man do it hard I deserve it man hurt me torture that ass.”

Once again Bob had a moment of clarity. ‘Hurt me? Torture my ass?’ “NO!” Bob shouted and yanked his cock out of Randy's ass, making him scream as the pole withdrew and his ass muscles slammed tight. Bob was angry with himself, angry with Randy that they had been driven to this animalistic frenzy in what should have been a scene of reconciliation. Was he becoming like Randy, solving problems with violence and pain? No, Randy's way was wrong. Far from being an animal Bob was a gentle, loving man. Isn't that what Randy loved most about him, after all? And Bob had a quite different, more subtle way of purging Randy's guilt.

His voice a blend of anger and remorse, Bob ordered Randy, “On the ground.” He yanked him away from the tree and pushed him to the ground. Randy lay on his back in the dirt, naked and confused about what was happening. He saw Bob kick off his sneakers, drop his shorts so he too was naked. They were equal – two naked alpha males trying in their own different ways to prove the depth of their love for each other.

Bob stretched his arms out sideways, towering over Randy. “Look at this, man – what do you see? A big muscle-stud who gets off on whipping your body and torturing your ass? Or a simple man who is so much in love with you he would give his life for you? What do we have together, man a deep, loving union of souls, or a circle of violence where you lash out at me and I retaliate by lashing your body? Look at me, Randy look into my eyes, and which of those do you see there?”

Randy gazed up at the soft brown eyes set in the handsome face, at the tangled dark hair, the chiseled features, high cheekbones and square jaw. His eyes ran down the perfect physique – broad shoulders, rounded pecs, washboard abs and tight waist, and the gorgeous cock standing out stiff as a pole. Randy's eyes brimmed with tears as he said, “I love you, man I worship you but I never know how to show it, except with a raging fuck. I know I often I lose my cool and hurt you I get like a fucking animal” His voice choked and the tears started to flow. “I don't know what to do, buddy. Show me what to do.”

Bob smiled down at him. “Leave it to me, buddy.” He dropped to his knees between Randy’s legs, leaned forward and pinned Randy’s wrists in the dirt above his head, their faces close.

“See, buddy” he said, “it’s not your body that’s the problem – god knows that’s superb – no, it’s that fucked-up mind of yours. It’s a mass of contradictions you’re strong, rugged, a real alpha male, a natural master, scared of nothing except love. When love stares you in the face it frightens you to death – you become insecure, out of your depth – so naturally you hit out. It’s the nature of the beast – like you once said, the caveman dominating his mate. Well I’ll show you there’s another way, and I’ll punish that screwed-up mind of yours for hurting the man who loves you.”

Randy had listened in silenced, soothed by the deep, gentle voice, and awed by the sheer beauty of his lover. Bob pulled back, upright on his knees, pushed Randy’s legs high in the air and smiled down at him. “God, you are a spectacular hunk of man, you know that? Just look at you how could you ever fear that I would abandon that? Now it’s my turn, buddy my way of showing you love.”

This time there was no whip, no brutal dry fuck. Bob leaned forward and pushed two fingers into Randy’s mouth, getting them good and wet. Then he worked the fingers round his asshole, teasing the sensitive membrane, pushing the fingers into the hole, working them inside, massaging the prostate. “Oh, man,” Randy moaned, his cock shuddering and oozing pre-cum, his piercing blue eyes boring into Bob’s.

“What do you want, buddy?” Bob asked softly.

“I want you to fuck my ass, man. I want to feel that beautiful cock inside me. I want to watch my man while he fucks my ass.” Bob smiled, hooked Randy’s legs over his shoulders and pressed his cock against the moist hole. “This is what love feels like, buddy,” he said, pushing the head of his cock over the sphincter, pausing just inside the ass. He pushed a bit farther, pulled back, then massaged the prostate with the head of his cock, short thrusts back and forth against the warm membrane.

Randy groaned in ecstasy, closing his eyes then opening them to see, as if for the first time, the stunning muscle-god working on his ass. The cock moved deeper paused, tantalizing then pressed on, sliding slowly down the chute until it came to the inner sphincter, paused again, then passed over it, coming to rest in the deepest, secret chamber of Randy’s ass. “Aaah!,” Randy moaned, closing his eyes and tossing his head.

Bob spoke gently. “Look at me, Randy, look at my eyes. That’s love, man – the kind of love that stays forever. And feel my cock it’s where it belongs, resting deep inside your magnificent body.” Randy was mesmerized as Bob continued. “Look at my face, my body. Look at the man who loves you” (Bob’s voice hardened) “.... the man you hurt the man you humiliated and feel the pain of the pain you inflicted.”

This, finally, was torture, as Randy heard the words and accepted the truth the agonizing truth of the way he had injured this incredible, beautiful man. Tears were streaming down his face as he moaned, “No..... no I didn’t mean I lost my cool lost my mind. I was arrogant some stupid ego trip and I lost sight of you, man. I’m sorry, Bob. Can you ever forgive me I mean really forgive me, man?”

Bob was smiling now. “Randy this is what forgiveness feels like.” He pulled back from the depths of Randy ass, all the way up the hot chute, almost out, then stopped. “This is forgiveness from the man who’s crazy in love with you, man.” He pushed his long rod back down into the ass, faster this time, not stopping until it reached the end, passing again over the inner sphincter and.... “Aaagh.” his cock erupted with the balm of forgiveness pouring deep into the King of the Gypsies.

Randy’s body shook as he gazed up wide-eyed, mesmerized by the beautiful man cumming inside him. Bob saw Randy’s cock shudder and ordered him, “Don’t cum! You cum when I say you can.”

“Yes, sir,” Randy moaned, now completely under the spell of his gorgeous lover.

“You’ve done your penance, Randy, confessed your guilt. But now you have to show how much you really love me.” Bob’s cock was still hard in his lover’s ass despite his orgasm, and he now pulled back all the way, then pushed his cock back deep inside, the beginning of a long, slow, sensual fuck that drove Randy wild. He looked deep into Bob’s eyes, seeing in them his own reflection. He ran his hands over the muscular body rising and falling over him, and felt his lover’s rod easing deep inside him. He heard the soft, deep voice – “Tell me, man.”

In his euphoria Randy could think of only one thing to say. “I love you, man. I love you god, I love you. Let me show you please let me show you.....”

Bob smiled and again reached forward to pin Randy’s arms to the ground. “OK, man. While I fuck your ass I wanna see that gorgeous alpha stud submit to another man submit to *me*, body and soul. I want to watch your face as you cum for me, watch that spectacular body flex its muscles and shoot its load. Do it, man. Do it.... NOW!”

“Aaagh! Aaagh! Aaagh! Randy’s body bucked and heaved, his head thrashed from side to side, black hair flying over his face as his screams echoed round the clearing and his cock exploded with ribbons of juice blasting upward and slamming against his lover’s chest. “I love you, man – I submit!” he screamed as he struggled under Bob’s solid grip, arms pinned by his fists, ass speared by his cock. Randy’s veined muscles flexed and strained, his body writhing in ecstasy. It was exactly the erotic picture Bob had longed to see.

Minutes later they were lying in each other’s arms in the dirt, their bodies slick with the cum that had poured out of Randy. Their faces inches apart, Bob smiled and said, “Remember, buddy?”

This is just how it was the first time we fucked, only then it was pouring with rain and we were lying in mud. This time it feels even better.”

Randy was more serious. “I swear to you, man I swear to god I’ll never hurt you again.”

“Hey, hey,” Bob grinned. “Don’t make promises you can’t keep, Randy. The man I love is a man who can be tender and protective one minute, then erupt in anger the next. You are not only the most gorgeous man on the planet, you’re gloriously unpredictable, and that’s what I love about you. You’ll hurt me again, Randy, but there’s one thing you’ll never do, and that’s drive me away. You’re stuck with me buddy....” he laughed “.... just like our bodies are stuck together with jism right now.”

That jerked Randy out of his serious mood and made him laugh. He hugged Bob tighter and soon they slept, their bodies streaked with dirt and dappled by the sun glinting through the leaves overhead.

When Randy slept he did so with his senses still alert, something he learned living like a gypsy in hard-scrabble West Texas where danger always lurked. And now he jerked to instant consciousness at the sound of a rustling in the bushes. On full alert, he strained to hear. Most likely just a deer, but could be something as ominous as a mountain lion. But suddenly there came the sound of a branch cracking, a heavy thud and a voice – “Ow!”

“What the fuck...?” Randy was on his feet in a second, followed groggily by Bob. They looked down to the ground and Randy said, “Jesus Christ – what are you doing here?”

Ben looked up at them with a guilty grin, rubbing his ass that had taken the brunt of the fall. Bob reached down and gently pulled him to his feet. “You OK, Ben? Can you stand OK?”

“Sure, sir, no bones broken – just a bruised butt is all.” He was smiling bashfully at Bob, but glanced over his shoulder at his big brother, glowering at him, arms folded across his chest.

“OK, junior,” he growled. “Explain yourself – the truth.”

Ben gulped and took a deep breath as he faced the two men. “Well, sir, see I wanted to talk to you both about something and when the guys said you had gone off into the woods I kinda well, like, followed you. But I got lost and when I came to the clearing you were” He paused, blushing, and Randy barked, “I was what, boy?” Ben gulped again.... “you were getting whipped, sir by Bob, sir.”

As Randy’s body tensed Ben soldiered on. “Well, sir, I should have just left probably but it looked so hot that I stayed and watched. I climbed up to that tree branch to get a better view and I watched the whole thing. The leaves are real thick up there, so you couldn’t

see me. Anyway, it was all totally awesome so I was beating my meat all the time. After you had busted your load all over Bob – that was the best part, by the way, sir – and you both fell asleep I wanted to cum too, looking at you. So I jerked my cock faster and faster but I guess I was bouncing on that branch and and the stupid thing broke and well, I fell down on my butt and you woke up sir.”

Bob and Randy looked at each other – and that was a mistake. They caught the gleam in each other’s eyes, they tried to stifle a grin, which became a smile, which burst out as sputtering laughter. The thought of the boy stretched on a branch, looking down, beating his meat, making the branch snap it was just too good.

“And did you cum?” Bob asked.

“Not yet, sir. I was getting there, when the stupid thing broke.”

Making an effort to control their laughter Randy turned to Bob. “So what d’ya think, buddy? What we have here is a voyeur a real-life Peeping Tom hiding in the trees and jerking off watching us fuck. That’s bad. Can’t let him get away with that. So what should we do?”

Ben stared at them, his eyes wide with a mix of fear and mischief as Bob stroked his chin in thought. “Well..... your philosophy, buddy, is always that the punishment should fit the crime and go for where the culprit is most vulnerable. And I’d say that the most fragile part of this boy right now is the butt that he fell on.”

“Ah!” Randy saw the light. “Butt fuck, you think? Not bad, buddy. But which one of us?”

“Well, that’s pretty obvious. He watched both of us – we were both victims – so

“So both of us,” Randy concluded in triumph. “We might add to the bruises on his butt but what the hell let’s go for it. But we both had huge orgasms just a while ago, so were gonna have to get our dicks hard again.” Randy threw his arm over Bob’s shoulder and they both looked down at Ben. “So what’s the quickest way to do that, you think?”

Ben’s cue was unmistakable. He fell to his knees in front of the two naked muscle-gods pressed close together. He gazed up at their ruggedly handsome faces, then down over their heavily muscled torsos, eight-pack abs and slim waists. Most riveting of all, though, from the thickets of black pubic hair, two long, thick cocks swinging inches from his face.

In the trees he had beat his meat watching the two bodybuilders from a distance but now he was so close he could smell their sweat and the still-damp cum that clung to their pubic hair, their cock and balls. He inhaled sharply and almost lost his load he was so overwhelmed by the smell of their manhood. He had to taste it.

He leaned forward, pushed out his tongue and licked one of the cocks from the head all the way up to the wet pubic hair that he sucked into his mouth. Then he faced the other cock and gave it the same treatment. He pulled back, spat hair out of his mouth, and gazed at the cocks that were already showing signs of swelling. He didn't look up at the men. He was mesmerized by the two massive cocks, and his challenge was to get them hard.

It didn't take long. He bent down, scooped one head into his mouth and pushed his face forward, swallowing the whole cock deep in his throat. He felt it swell, stiffen until it was hard as steel. His attack on the other cock had the same effect. Soon he pulled back and gaped at the two shafts, fantasizing that he was a young captive soldier, forced to prepare the very weapons that were to pierce him.

Then came the command. "On the ground strip naked." Obeying instantly, Ben pulled off his T-shirt, lay on his back and wriggled out of his shorts. He lay back naked, gazing up at the rugged muscle-gods who were about to fuck his ass. Randy stroked his cock. "Man, that looks good enough to eat, wouldn't you say, buddy? Hell, I want first crack at that ass." He fell to his knees, pushed back one of Ben's legs and gazed down at his ass. "Here it comes, boy. In one quick move he drove his cock deep inside his brother's ass, pulled back and buried it again.

"Now, boy, you sorry you spied on us?"

Despite the pain Ben groaned, "It wasn't exactly spying, sir, I...."

"I said, are you sorry, boy!?" Randy barked, spearing his ass savagely again and again.

"Yes, sir..... I'm sorry, sir please, sir."

Randy felt a gentle pressure on his shoulder as Bob said "Hey, buddy, let me get a piece of the action here." Grudgingly Randy pulled out and Ben sighed with relief. Bob quickly took over and slowly eased his cock into the boy's ass. As he fucked him slowly he smiled at him. "So, Ben, like Randy said, you've gotta think of me, too, as your brother. How does it feel to get fucked by your other big brother?"

"You were the first man ever to fuck me, sir. It feels awesome. I love it, sir." He could have gone on for hours like this, getting his ass fucked by this gorgeous man but it was not to be. Randy took over again, with something very specific in his mind. He lay on his back next to Ben and said, "Get up, kid." Ben got to his feet and looked down at Randy who spread his arms out invitingly. "Here, boy. Remember what you did at the house with Bob?"

Ben knelt astride his brother's chest, facing him, reached behind him and grabbed Randy's cock. He positioned the head against his ass, then sank back down onto it with a huge sigh until he was sitting on the wiry pubic hair. Randy moaned, "Oh, yeah boy, that looks great, feels incredible. Ride it, kiddo, ride your big brother's cock." Just as he had done with Bob, Ben moved up and down, lowering himself further each time so the cock pierced deeper and

deeper. His own cock was shuddering, oozing pre-cum, but he knew he couldn't come without Randy's permission.

"You're opened up real good, now boy. You're ready. Now, like Bob said, you've got two big brothers now and they both want that ass. Come here, kid." He glanced up at Bob with a slight nod, then put his hand behind Ben's head, pulled him forward and clamped their mouths together. Ben opened his mouth and felt Randy's tongue against his, and they were soon grinding their mouths together in an embrace that was anything but fraternal.

Ben was so engrossed in the erotic taste of his brother that he was hardly aware of Bob kneeling behind him, or his hands resting on his hips. Then everything changed as he felt the head of Bob's cock pressing against his ass on top of Randy's. His head jerked up and he realized with horror what was happening.

"No!" he yelled. He looked down at Randy and said, "No, sir I can't I know I can't...."

"Hey, hey, kiddo. Look at me, look at me look into my eyes." Despite his fear Ben obeyed and, as always, became mesmerized by the steady, steel-blue eyes. "You gotta trust me, Ben. You trust your big brother, don't you? I've always taken care of you haven't I?" Ben nodded. "This is gonna be new for you, kid, and I know you can do it. I want you to try 'cause I know how much you're gonna love it. Now look at me. Concentrate."

As Ben became hypnotized by his brother's eyes his fear began to fade. Even when Bob pushed his cock against him he didn't flinch. Randy was right. Getting fucked in turn by both men, then riding Randy's cock had opened up Ben's ass, relaxed the muscles, and now, when the head of Bob's cock pushed into him he felt as much pleasure as pain. "That's great, Ben, you're doing great. Keep looking at me."

Bob eased further into Ben's ass, feeling the exquisite sensation of his cock sliding against his lover's inside the warm ass of the beautiful gypsy boy. Bob leaned back, pushing right up against Randy, so that both their cocks were pointing straight up. Randy's eyes gleamed as he saw the ecstasy on Ben's face, saw him rise up, then lower himself carefully onto both cocks. He rode them both slowly, gently, up and down. There was a glow round the boy as he gazed down at Randy. "I love you, sir. I love you both. I love your cocks in my ass but it's gonna make me shoot, sir."

"OK, Ben, but wait 'til we both cum inside you. Ben increased the tempo as he rode their cocks with growing confidence, heard their moans building, then heard Randy say, "I love you boy here it comes you feel it Bob? Aaagh!" Ben could not believe the sensation of both huge cocks erupting in his ass, filling him with hot semen, as he saw the euphoria in Randy's face, heard it in Bob's shouts. Nor could he believe the huge plume of white cream that blasted from his own cock, stream after stream slamming into his brother's face and onto his heaving chest. "I did it, sir," he screamed in triumph. "I did it. Thank you, sirs. I love you!"

Knowing that Ben's pain would return right after his orgasm Randy pulled out, quickly followed by Bob, and Ben gasped as his ass muscles contracted suddenly. Bob lay down beside Randy and Ben fell across them both, kissing them both in a frenzy, licking the cum from Randy's chest, then kissing them again, letting the semen flow from his mouth into theirs.

Finally Ben pulled back and said, "Wow wow." Randy laughed. "Well that was new. Not every day that a boy gets his ass fucked by both his big brothers at once, eh kiddo?"

Half an hour later they pulled on their clothes and Randy said, "Time to get back to civilization, guys." As they tramped through the forest the little group glowed with exhilaration. Bob and Randy had proved once again, in spectacular fashion, that their love was rock solid, overcoming any trials they might confront. And Ben was floating on air, having proved his toughness and his love for both of his big brothers in a spectacular sexual act. Having been double-teamed by Randy and Bob, Ben somehow felt like more of a man, with renewed confidence, bold enough to face anything to ask anything.

And it was just at the moment that Bob said, "Hey Ben, you never did say what made you follow us out here. Something you wanted to ask, you said?" As soon as the words left his mouth Bob could have bitten his tongue as he guessed what the subject might be.

"Oh yeah," said the newly assertive Ben. "Well see, it's about Jason." He felt Randy stiffen so he directed his appeal to Bob. "I been thinking. Like, now that you are my big brother too, sir, you can give me permission to see Jason, can't you?"

Bob tried to laugh it off. "Ben, we all know who calls the shots where you're concerned."

"But, sir, I'm nineteen and I want to start calling my own shots." He turned to Randy. "Sir, you let me have sex with Bob, so why can't I with Jason?"

Lost for an answer Randy hesitated. "Why? *Because I said so!*" And there it was - the last lame, desperate resort of every parent trying to lay down the law.

Bob leapt into the breach. "We're almost back at the beach, guys, I can hear the boys. Why don't we drop the subject for now, eh kiddo?" Ben clenched his jaw and with a huge effort stayed silent. But his mood lightened as soon as they broke through the trees at the beach and he was engulfed by the boys, Pablo, Darius and Nate, eager to hear of Ben's adventures.

"Hey dude," Darius gushed, "you're just in time. We were just gonna take the boat out. Come with us." Ben didn't have much choice as he was manhandled onto the boat and they pushed off into the lake. As he sat in the prow of the rowboat facing the three boys it was like an inquisition, being forced to relate every detail of his trip to the clearing, the things he had seen and his fall from the tree,

“Hey, mate,” Nate laughed, “looks like we gotta give you tree-climbing lessons.” But Ben ploughed ahead, right up to the climax where he was double fucked by Randy and Bob. “No way,” breathed Darius. “You rode both of those huge poles, dude?”

His story over, Ben lapsed into silence, seemingly unimpressed by being the star turn in the group. His mind was elsewhere and his buddies picked up on it. “So what else is there, mate?” Nate asked. “You got that lost-a-dollar-found-a-dime look in your eye.”

“Ah,” Ben said, “..... it’s Jason still.” The boys had all heard from Jamie, and then from Ben himself, the whole story of Ben’s wild sex with Jason, his eagerness to see the fireman again and Randy’s refusal to let him. “After I got double-teamed and Randy was so proud of me I figured he might have loosened up, so I asked him again but it was the same story. Even the mention of Jason’s name made him bristle and it was like he slammed the door shut. For Randy the subject’s closed and I don’t dare bring it up again. I just don’t understand him. I’m nineteen what right does he have to keep me all to himself?”

“He’s your big brother and he’s the boss,” Pablo said firmly. “That’s what gives him the right, dude. Randy makes all the rules and when he says no he means no. So I wouldn’t push it, if I were you. Like he said, case closed.” Although Pablo and Ben were friends and worked together, deep down Pablo had always felt a kind of rivalry with Randy’s kid brother and had disliked the whole idea of Ben and Jason together. Jealousy maybe, but whatever the motive, Pablo shared Randy’s view. Anything that Randy did or said was right in Pablo’s eyes.

Darius was more sympathetic. “One thing you gotta know, dude, is that although Randy has accepted Jason into the group he’s still kinda leery of him. They’ve had some pretty rough knock-down-drag-out fights and there’s still some bad blood on Randy’s part. Maybe it’s because the fireman is so damn gorgeous and everyone lusts for him. Randy specially don’t like Jason’s narcissism – getting off on looking at himself in the mirror – though personally I find that pretty damn hot.

“Don’t forget, Randy was the same with Hassan especially after the time Pablo got infatuated with that stud Marine and took off with him. See, Randy’s real protective of his boys and, what’s more, you’re his kid brother so he sure as hell doesn’t want to lose you to one of the other masters – especially a guy like Jason.

Nate tried to cheer Ben up. “Hey, no worries, mate don’t sweat it. One thing I’ve learned in this house is you never know what’s coming up next. Things change, guys change so there’s a chance everything’ll work out OK. We’re your mates, Ben, you’ve always got us, so let’s concentrate on having a good time together while we’re here, eh?”

Nate’s cheery Aussie optimism did rouse Ben’s flagging spirits and he was able to push Jason to the back of his mind for the rest of the trip.

The rest of the weekend was a blast and there was a big reunion of men and boys when the noisy group finally arrived back at the house. Work resumed and they got on with their lives, in which the Ben/Jason issue didn't feature as a topic. All, that is, except for Ben.

Now that he was back home, gazing at the garden, the site of his great sex with Jason, the fantasy returned stronger than ever. The irony was that Randy's adamant refusal had only increased Ben's obsession with the fireman. Jason was the forbidden fruit, taunting Ben hanging just out of reach. Jason was smart enough not come by the house, even though he too had felt something special for the boy and wanted to see him. But he had tangled with Randy before and considered it best to stay out of it and let events unfold by themselves.

And they did. A few days later Ben was alone in his room staring into the mirror. He had borrowed from the twins their Fireman's Calendar and it was now propped up beside the mirror, open to the August page – the picture of Jason in all his shirtless fireman's glory.

Remembering the thrill of watching Jason get off on himself as he slowly stripped before the mirror, Ben pulled off his T-shirt, wiped it over his face and tossed it aside. He kicked off his sneakers, then unbuttoned and dropped his shorts. "Wow," he said softly, gazing at himself, running his hands over his perfect young chest and squeezing his nipples. His cock stood out hard as a rock and he looked from his own reflection to the picture of Jason. "You like that, sir? It's all for you. And I want to see you do that again, sir, you look so hot."

Ben stroked his cock with one hand and squeezed his nipple with the other. He looked from his own face to Jason's and imagined them together, standing side by side before the mirror, jacking each other off. "Please, sir," Ben moaned. "I want you to fuck me, sir. Please push your big dick in my ass, let me feel that gorgeous body against mine." He moved closer to the mirror, closer to the picture, and as he gazed at it his fantasy came to life.

In his imagination he saw the fireman push the suspenders from his shoulders and let them hang. Jason ripped open his fireman's pants and pulled out his stiff dick. "Fuck me, sir," Ben moaned "fuck me." He felt the fireman's chest against his back, felt the stiff rod enter his ass. He was getting fucked by Jason, by the spectacular fireman he had lusted after for so long. "Make me cum, sir you're making me cum you're so beautiful, sir I love you aaah" Jism blasted from Ben's cock, splashed against mirror and poured down the glass.

Ben took hold of the picture and held it against the mirror beside his own face. He leaned forward and kissed his own reflection, closing his eyes and fantasizing it was Jason kissing him. He pulled back and gazed at the picture. "Sir, I love you. I love you fuck me again, sir."

"NO!" Ben whirled round and froze in horror. Randy sprang forward, grabbed the calendar and stared at the picture. White with anger he flung it across the room, then raised his arm and slapped the back of his hand across his brother's face, sending him sprawling on the bed. He

glared at the mirror – that damned mirror – and slammed the side of his fist against it, making it splinter into a spider’s web of cracks.

His body heaving, eyes blazing, he gazed down at his terrified boy. “When I say no to you, boy, I mean no. You disobeyed me you still lust for that asshole slab of muscle who’s in love with himself. I guess I have to really teach you a lesson, boy,” and he slid his belt from his jeans. But as he raised it a hand grabbed his wrist and a deep voice said, “No, Randy. That’s not the way.” Randy whirled round and came face to face with Bob.

Bob stared at him. “You going crazy or something? Look,” pointing to the calendar on the floor, “the boy was jacking off to a picture! Randy, you must be losing your fucking mind.”

But once again Randy’s legendary anger had erupted and clouded his mind. “He wants that fucking fireman! My little brother wants to abandon *me* for him. Well that ain’t gonna happen, man. I’ll make damn sure of that. Out of my way.” Bob stood his ground, blocking his path, so Randy grabbed him and hurled him out of his way. Bob bounced off the wall, staggered across the room and fell stunned on the bed on top of Ben, as Randy stormed out of the room.

Randy stumbled across the garden in a daze, trying to grasp what he had just done. Blindly he lurched forward and crashed into Zack, who had just come through the gate. Zack held him firmly at arm’s length as Randy spoke incoherently. “I I think I hurt them BobBen I got mad. I swore I never would again but I did. Man, I just got so mad, I....”

Calmly Zack cut him off. “Where are they?”

“In Ben’s room. I got rough with them, then I couldn’t think. I got scared and ran away.”

“*You?*” Zack said contemptuously. “You ran way? Man ever since I’ve known you I’ve never known you run away from anything. Now get the hell back up to that room and make sure they’re OK. Now!”

“Yeah....yeah I gotta go back.” His mind reeling Randy raced to the door and up the stairs. He ran into the room where Bob was comforting Ben on the bed. Randy dropped to his knees, by the bed and threw his arms round them both, kissing their faces. Ben, Ben, I didn’t mean that. Forgive me, little brother.” He looked helplessly at Bob. “I just got so mad all of a sudden. I didn’t mean to Man, I swore to you in the forest ‘never again’ and now here Bob, please, what I said in the forest *that* was real this is not real, buddy.”

“Looked pretty damn real to me,” Bob said coldly. “I don’t care for myself I’ve felt your anger before. But Ben! Your kid brother! You hit your kid brother, Randy!” They stared at each, with panic in Randy’s eyes, sadness in Bob’s.

“You’re gonna be fine, kiddo.” It was Zack, who had followed Randy and was now inspecting Ben’s face. “Worst you’ll get, kid, is a black eye. The boys’ll be real impressed you’ll be their hero tough stud like you. Bob, help me get Ben across the street to my place. But I warn you, Ben,” Zack smiled, “Darius is there and you know he won’t sit still until you give him all the gory details.”

That made Ben laugh and he let himself be helped up by Zack and Bob. He left the room with them without looking at Randy. Bob did glance at Randy but didn’t trust himself to say anymore. Best leave him on his own for a while to cool down, he thought.

So Randy was left alone, sitting on the edge of the bed, elbows on his knees, his face buried in his hands. His mind was still reeling – “what a fucking mess.” After everything he had said to Bob, the man he loved – “never again, buddy” – he had sworn it. And Ben, the kid brother he had found again, loved, and sworn to protect. Things had been so great between them in the forest – so much love. But now the memory he had of the proud, happy young kid up there had been replaced by the vivid image of the boy cowering on the bed, cheek swollen, scared to death of him. How had everything gone so wrong so soon?

So much for family he had busted *that* up. His fucking anger! Sure he was angry but he had taken it out on the wrong guys. He took a few deep breaths. Got to get it together got to focus. His anger was all out of whack got to focus it on one thing, on the real problem and take care if it once and for all.

And then he had it. His mind cleared suddenly and he saw it all. Ben wasn’t the problem, nor Bob, god knows. Nor was he himself when it came down to it. No, Randy knew where the problem lay. He stood up, left the room, strode across the garden, through the gate and leapt into his truck.

Jason was alone in his house, working out on his patio gym, stripped down to his usual thin, ragged gym shorts. He was surprised to hear car tires crunching on the gravel outside and a door slam. He dropped to the ground from his chin bar and waited. The gate flew open and there stood Randy, shirtless in jeans and boots.

Jason smiled welcomingly. “Hey, big guy. This is a surprise. What can I do for you?”

#

GO TO BOOK 19